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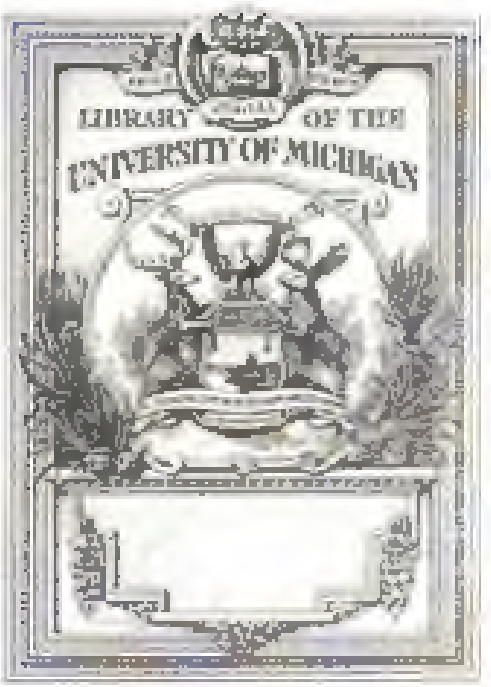

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER 1903

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To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," "The Author of 'An Englishman in Paris,'" and the contributors of "The Loss of the Cobra," "The Veil of the Temple," "Reviews of Unwritten Books," and "Lord Salisbury," besides the writers who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books "On the Line."

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The following Articles which have appeared in THE MONTHLY REVIEW will be found useful in the present Inquiry

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Sept. 1901 THE ALLEGED ECONOMIC DECAY OF GREAT BRITAIN —W. H. Mallock

Dec. 1901 SHIPPING SUBSIDIES—Benjamin Taylor

Jan. 1902 BRITISH COMMERCE, 1881–1900—J. Holt Schooling

June 1902 THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE —J. B. C. Kershaw

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" " FREE TRADE AND PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS—Ralph Neville, K.C.

Aug. 1903 THE POSITION OF UNIONIST FREE-TRADERS—Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse, M.P.

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Sept. 1903 A VIEW OF THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY—Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bt., M.P.

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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LORD SALISBURY

IN one of the contributions which the late Lord Salisbury is credited with having made to the *Quarterly Review* there is a passage eulogising Pitt which is singularly appropriate to the subject of the present article. It is as follows:

> England may well cherish his fame and look upon his greatness with an interest which no other single image in modern political history can claim. She owes it to him that she was rescued from the deep degradation into which corruption and imbecility had plunged her. She owes to him the policy which, planned and commenced by him and perfected by his disciples, placed her on a pinnacle of greatness which no modern nation had attained before. But she owes to him a greater benefit than all these—an example of pure and self-denying patriotism and the elevation of public feeling which it has worked.

I do not mean to assert that every word of this passage is applicable to Lord Salisbury. It would be an exaggeration to describe the condition of English politics in 1860, the date at which Lord Salisbury's political influence may fairly be said to have begun, as degraded. Still less could it be truly said that such degradation as there was, was due to corruption or imbecility. And though the greatness of England has enormously increased since the words I have quoted were written, yet it cannot be said that the credit of that increase is solely due to Lord Salisbury. But that his "example of pure and self-denying patriotism" has been of the greatest benefit to his country and his party does not, I think, admit of serious controversy.

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In 1860 the condition of English politics was by no means satisfactory. On the Liberal side Lord Palmerston, though nominally a Whig, was on most questions a convinced Tory. Mr. Gladstone, recently a Tory and still from time to time using the language of Toryism, was rapidly progressing towards the Radicalism of his later days. As for Lord John Russell, rightly or wrongly his reputation as a politician could scarcely have been lower. Things were no better with the Tories. Lord Derby was a brilliant speaker of very unstable opinions, and Disraeli at that time almost openly professed the creed that the whole duty of a party leader was to get the other side out of, and his own side into, office as soon as possible. In the result political principle was at a discount. Except for the Radicals led by Cobden and Bright, who had a definite programme, the only real difference between the parties seemed to be that one of them sat on the right hand of the Speaker and the other on the left. Each coquetted in turn with the Radicals and obtained parliamentary victories by out-manœuvring its opponents. Politics had indeed become a game, and a game at which the Conservative leader was pre-eminently skilful.

It was at this juncture that a series of articles in the *Quarterly Review* appeared, the keynote of which was that there were such things as Conservative principles, and that if the Conservative leaders and the Conservative party desired again to be a force in the country they must uphold those principles. Though the authorship of the articles was unknown they at once attracted attention. The first of them was quoted by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons and discussed in the leading articles of the *Times*. In a word, politicians began to realise that a new spirit was abroad, and that there was one Tory writer who cared more for measures than for men. The sequel is well known. The only question of party politics then to the fore on which there was a sharp difference in principle was that of Parliamentary Reform. The Radicals desired extension of the Franchise. The Conservatives, though

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not averse to reasonable amendments of the anomalies in the Act of 1832, were opposed to any change which would transfer the balance of political power to the working as opposed to the middle class. Lord Palmerston and the Whigs, though they formally assented to Radical schemes of Reform, really sympathised with the Tory view. While Lord Palmerston lived, therefore, nothing was done. A Reform Bill was introduced by the Government and withdrawn. Other proposals of a like nature made by private members were opposed by Ministers, and with the assistance of the speeches of Tory leaders and the votes of their followers they were rejected. Then came the election of 1865. Lord Palmerston again obtained a majority, but before Parliament met he died. He was succeeded by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, who immediately introduced a Reform Bill. It was opposed by the Tories and some of the Whigs, and after a troubled Session the Government was beaten and resigned. In Lord Derby's Ministry which followed, Lord Cranborne, as he then was, received the office of Secretary of State for India and a seat in the Cabinet. To his consternation the Government, after some hesitation, resolved to introduce a Reform Bill more democratic than that on which the previous Administration had been defeated. Here was a crisis to test the sincerity of the young politician's belief in principle. He was only thirty-seven, in office for the first time under leaders of great authority and experience. To resign might well wreck his career and would certainly not prevent the Reform Bill from passing. Indeed the Tories had utterly lost heart. In the event not only did they not divide against the second reading of the Bill, but they made so poor a fight of it in Committee that the measure left the House even more democratic than when it was introduced. With such leaders and such a party it may well have seemed that the self-sacrifice of a subordinate Minister would be of no advantage to any one. Nevertheless, Lord Salisbury with two other Secretaries of State, Lord Carnarvon and General Peel, resigned, and in doing so,

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performed the greatest of all the services which he rendered to his country.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the story of this resignation because I believe that it was the possession of the qualities here displayed that forms Lord Salisbury's chief title to greatness and that eventually secured for him the unbounded confidence of his fellow countrymen. He had many intellectual gifts. He was a man of extensive knowledge, a master of the English language, a mordant and effective debater, of singular mental clearsightedness, and of great originality of thought. But it was not these attributes alone that made him great. It was the combination of these with his courage, his self-denying patriotism, and his keen sense of personal honour that raised him to the level of the greatest of his predecessors, and it was in 1867 that these qualities first publicly appeared. They characterised him to the end of his life. He was ready, as all men know, in 1886 to serve under Lord Hartington, and England saw for the first time two statesmen within grasp of the Premiership, each willing in the public interest to resign it to the other. But probably the greatest trial of his patriotism and courage was reserved for the end of his career. Only those in his most intimate circle know how distasteful office had become to him in his later years. He hated war, and his hatred of it grew as he grew older. He was borne down with domestic grief and physical weakness; and yet he felt himself unable to lay down his burden lest the enemies of his country should take courage from the ministerial and electoral difficulties that might, and indeed did, follow his resignation. He remained at his post, and his countrymen honoured his determination. But very few of them knew what the effort was costing him and how much sorer was the self-sacrifice involved in holding office in 1900 than in resigning it thirty-three years before.

Indeed, the resignation of 1867 is not remarkable only or mainly for self-sacrifice. Other men have resigned owing to differences with their party. That which makes this resignation so interesting to a student of Lord Salisbury's character is

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its motive. It was not chiefly because he disliked reform and feared democracy that he resigned. His conduct was not so much intended to free himself from responsibility for a political mistake as to protest against the breach of faith of the Tory leaders. Readers of his article on "The Conservative Surrender" will see this very clearly brought out. A few pages are devoted to a discussion of the public dangers likely to follow the wholesale enfranchisement of inexperienced electors, and then the writer turns to what he regards as of infinitely greater importance, namely, the blow which had been given to all reasonable confidence in the pledges of politicians. Loyalty to those who had trusted him was to him the most sacred duty of a political leader. "No amount of public gain," as he elsewhere says, "will ever extenuate a course of conduct which involves a betrayal of party attachments and is open to the reproach of compromising the honour of public men."

Nowadays there would perhaps be few who would controvert that proposition, and it is largely due to Lord Salisbury's influence that this is so. But in the sixties the Peel tradition was still paramount. That statesman had twice abandoned a cause which he had been trusted by his followers to maintain. No one doubts that in each case he was actuated by the highest motives. Indeed, it is difficult to see what other inducement he can have had. No personal consideration was in question, and in each case party disaster was the result. The Tory disorganisation following Peel's change on the question of Catholic Emancipation rendered effective resistance to the Reform Bill of 1832 impossible, and it took a complete generation for the Conservatives to recover from the shock of 1846. All this is pointed out in the article which I have last quoted, but in the writer's judgment the fact that Peel's action was fatal to his party was the least of the evils that followed from it. It lowered the whole tone of public life. Less high-minded men than Peel imitated his conduct without the extenuating circumstances which existed in his case. It came to be thought that political principle was unimportant and political expediency all

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that mattered. The defences put forward for the Conservative surrender in 1867 were as surprising as the surrender itself. It was said to be necessary to settle the question, to get it out of the way, and finally that without some such measure the Conservative Ministry could not continue to hold office! Retribution followed swiftly. But it is to be feared that the evil was not even then extirpated. True, neither of the great parties has since attempted to retain office by adopting the policy of its opponents. Perhaps there has hardly been an opportunity for such a manœuvre. But we have seen a great leader propose after a general election a constitutional change to which up to the election he was believed to be profoundly opposed. And it is doubtful if it is even yet generally realised, how vital it is to the best interests of the country that there should not be the faintest suspicion of sharp practice in the conduct of public men.

It is, therefore, not of every politician that it can be said, as it can of Lord Salisbury, that he was as loyal to his followers as they were, with very few exceptions, to him. Loyalty was, indeed, very deeply planted in his nature. It belonged to the same category of ideas as his hatred of all hypocrisy and cant. When, as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, it became his duty to sentence a criminal, he never could bring himself to dilate on the wickedness of the crime. Excellent persons who came to him with projects for "making people good by Act of Parliament" generally went away sadder if not wiser men. Even forms and ceremonies, unless they had some reality behind them, were distasteful to him. He saw no harm in asking for a Minister's seals of office before the conventional time for handing them over had arrived, and many were the stories told of his ignorance, almost amounting to disdain, of the trivialities of Court etiquette. It is, too, to this side of his character that belong his so-called "blazing indiscretions." These I take to have been not the mere efflorescence of a reckless wit, still less the outcome of a cynical disbelief in lofty ideals, but the result of his anxious desire that those whom he was leading should

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know, as far as possible, the real opinions of their leader. When he described "twenty years resolute government" as the alternative policy to Home Rule, when he said villagers would find a parish circus more amusing than a parish council, he was not only speaking the literal truth, as subsequent events have proved, but he was deliberately putting before the electors in a striking form an aspect of the question under consideration which he thought important, and which the party managers were anxious to keep in the background. Other mental or moral characteristics—for in Lord Salisbury the two were often indistinguishable—were no doubt partly responsible for the "indiscretions." Himself incapable of self-deception, he thought it the most dangerous of all mental defects. Any phrase or opinion arising from this cause or even from want of clearness of thought he regarded as noxious. And he did not shrink from attacking intellectual insincerity, even though in doing so he might wound feelings otherwise entitled to respect.

It is only by appreciating this side of Lord Salisbury's character that the principles which underlay his foreign policy can be understood. To him foreign politics were a very practical, prosaic matter. The "dreamy sentimentality" which surrendered the Ionian Islands to Greece, or made peace with the victorious Boers, was not more repulsive to him than the bombastic jingoism of these later times. To him a British Foreign Minister was the trustee of his countrymen, and had no more right to squander their resources in the pursuit of some vague ideal of his own than in the enforcement of some British claim of the justice of which he was not satisfied. The substantial interests of the country must be maintained and her international obligations performed. That and that alone was the trust committed to the Foreign Office. As he himself has said, "There is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomatist. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages: of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at one moment and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tact,

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immovable calmness and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunder can shake." Though this was written forty years before his death and some fifteen before he was Foreign Minister, it remained to the end of his life an accurate expression of his opinion. In his eyes a perfectly successful negotiation was one by which all the English rights of importance were maintained, all the glitter and show went to the other party. In foreign affairs, as elsewhere, it was the real substance of the thing in dispute that he cared for. So long as he obtained that he was only anxious that no soreness, no sense of injury, or even of defeat, should remain to hamper future negotiations.

In speaking of British interests it must not be forgotten that Lord Salisbury regarded the maintenance of national honour as paramount to them all. Nothing could exceed the vehemence of his denunciations of British policy in connection with the Danish Duchies. It was not so much that he thought that the question in itself was one of first-rate importance to this country as that in his view we had led Denmark to believe that we would support her in retaining them and then stood by while they were wrested from her by the overwhelming force of the German Confederation. "No minute verbal criticism," he wrote, "will exonerate England from the practical pledges which she gave to Denmark, or relieve her of the dishonour of having retreated from the threats which, to all intents and purposes, she addressed to the German Powers." Five and thirty years later he had to deal with a somewhat similar case. In the Fashoda incident every one will recollect how far Lord Salisbury was from retreating from the threats which had been in effect addressed to the French Government.

It was for this reason, among others, that of all diplomatic methods Lord Salisbury disliked bluster most. A threat, in his view, ought never to be made unless, in the event of its being disregarded, it was intended to carry it out. "Anything is better than feeble and impotent braggadocio. To try and secure by vapouring a position which we will not or cannot

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obtain by fighting, is a policy worthy of no potentate above the calibre of the Emperor of China." From this principle he made one notable departure. It cannot be denied that in the Guildhall speech in 1896 he uttered threats against the Sultan which he was not afterwards able to put in force. I refuse to believe that at the time he spoke he did not think that he could make good his words. Some unexpected obstacle must have been interposed to prevent him from doing so, but what that obstacle was we must wait for the publication of the political secrets of Europe to tell us.

If this reading of Lord Salisbury's character be right, it follows that from many of the ordinary charges levelled against him I emphatically dissent. The accusations of rashness, of weakness, and of vacillation may, perhaps, be dismissed as the "common forms" of political controversy. If a political leader promotes his policy with vigour, he is said by his opponents to be rash. If he postpones it till a more convenient opportunity, he is said to be weak; and if, when that opportunity arrives, he takes advantage of it, he is said to be vacillating. There is more substance in the allegation that as Prime Minister he failed in the oversight and, if need be, the correction of his colleagues. During his Administration each Minister, it was said, did that which was right in his own eyes, and the policy of the Government in consequence lacked unity and coherence. To some extent this was doubtless true. Lord Salisbury himself was very averse to collaboration, and it was natural for him to think that his colleagues would equally dislike it. He did his own work best when left entirely to himself. He had no fear of responsibility, and it only hindered him to have to explain to others the reasons of his actions. The plan which suited him best he assumed to be the best for others also. It may be that in this he was mistaken, especially in dealing with the less able of his colleagues. With the ablest type of mind individuality is usually so strong that any attempt at co-operation with another results in a loss of vigour and consistency.

Many other criticisms there have been of Lord Salisbury.

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Even the administration of his property has not escaped censure, remarkable, generally speaking, for nothing but its abysmal ignorance and petty ill-nature. One charge was very frequently made and at one time was very generally believed. He was thought to be cold-hearted and cynical. It is difficult for any one who knew him well to conceive a more complete misconception of his character. He was reserved, even shy, beyond most men. He would as soon have made a parade of his religion as of his feelings. But they were not the less real for that. This is not the place to speak of the depth of his domestic affection or even of his devotion to Queen Victoria. But no true estimate of his life will ever be made which leaves those two factors out of account. Still less can his profound religious faith be here discussed. It is enough to say that it was the mainspring of his life, the foundation on which all else was built.

On the whole, then, he was a great man. Of his intellectual power there is no question. It has never been denied. His moral qualities were even more remarkable. He has left behind him an example of public virtue and public spirit rare and valuable at all periods of political history and certainly not to be despised at the present time.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FISCAL POLICY

WITHIN the last five months the whole course of politics in this country has been suddenly and violently changed; all home questions except that of Education and the Army have been for the time thrust back by another issue which has displaced them. There has been no outbreak of war, no great disturbance of external affairs, no catastrophe at home, no grievous depression of trade, no birth of new ideas to cause this; the fiscal issue itself does not present us with new ideas or principles; preferential tariffs have been in the air for some time; Protection, under its own name or under that of Fair Trade, has been a commonplace of many Conservative resolutions for many a day—it has been simmering in Mr. Balfour's mind, we are told, for more than twenty years. The cause of the change is not in things, but in the action upon things of the personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

We shall do well to understand the force against which we have to contend, and not to underrate the motives by which it is impelled. Mr. Chamberlain's action is not, in my opinion, a mere move in a political game; he has put home questions aside, or is using them only as means to an end, because he cares intensely and exclusively for his Imperial issue, and those of us who think his policy mistaken and dangerous have not only to defeat the manœuvring of an expert political tactician and to oppose the protagonist of British public life, but to withstand

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the onset of an enthusiast. It is true that the familiar electioneering methods are in evidence; appeals have already been made to cupidity and passion, and made so crudely as to check the enthusiasm of some people, who wished to think that they were serving a great cause; but however commonly the lines of battle may be set the war is really joined about a very serious issue. The most powerful personality in the Government has come to believe that the Empire is in danger and can be saved only by challenging and subverting the fiscal principles, which many of us believe to be more essential than ever to our Empire and prosperity. The opinion that this enthusiasm and belief of Mr. Chamberlain are of comparatively recent date does not imply any qualification of their strength. New converts often have most zeal, and in his case it seems as if "the passion of a moment came as on the wings of years."

Nevertheless this statement as to the Empire is so very unexpected as to be not only startling but incredible. Till the middle of last May the growing strength, the mutual attachment, the good feeling throughout the Empire, had been matter of general congratulation. The Government had not been backward in emphasising this; their friends drew party inferences from it, some of them so naïvely that they were twitted with thinking that their Colonial Secretary had created the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain himself gave the impression in many a speech that in recent years there had arisen an increased consciousness of Empire and devotion to it both at home and in the Colonies. Now the sky is suddenly darkened, and we are told that the Empire is in peril, that its existence is precarious, and that by one means and one alone, that of Preferential Tariffs, can disruption be averted. Was the preceding security false, or is the present alarm unfounded? Those of us who shared the opinion that the Imperial sentiment had grown stronger, who found amidst all that was distressing in the late war, and all that was hostile in the world, some comfort in the readiness of Colonial opinion to side with us and help us, who think that

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the Empire has gained and not lost ground in late years, cannot believe in the reality of this alleged Imperial crisis. We do not resent inquiry, and we are ready to discuss, when we are invited and allowed (these two things do not always go together), but we do not believe that the pistol of disruption of Empire, which is held at our heads, is a real danger.

Let us see then what we have to discuss. Mr. Chamberlain at first presented us with Preferential Tariffs and Retaliation, the latter connected specially with tariff relations between Germany and Canada: these two projects have been supplemented if not superseded by Protection pure and simple, or perhaps one should rather say naked and unashamed, for Protection can never be in one sense either pure or simple. Those who have followed the controversy closely have observed, not without gloomy forebodings, that while it was an Imperial spirit that Mr. Chamberlain summoned, it was the spirit of Protection that was evoked. I will, however, take the subjects in order of precedence, if not of importance.

There is some mystery about the recent development of the Preferential Tariffs controversy. The original idea was that the Colonies were to mitigate their Protective Tariffs against us without asking or expecting any new return. Their Preference to us was to be regarded as in itself a return favour to us—and not too great a one—for our free ports and for the large share borne by the United Kingdom of the burden of Imperial Defence. It was held that we could not incur taxes in favour of the Colonies for anything short of an ideal Free Trade within the Empire. Now, whatever else is doubtful, there is no doubt that neither Canada nor the other self-governing Colonies offers us Free Trade. Here is the account of the matter which Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, has lately given in Canada: "We told them (the British Ministers) that if the Imperial Government were prepared to adopt the preferential policy and give our products exemption from the duties now imposed or hereafter to be imposed on foreign goods, we would be prepared to grant some further preference

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subject to certain conditions, which were clearly laid down. We frankly stated that we could not undertake to give that further preference in a manner which would operate to the disadvantage of our own industries. As between the British manufacturer and the Canadian manufacturer we thought we had gone as far in the way of reduction as we could. But we pointed out that Canada consumed a large quantity of goods imported from foreign countries; and in return for the preference which we sought for Canada we were prepared to so rearrange our tariff as to give Great Britain a further preference not over the Canadian manufacturer, but over the foreign competitor." It will be seen that the protection of the Canadian manufacturer against the British manufacturer is still an essential condition of any offer of the Canadian Government. A Zollverein—Free Trade within the Empire; for that is what a Zollverein means—is as far off as ever; the Colonies do not propose to adopt our system of Free Trade, they ask that we should adopt their system of Protection, and the Government, or some of it, are now asking us to agree.

This means a new departure, basing relations between ourselves and the Colonies upon a separate bargain with each Colony. Bargain is at best a poor base for this relationship, but in this case we are asked to make a one-sided bargain very much to our disadvantage. We are asked, for instance, to tax foreign corn to an amount sufficient to transfer our wheat trade to Canada. The tax is to act as a bounty upon the growing of wheat in Canada, and the whole of the bounty is to be paid by the United Kingdom. In return, Canada will arrange, not to admit British manufactures on a footing of equal or fair competition with Canadian manufactures, but to protect her own manufacturers still more against the foreigner, while retaining rates of duty which are called Preferential, but are in reality Protective, against British produce. This is indeed a one-sided bargain; it is no wonder that Canada is attracted by it, but is it fair, is it wise, is it statesmanlike for a powerful Minister in Great Britain to make Canada an offer

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which must cause so much heart-burning at home? Suppose, however, that the tax imposed in the United Kingdom does not, after all, raise the price of bread; will there be such a one-sided bargain then? No; for the bargain will be ineffective; there will be less heart-burning at home, but there will be disappointment in Canada, and we shall then be told that having excited hopes we must go on till we gratify them; having adopted a policy we must persevere with higher taxes till we make it effective.

We shall not get out of these difficulties by taking equivalent taxes off tea and other things. In the first place, we shall not be able to limit our taxes upon foreign corn and meat and other things which our Colonies produce by what we can spare upon tea, &c. The measure of taxation we impose will not be the amount which we can remit upon tea, but the amount which is necessary to transfer our trade in food-supplies to the Colonies. In the second place, the proposed exchange of taxation is undesirable, for cheap tea is a poor substitute for cheap bread and meat; and, in the third place, it will be wasteful, for while the people will pay more on every loaf and every pound of meat, the revenue will benefit only by every foreign loaf and every foreign pound of meat consumed, which are to be a diminishing quantity; for the object of the whole policy is that we shall cease to consume food of foreign origin. Unless, therefore, the policy fails and the Colonies are disappointed, the revenue will rapidly fall off, and while continuing the taxes upon foreign corn, meat, &c., we shall in time have to replace the old taxes upon tea and other things.

It is said that taxes upon wheat do not and will not raise the price, but the figures in every country which taxes imported wheat appear to be against this paradoxical assumption. It is true that the increase of price does not always, or at every time, correspond to the amount of the duty, but take the prices in France, Germany, and Italy over a series of years and if figures prove anything they prove that when a tax is imposed the consumer does not escape.

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There is in the case of Canada a still more serious consideration than the economic one; the British Imperial ideal is being brought into conflict with another ideal, which some of us have had much at heart—that of growing sympathy and union of sentiment throughout the English-speaking race. We hoped and had come to believe that the two ideals were compatible. Can we, without bringing the two into sharp conflict, penalise United States grain in favour of Canadian? We have a perfect right to do this and for a political pedant that is enough, but practical men have to ask not only what our rights are, but what use it is expedient to make of them? Is it certain that the Western States as well as the Eastern will take a purely abstract and theoretical view when this tax is progressively applied? We are assured that they will do no more than shrug their shoulders and say that Great Britain has a perfect right to cement its union with Canada at the expense of the United States. We are told that commercial negotiations, which were proceeding or beginning between the United States and Canada, have been dropped since the question of Preferential Tariffs was raised at Birmingham. Does any one suppose that this is the last word and the end of this matter? Mr. Chamberlain is, in fact, challenging the United States to an economic contest for the possession of Canada; if he succeeds in provoking this contest it will be one in which the United States, with its larger population and its nearness, can outbid Great Britain, and if he teaches Canada to measure political attachment by commercial advantage he will have raised, as far as that part of the Empire is concerned, the very question which, of all others, it should have been the care of a wise man to let sleep.

The issue of Preferential Tariffs is not one between those who desire the closer union of the Empire and those who are indifferent to it. Attempts to make it appear so are an abandonment of inquiry and fair discussion in order to appeal to prejudice; we shall not see more clearly into the fiscal problem by stirring up the mud of last election. The supporters

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of Preferential Tariffs are trying to carry their scheme by assertion rather than by argument. The Empire is breaking up, something must be done to save it, and it can only be saved by Preferential Tariffs; such is their statement, and after it they ask in triumph what does any one else propose to do? Various other proposals have been made; there is, for instance, Mr. Haldane's suggestion that the first step should be to create a permanent committee of the Privy Council, representative of all the great component parts of the Empire, which should sit and advise the Crown continuously. With a sympathetic Government this step would lead to others; the committee would not only be fertile in suggestions, but would prevent false steps and crude proposals. The development of trade routes between different parts of the Empire is one of the subjects that would probably be considered by such a committee, but proposals such as these are too tame and slow for the Preferential Tariff men. They will have it that there is an Imperial crisis and that something striking must be done. There have been times of crisis in the history of the British Empire—the last war was one—but the normal way in which the Empire progresses is by steady and quiet growth: some of us neither see a crisis now nor believe in one, and think the restless passion for heroics, with its disregard of any proposal which is not heroic, is mischievous and foreign to the real nature of the British Empire.

It may be urged that the tariff struggle between Canada and Germany is a crisis. When did it become so? There is mystery about this too. In June 1899 the British Government asked Germany for an explanation of her treatment of Canada; in August 1899 the German explanation was received. In November 1899 Mr. Chamberlain appealed for an alliance with Germany, adding that there was no occasion for anything like serious controversy between the two countries. A somewhat unexpected answer to the German treatment of Canada, but the only approach to an answer that followed the German despatch of August 1899. There was therefore

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no crisis then. In July 1902 the following minute was drawn up at the Colonial Conference in London:

> In connection with the discussion of the question of Preferential Trade the Conference also considered the point raised by the Commonwealth Government as to the possibility of the Colonies losing most-favoured-nation treatment in foreign countries in the event of their giving a tariff preference to British goods. As, however, the exports from the Colonies to foreign countries are almost exclusively articles of food or raw materials for various industries, the possibility of discrimination against them in foreign markets was not regarded as serious, and as the exports from foreign countries to the Colonies are mainly manufactured articles it was recognised that if such discrimination did take place the Colonies had an effective remedy in their own hands.

This is not the language of men dealing with a crisis. And when, in the face of that minute, Mr. Balfour asks what the Opposition would do in his place, he ought in fairness to accept the answer, "the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands" as a reasonable one.

But we ought, in my opinion, to go further than that answer, which contented the Government a year ago, and urge that in all our commercial treaties the right of the United Kingdom and its Colonies to make what arrangements they please between themselves should be established. How we ever allowed our Colonies to be deprived of this right in the old treaty with Germany I do not know or understand, but the fact remains that we expressly agreed with Germany that our Colonies should not have this right, and we now have to strike a new bargain. The right we seek to establish is, I believe, expressly conceded by Germany to France and her colonies, and I have little doubt that our Government could carry this point now, if they were in a position to promise Germany the continuance of our present policy of free imports or purely revenue duties. Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain and the tariff reformers between them are depriving the Government of this position; some of them have rushed, and the rest are drifting, into wholesale promises to protect British manufacturers against German and other competition. We

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shall have henceforth two tariffs, a higher and a lower, but the lower one will be a Protective and therefore a fairly high tariff, and we are asked to believe that by this means we shall be able to make better bargains with foreign countries. The tariff reformers have, in fact, overshot their own mark, and while declaiming about our present inability to bargain have thrown away, as far as they themselves are concerned, the most powerful inducement to foreign nations to treat British trade favourably. The hope of securing, and the fear of losing, a Free-Trade market in Great Britain might be such an inducement, but we shall now, if we listen to the tariff reformers, share the common lot of other Protective countries, each engaged in building a wall against the other; adding from time to time fresh rows of bricks, some of which they pull off in making new bargains, but generally leaving the wall higher than it was before. It seems to me that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour only half understand the matter when they point with pride to the milder tone used in Germany recently respecting our trade relations. Free-Traders hold that our Free Trade is a greater advantage to ourselves than to Germany or any one else, but it is an advantage to Germany for the continuance of which she would make concessions. A Government which had threatened to abandon Free Trade, while holding itself in a position to continue it,[1] would probably find Germany pliable; a Government which has pledged itself to Protective duties, and is bound to impose them anyhow, will be in a much weaker position, and this is the position in which Mr. Chamberlain, judging by the Birmingham leaflets, intends to place the next Government.

For there is really no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain must be Protectionist as well as Preferential-Tariff Imperialist; some shorter name would be much wanted for this latter section of politicians, if it were not that their lot is so much bound up

[1] Such a position is not impossible, but it would be one of very delicate equilibrium. To discuss its ethical and economic aspect would be a digression and would occupy too much space to be possible here.

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with Protection that they will not retain a separate identity. If Mr. Chamberlain is not a Protectionist he will have to become one; his own policy, with taxation of food as its first condition, cannot stand alone, and he must take what allies offer themselves. In this, as in every other country, the Protectionist element is present and active; every industry which is lagging behind from lack of modern methods, of organisation, of education, of ability, or from whatever cause, jumps at the chance of Protection. These are not the best quality of allies, but they are numerous and clamorous, and they come with the specious appeals of ill-used men needing help and relief. Every man who believes in short cuts is attracted by Protection; the whole combative instinct of the country cheers it under the name of Retaliation,[1] without considering what it would cost us; and the existing system, which in our case is Free Trade, is always at this disadvantage, that its opponents can attribute to it the poverty, distress, or hardships which are not connected with it in any way. People who are discontented or in distress give ear to any proposed change without thinking, just as a person in pain turns from one side to the other in bed.

The Protectionist has also a certain advantage on the platform in the use which he can make of concrete instances. I heard the other day of a loss of trade attributed by the loser to

[1] It is nonsense to say that we have no power of Retaliation at present. We have the power, and given certain conditions I for one would support its use in a particular case; but before doing so I should want to be convinced of five things:

1. That we were being so seriously injured by the hostile discrimination of a foreign country against us that some action on our part was peremptorily required.

2. That the ordinary methods of diplomacy had been exhausted and failed to secure redress.

3. That the political situation afforded no means of putting effective pressure upon the foreign country in question. There are sometimes extraordinary diplomatic measures available in special cases.

4. That commercial Retaliation would not injure us more than our adversary.

5. That it was likely to be effective.

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German or foreign competition, whereas the trade had really gone to other but abler British firms. The loss, no doubt, will be quoted in the district; the true answer will not be available for public use. Let me give another instance of the concrete argument. So many tons, the Protectionist will say, of cheap German iron and steel have been imported into Great Britain; he will then quote the number of workmen who would have been employed in making this iron and steel if produced in England; he will calculate the wages they would have earned; all this, he will say, is dead loss to the country, and there he will stop, as if his point had been triumphantly demonstrated. To many people, unhappily, it will appear to be so. A friend of mine, no politician but an earnest and hardworking clergyman, pronounced himself in conversation the other day on Mr. Chamberlain's side, because he had himself seen men in a large industrial locality out of work and in distress owing to the importation of German iron. To him this was the last word; he had seen, and there was no more to be said. What my friend had not seen or had forgotten was the still larger number of men employed in building ships which, without cheap iron and steel, would not have been built in England at all, and who would be thrown out of employment by a Protectionist policy. We have hitherto considered that much depends upon the shipbuilding trade; if by a short-sighted policy we prevent that trade from purchasing in the cheapest market the materials for its industry, the trade may shift to any other country which is wise enough to profit by our folly and to take advantage of cheap material, when such is to be had. And if our shipbuilding trade suffers, there will be a contraction in the volume of our iron and steel industry, and whatever spurt it may receive at first from Protection, its latter condition will be worse than the present, which is, apparently, not bad. The gains from Protection may be direct, but they will be individual and temporary; the losses may be indirect, but they will be wholesale and permanent; that is why some of us dread Protection so much. Lord

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Salisbury once advised the use of large maps; people in this fiscal controversy should keep an open eye for large figures, and not be fascinated by specially selected items of trade. Some cases of hardship there must be in the stress of competition, but what we have to look to is the general prosperity. It is easy to point out eddies and backwaters, but it is by observing fixed landmarks that we discover whether the tide is ebbing or flowing. Such sure marks are to be found in the last annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and they prove that with us the tide is still flowing. It is instructive to observe the dismay with which this report was received by Protectionists, and how they besought us not to pay too much attention to the figures in it. Protectionists, instead of welcoming any evidence of national prosperity, now cavil at it and belittle it, just as if they were hostile foreigners jealous of Great Britain and reluctant to make admissions in her favour. Their theory seems to be that we have been very prosperous, but that we are beginning to decline, and that by an inspiration of genius Mr. Chamberlain has discovered the fact just in time. What has been discovered is that Germany and the United States have in recent years been progressing at a greater rate than ourselves. In the case of the United States it would be astonishing if this were not so; an undeveloped country of vast area with immense natural resources is likely to increase with unprecedented rapidity both in population and wealth when first opened up by modern means of communication. In Germany the progress, though striking, has shown signs of being less substantial and solid; but is it true to say that in either country the prosperity has been due to Protection? If Protection be the cause of prosperity, why are Germany and the United States such exceptional instances? Why have other Protectionist countries not made equal progress? The Protectionist may reply that there are special circumstances in the natural resources or national character of those other countries to account for this. If so he must admit that we also are entitled to use this argument, and to urge that there

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are special circumstances (apart from Protection which is not special but common to all) in the natural resources or national character of Germany and the United States which account for their success. I believe it to be the true explanation.

Even if Protection be held to have been of use to another country, it does not follow that it would at this time of day help Great Britain. This is not a new country, full of undeveloped or undiscovered resources, capable of a rapid increase of population with a corresponding expansion of the home market. On the contrary, it is remarkable that a country of this size, so much exploited already, is still increasing in population and in wealth. The question of Free Trade or Protection as applied to us cannot be argued as if we were the free agents that we may have been years ago. Conditions have changed. It is curious that Protectionists should rely upon this fact and quote it, as if it must necessarily tell against a Free-Trader; in my opinion it tells the other way. We have a crowded population of which a comparatively large proportion depends for its livelihood upon our export trade; the more hardly we are pressed the more must we rely upon cheapness and efficiency of production. I was taken to task for this the other day and told that I was the victim of a fallacy. The advantage, it was said, that we gain for our export trade by cheapness of production is more than counterbalanced by the disadvantage of high tariffs in other countries. No one denies that these high tariffs are a disadvantage, but will increasing the cost of production help us to overcome them? Surely my critic's paradox is worse than my "fallacy." Of course he knows this, but he hopes to safeguard his logic and save the situation by lowering foreign tariffs by a process of retaliation and bargaining. If he fails in this after getting his way with our tariff, he will ruin his country: and that he will fail, all experience hitherto of the bargaining of other Protectionist countries amongst themselves goes to show.

Another critic (or perhaps the same, for both are anonymous and in large type in the *Times*) tells me that cheapness of

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production depends under modern conditions of industry mainly upon the amount turned out. His argument apparently is that if by Protection you guarantee to British manufacturers the possession of the home market, the volume and stability of the demand assured them for their goods will enable them to produce more cheaply than ever. Very well; but will they sell in the home market as cheaply? I thought it had been impressed upon us that in Germany and the United States (those pattern countries which do secure the home market for their own manufacturers), it was the high prices and large profits realised in the home market which enabled them to "dump" a surplus so cheaply in Great Britain. I am afraid my critic is more of a theorist than a practical business man, and is himself in conflict with the theories of his allies. At any rate one of the business men is against him, and that man a Protectionist too. Sir Thomas Wrightson has written, "The enhanced price for their home consumption will enable them (*i.e.*, British manufacturers) to keep their prices low for export, exactly as our competitors in foreign countries are now doing." This is contrary to the result at home expected by my critic, but it is just what I expect and fear. If, for instance, we guarantee the British iron and steel trade against foreign competition ("make secure our home market" is, according to the critic, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal), the result will be an iron and steel trust and artificially raised prices at home, to the great detriment of the shipbuilding, and every trade which depends upon iron and steel. As these trades decline under this handicap we may see our exports of iron and steel increase; but this will be so because we can use less at home and the increase of this particular export will be but an indication of the injury done to the home trade generally.[1]

[1] It must be observed that those who advocate duties upon imported manufactured articles never give an instance of a manufactured article which is not also used by us in some further stage of manufacturing, and, therefore, for our purpose, raw material.

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I fear, then, that Protection means to Great Britain an artificial increase of the cost of production for which we shall receive no compensating benefit; we shall certainly incur some tariff wars with other countries, and when these are over we shall be lucky if we find ourselves with tariffs against us not more unfavourable on the whole than they are now. We shall, in fact, expose our export trade to the risk of tariff wars and handicap it by the certainty of increased cost of production; our trade will contract; some millions of the population who are dependent upon the present volume of trade being maintained will be eliminated by a process of suffering and distress; the strength of Great Britain will decline in proportion; and we who dread this result are for purposes of the next election to be denounced meanwhile as Little Englanders.

EDWARD GREY.

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PREFERENCE AND RETALIATION

ALMOST the only proposition in regard to the fiscal controversy which commands general assent among the disputants engaged is that that controversy is both confused and confusing. This is due to the circumstances of its origin. Mr. Chamberlain desired to take a step in colonial policy which appeared to him to be wise. No one can blame him for this desire, whether his plan be thought good or bad. The strange thing was the occasion he selected for pressing it upon the country. It may be doubted whether there is one of his colleagues, or one of his party, who does not think the occasion perversely ill-chosen. For the Cabinet has been openly divided and the party reduced to a mere mob of conflicting politicians. Why was the new policy started now? Why now?

The only reason that has been given is the dispute between Canada and Germany. But the measure on which Mr. Chamberlain mainly lays stress, to which he attaches the highest importance and without which he believes our Empire will be dying, is the imposition of a tariff for the purpose of giving a preference to colonial imports. Preferential tariffs are of the essence of his policy. And the dispute between Canada and Germany, though it arises out of a Canadian preferential tariff, does not naturally suggest the adoption of such a tariff by the United Kingdom. What it did suggest (whether rightly or not) was some retaliatory action against Germany.

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Retaliation, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain added to his preferential scheme, regardless of the fact that the two things are quite different, and might probably be found in practice inconsistent with one another.

Another reason for choosing last May for the first publication of the new policy may perhaps have been the discontent aroused among a section of the Unionist Party by the repeal of the corn tax. This discontent was mainly felt by those who had regarded the corn tax as a first step in a return towards Protection. It is not improbable that Mr. Chamberlain thought he would take advantage of the irritation aroused by the Budget as well as of the abiding partiality for Protection which some Conservatives have always felt. Whether for this reason or not, Mr. Chamberlain has himself coquetted and his supporters have much more than coquetted with the idea of setting up a general protective tariff for home producers. Thus, there has been brought forward a third proposal different from either Preference or Retaliation—namely, to establish a protective tariff on American and German lines. The confusion of three different conflicts being at issue in the arena at the same time is naturally great. Very few educated people (as far as can be judged) are Protectionists. More are in favour of a policy of Preference. Still more like some sort of retaliatory policy. Among the working classes, on the other hand, protection of home manufactures seems far less unpopular than colonial preference with its hateful mechanism—a tax on food. But the notable thing is that the three parts of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda being really distinct, the supporters of one part are by no means always supporters of the whole. He is not in for one "big fight," but for three; and those who fight for him on one point are against him on another. Thus, we have no ordered battle, but an unmanageable riot.

The confusion is further increased by the vagueness with which the new policy has been sketched out. Only outlines have been given and those incomplete ones. Indeed, when Mr. Chamberlain's supporters have nothing better to say (which often

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happens) they reprove his critics for attacking what has not yet been expounded, subtly distinguishing (as it would seem) between the degree of clearness in exposition which justifies enthusiastic support and that at which criticism may become proper. That they should be disturbed is natural; for the hostility which has been aroused at the very beginning of the discussion of the new plan bodes ill for its ultimate acceptance. What even in outline is denounced is not likely to fare better when all the details are exposed to attack. But meantime it is unquestionable that the vagueness of the scheme is a hindrance to either intelligent support or intelligent opposition. We have to fight ghosts: three ghosts apparently disposed to mutual contradiction.

Yet fought they must be, even before they become embodied. For in a democratic community where large numbers of people are not unaccustomed to assent loosely and without precise understanding, if silence indicated a general acquiescence in Mr. Chamberlain's adumbrated ideas very many would unintelligently give him their support and most who so adhered would adhere irrevocably. Protest and objection are necessary in such a case from the very first, so that all may be cautioned against drifting into an assent which cannot be rationally approved. Nor, confused though the controversy is, is it at all impossible to take an intelligent part on either side even at the present stage. Enough has been said by Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Reformers to give rational opportunity for either criticism or approval though not of that elaborate and minute character which will doubtless later be appropriate.

The most important part of the scheme—the most important of the three policies which Mr. Chamberlain recommends—is that of fiscal preference for colonial produce. Preference, as it is convenient briefly to call it, is plainly what has his heart. And it seems equally plain that it is the Imperialist rather than the economic arguments in its favour which have decisive force in his mind. He has approached the matter as an empire-builder rather than as a man of business. It is to save the

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Empire from disunion rather than its industries from decay that he has proclaimed his crusade. These things make Preference important. For the fiscal question is so largely Mr. Chamberlain's creation, that what he most cares about becomes for that reason the most deserving of attention. He it is who has lighted the fire, and but for his tending it would flicker out as quickly as it has blazed up. And his power to do what he has done has not depended merely on his great talents and reputation. It has been because of the subject-matter of the policy. Mr. Chamberlain on economics would have carried little weight: Mr. Chamberlain on an Imperial and Colonial question is another affair. It is as though the Pope of Imperialism had defined a new dogma of the Faith. But it follows that if his political doctrine be condemned as unsound, it matters comparatively little if he is acquitted or convicted of economic heresy. He himself, I apprehend, would agree to this. Could he but be convinced that his Imperialist hopes are visionary he would feel little concern about the rest of the controversy. Convert him on the political point, and his voice would be the first to declare the sentence, "Judico me comburi."

Let us then ask what are the grounds for thinking that the political results of Preference would be good. First, it is said that a tie of interest is needed to bind the Empire together. That is to say, that we cannot be sure that the Colonies will not leave us unless we set up an arrangement which makes union profitable and secession costly. But there is surely little ground either for fearing secession or believing that it could be averted by Preference. As things are, the Colonies have great advantages in remaining part of the Empire, and no motive whatever for leaving it. Canada and Australia are as free as the United States, enjoy whatever lustre attaches to membership of a great nation with a memorable history, and bear an insignificant share of the burden of sustaining the national defence. Why should they leave us? History does not teach us that great secessions take place on slight grounds, nor that

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such advantages as Preference would give the Colonies would suffice to maintain union. The two great precedents for a colonial secession are the revolt of America against George III., and the rebellion of the Confederate States forty years ago. Both arose out of long and bitter quarrels. Neither would have been prevented by any such "tie of interest" as Preference could create. Indeed the South, of course, attempted to secede in spite of all the advantages of a Zollverein. The truth is, that such a thing as secession is not thought of, except under the influence of violent passions. And if such passions are roused there is little reck of fiscal advantages. If we keep from quarrelling with the Colonies, they will not leave us; if we quarrel, it is not a preferential tariff that will hold them.

But most of the advocates of Preference are thinking less of averting secession than of promoting a closer union. It is as a step to Imperial Federation that they urge their plan. The arguments that such would be its effect are very limited. I know of only one. It is that Germany had a Zollverein before she had political unity. But the answer is surely simple. The Zollverein had very little to do with promoting German unity, which was the result of much stronger influences. The conditions of the German unifying process were altogether different: notably, Germany is a convenient area enclosed in one ring-fence, instead of a number of vast countries divided by oceans. And, finally, Preference is something quite different from Zollverein and much less unifying in tendency. Let any one who thinks that Mr. Chamberlain's policy will lead to Federation consider what are the obstacles that hinder the Empire from federating now. The main one is its geographical condition and the diversities of political problems which arise out of that geographical condition. Preference will evidently do nothing for this. It will not bridge the Atlantic or tow Australia into the northern hemisphere. It will not make the difficulties that encounter the Colonies the same as those which Great Britain has to face. How could any Parliament rationally legislate for

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the whole Empire? This is the nut the Federationist has to crack, and Preference is no help to him. Nor does it affect what is probably at the root of the reluctance of the Colonies to move towards closer political union. The disproportion of numbers between the population of the United Kingdom and that of the Colonies would make any measure for a common authority a measure also for the subjection of the Colonies to the Mother Country. Whatever powers over the whole Empire were given to any Imperial Council or Parliament would be in the hands of the overwhelming British majority which would sit on that body; and such powers, whatever their extent, would be to that extent a deduction from the independence of the Colonies. Naturally colonists prefer the present state of things. And, indeed, one cannot see what good would, at the present time, come of Federation. It is not easy even in imagination to conceive any possible sphere of common Imperial action except that of war. And war, as South Africa has taught us, we can even now wage in common. Something might perhaps be done to facilitate co-operation in war by taking the Colonies more closely into confidence with regard to foreign affairs. Diplomatic correspondence might be privately communicated to Colonial Ministers. By that means they might watch with intelligence and comprehension the development of the Home Government's policy, and be able at an early stage of any foreign question to inform our Cabinet whether in case of war we might or might not reckon on colonial support. But whatever might help common action, Preference would not. It is irrelevant to it. For the purpose of promoting a closer union of the Empire, Preference is at best useless.

Useless, however, is too good a word for it. A preferential tariff is called a "tie of interest." It is, in fact, a mechanism for giving a non-natural profit to some sections and classes of the people of the Empire. The producer of corn within the Empire is to have an advantage in the British market; the British manufacturer is to have an advantage in

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the colonial markets as against the foreigner, though not as against the colonial manufacturer. Where these advantages are given by the imposition of duties the consumers will be worse off; where they are given by the remission of duties the consumers will be better off. The duties imposed by this country will cost exporters the advantage of the treatment of a most favoured nation in foreign countries. The shrinkage of imports from the foreigner will cause a shrinkage of exports to the foreigner. And so on. Here is surely a fertile seed-bed for discontent, grumbling and recrimination. Will not every one who loses under the tariff, and even every one who does not gain, not unreasonably complain of ill-treatment? Not every Canadian is a producer of corn, not every Englishman is a manufacturer for the colonial market. Why should a State machine for making artificial profits favour one class rather than another? Then, as between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and between one colony and another, what a field there would be for suspicions, complaints, disputes. That Canada gains more than Australia, that Australia gives less than Canada, that South Africa is neglected for her more powerful sisters, that the Mother Country is greedy and unfair, that the Colonies are useless and think only of sucking profit out of Great Britain—such would be the cries that Preference would give us in exchange for the mutual courtesies, regard and co-operation which now adorn, unite and arm our Empire. If a tariff be once realised to be what it is, an arbitrary alteration of the channels of trade, and, therefore, of wealth, then the theory that it can draw the Empire together will be seen to be fantastic. Preference, as its very name suggests, is essentially unfair, and from unfairness not union but only jealousy and division can spring.

On Imperialist grounds alone, then, we ought to reject Preference, apart from its purely economic effects. And when we reject it, do not let us be told that we must produce an alternative policy for uniting the Empire. The best bond of Empire just now is patience and the avoidance of causes of

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dispute. Great political changes—as such the closer union of the Empire must be reckoned—are better and more securely achieved by leaving them to slow and unconscious developments than by hasty and sensational measures. If a pear is unripe it is silly to call for a policy to ripen it. The only wise policy is to wait and hope for fine weather. And so with our Empire.

It is to be lamented that the advocates of Preference do not make up their minds whether to defend it as an economic benefit to Great Britain or as a wise sacrifice of British wealth for a great Imperial purpose. The second has always seemed to me the stronger line, and I have tried therefore to answer it at length. But a few words must be said about the first. The most approved form of this contention now seems to be that the import duties on corn and meat would be very small, that there would be little or no rise of price, that new Canadian corn-land would be brought into cultivation, that as the United States population grows American corn-land will be used up, that therefore the new Canadian corn-land will be ultimately the saving of the cheap loaf, that as to the cost of living to the working man he can even now be given more on his tea, sugar and tobacco than he will pay on his bread and meat—and that, in short, no patent medicine was ever more universally beneficial than a preferential tariff.

The chief error in this form of urging the advantages of Preference is that it ignores the fact that Preference will only operate upon the colonial producers through prices in the British market. If the colonial producer is to be helped, if the cultivation of corn-land is to be stimulated, it can only be by the British purchaser paying more for colonial produce than he does now. Supposing that it be possible that a very small import duty should be thrown wholly on the foreigner so that the price of the taxed commodity should be unchanged, then, though the Exchequer would be enriched, the colonial producer would gain nothing. If, again, the tax fall partly on the foreigner and only raise the price a little, then only a little will the colonial producer be benefited, only a little will the cultiva-

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tion of new land be stimulated. The absurdity of this, which may be called the minimising defence, is surely manifest. For in proportion as it is accepted, the Imperialist side of the case must be rejected. What is to be a bond of Empire cannot be an insignificant triviality. If the Colonies are to gain little or nothing, then there will be little or nothing more to restrain them from secession, little or nothing more to lead them towards federation. Mr. Chamberlain's policy in the hands of these defenders ceases to be burdensome only by becoming nugatory. You may bind people together with chains. Chains are strong, but they are heavy. You may bind them with cobwebs. Cobwebs weigh nothing, but they stand no strain. Advocates of Preference may choose whether their "tie of interest" is more like a chain or like a cobweb; but in proportion as they assert that it is strong, they must admit that it is burdensome; in proportion as they assert that it is light they must admit that it is frail.

Once the very obvious truth is realised that Preference is preferential only by reason of its operation on prices, much of what is said in defence of it is disposed of. One is saved, moreover, the necessity of entering on the difficult question of the precise incidence of small import duties. Who paid last year's corn tax, for instance, is a doubtful matter. But though a highly important question to consider in the case of a duty intended only to bring revenue, no solution of it can help the advocates of Preference. We may pass by, not without relief, that intricate problem.

The argument that to stimulate the growth of corn in Canada is ultimately in the interest of cheap bread can be readily answered. It is strange indeed that such an argument should ever have been put forward. That the growth of population in America will use up her corn-lands is true. But the process will be gradual. There will be no overwhelming rise of price suddenly bursting upon the consumer. The rise of price that Preference would produce may occur—some rise of price will occur—and the necessary stimulus will be given to

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the cultivation of Canadian land. But why should such a change be forestalled by many years? Why should not we continue to have cheap corn as long as we can? There seems no answer to these questions. We may well wait and leave to time and natural development the future utility of Canadian corn-land.

But it is impossible not to feel that these economic arguments are in the nature of ingenious after-thoughts. The real charm of Preference to its supporters is the prospect of promoting the closer union of the Empire. It is a most laudable object. But if it cannot be shown that Preference really helps us towards it, if, on the contrary, its tendency is likely to be disruptive, the economic discussion becomes unnecessary. For if the advocates of Preference could be convinced on that head they would not exhaust themselves in trying to persuade us that it is economically wise.

Next in interest to Preference in the present controversy is Retaliation. And it must be admitted that we have in this to deal with a much less unconvincing case. There seems nothing theoretically indefensible in the proposition that since a protective tariff is injurious to trade and therefore inimical to the interests of both the countries concerned in any foreign trade affected by the tariff, either country may wisely try to get it abolished. If the tariff be its own it may of course abolish it forthwith. But if it be its neighbour's, how should it proceed? May it not, by threatening to make things worse or even by temporarily making them so, force its foolish neighbour to consent to the tariff's abolition, or at least to a mitigation of its evils. This appears reasonable. But when it is suggested that Great Britain should now act on this plan, three questions suggest themselves. First, how much would it cost, how great would be the temporary increase of hindrance to trade? Secondly, what ground is there for thinking that Retaliation really would bring our neighbours to the path of liberty or comparative liberty? Thirdly, what should we do if we tried Retaliation and failed? Should we

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have the good sense to drop a retaliatory duty as soon as its inefficacy was proved, or should we retain as Protection what we had begun as Retaliation? The two first questions cannot be properly answered except in respect to a particular proposal. But some surprise may in this connection be expressed at the strange contention put forward by some—and notably by Mr. Balfour—that liberty to propose Retaliation must be granted before any particular retaliatory duty can be so much as suggested. Why? No such solemn permission was required when the export duty on coal was introduced. No awful novitiate had to be passed through before that change in our fiscal system was made. Why is a retaliatory duty different? I am afraid Mr. Balfour may be not unwilling, in the manner of a German prince in the eighteenth century, to allow his retaliationist arguments to fight battles not their own. I hope the country is not going to be asked to assent to some such faulty syllogism as this: Retaliation is a change in the fiscal system: Retaliation is reasonable: therefore all changes in the fiscal system are reasonable—and among them in particular those which are suggested by the Tariff Reform League. Yet if some such logical chiromancy is not to be attempted, it is hard to see what can be the meaning of the mysterious process called "regaining our liberty." The answer to all such claims for a vague liberty should be: "Make your proposals and then we can judge of them. But because there is something to be said for Retaliation we are not going to commit ourselves to assent to an undefined revision of the fiscal system."

Even as to Retaliation there seem grave practical difficulties and dangers. The worst among them is that suggested by the third question noted above. Retaliation would grow so easily into Protection. It is not as though there were no Protectionists in this country. There are many and they have received great encouragement from the unwise action of the present Government in opening a controversy they were not prepared to guide. The "grand inquest of the nation" has

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been largely an open market for bad economics. How far Tariff Reformers are prepared to go in advocating Protection may be learnt by reading their leaflets. I have one before me which is in verse. The British farmer looks back to 1846 as to a golden age:[1]

> "In my youth," said the farmer, "before '46,
> I was happy as happy could be."

Where, one wonders, do the Tariff Reformers read their history! But it is surely remarkable that at this early stage of the discussion a longing for a high duty on wheat should be so frankly avowed. Prose leaflets[2] go almost as far. In short, there can be no doubt that the present agitation largely derives its energy from a desire for Protection after the German or American pattern. In face of such a state of feeling any measure of Retaliation which would have incidentally a protective effect must be regarded with grave misgiving. No benefit that the most ingenious advocate could attribute to Retaliation can be weighed against a real risk of Protection with its hideous attendants—industrial monopoly and political corruption.

At any rate, the first economic need of the Empire is the emphatic rejection of all schemes for preferential or protective tariffs. For that end politicians of all schools of thought ought heartily to co-operate.

HUGH CECIL.

[1] Tariff Reform League Leaflet, No. 19.

[2] *E.g.*, No. 9, "Bismarck's Prophecy," and No. 16, "A National Trade Union."

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CANADA, THE EMPIRE, AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago there was to be seen posted on the church doors in England a proclamation of the Privy Council respecting the Colorado beetle in which Ontario was designated as "that town." Just after the settlement of the *Alabama* claims by the Treaty of Washington a Canadian visitor to England was invited to a meeting on emigration held in a city reputed highly intelligent. He spoke of the warm feelings of Canadians towards the Mother Country and was followed by a speaker, evidently a well-educated man, who expressed his pleasure at what he had heard about Canadian feeling, adding that he hoped, now the *Alabama* question was settled, there was nothing to separate the two nations from each other! This ignorance, and the indifference of which it was the ludicrous manifestation, have passed away. They have given place to an extraordinary access of interest in Canada and an enthusiastic expectation of the part to be played by her in the unification of the Empire, which, though far more gratifying to her than the previous neglect, may in turn be somewhat misleading in its way, especially if British visitors confine their observation to official Ottawa or the specially British circles of Toronto and Montreal.

The first condition of real knowledge and sound inference about Canada is the use of the physical in place of the political

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map. At the time of the Jubilee the Canadian Post Office issued a stamp with a miniature map of the British Empire and the motto "We Hold a Vaster Empire than Has Been." Canada appeared as an unbroken expanse of territory, coloured the Imperial red, including the North Pole, and equal in extent to all the remaining members of the Empire put together, Great Britain appearing as a mere pigmy in comparison. A common Englishman looking at this stamp would certainly have imagined that the whole of the vast expanse was habitable and cultivable, and that the population of the whole of it was British. Such is the political fancy.

The physical fact is that of this vast area by far the greater part belongs to the region of ice and snow. Canada may be described as the northern section of the habitable and cultivable continent, much broken and indented, and with a great and at present undefined projection to the north formed by Manitoba and the Territories newly opened. The Dominion is made up of four separate blocks of territory divided from each other by wide spaces or great barriers of nature. The Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, are divided from Quebec and Ontario by the tract through which the Intercolonial Railway runs, hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight for a great part of the way. The territory including Quebec and Ontario again is divided from Manitoba and the North-Western Territories by desert and Lake Superior, a great inland sea. Between the North-Western Territories and British Columbia there is a triple range of mountains. The proportion of habitable and cultivable land in the Maritime Provinces is not great; nor is it very great in Quebec. In Ontario, hitherto the premier province, it is much larger. In Manitoba and the North-West Territories the extent of habitable and cultivable land is vast, how vast is not yet known. In British Columbia there is not much cultivable land, though there is mineral wealth which is attracting a swarm of adventurers, and timber abounds on the mountains.

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Of the population, the homogeneity of which is suggested by the uniform red colour on the stamp, the British, though the predominant race, are not the majority. The majority is made up of French-Canadians, Celtic and Catholic Irish, Germans, Americans, and other miscellaneous nationalities, including those which the Government has been importing into the North-West. The French are gaining ground. They have ousted the British from the district south of the St. Lawrence called the Eastern Townships, they are advancing in Eastern Ontario and to the North, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Americans are pouring into the North-West, which, owing to their superior aptitude for prairie farming and life, seems destined to be theirs.

The French of Quebec are, or have hitherto been, a simple, contented, and devout people, kindly and courteous, though generally little educated and unprogressive; rather a refreshing exception to the surrounding whirl of progress. They multiply apace, their priests inculcating early marriage on moral grounds. The priests, whose ascendency has hitherto been complete, have made the French-Canadian moral in an ecclesiastical way, and French-Canada is probably about the best thing that Roman Catholicism has to show. The French-Canadians are content with British institutions. Their leaders are satisfied with office or the position and salaries of Members of Parliament at Ottawa. The revolutionary spirit of 1837, its causes being extinct, has died away, though the antagonism of race still remains and sometimes shows itself in the jury-box. A Quebec "Red" is merely anti-ecclesiastical and Liberal. But the belief that the French people are Anglicised, or converted to British Imperialism, is unfounded. Their nationality is still strong. Their language is still the French patois. Their popular flag is French. Their hearts were with Riel and the French half-breeds who rebelled in the North-West.[1]

[1] It was probably to flatter French sentiment that cruel charges were brought by a party in the Canadian Parliament against the character of General Sir Fred. Middleton, who had commanded against the French Half-

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Two battalions of their Militia were called out but not sent to the front, while the colonel of each of them obeyed his political sympathies and withdrew. It may be easily judged whether they would fight against France. The ascendency of the priesthood is beginning to be shaken, by railroads, which break into parish seclusion; by the progress, though slow, of education; and most of all, by intercourse with the Republicans of New England, whence not a few of the French who have gone to work in the New England factories return, bringing with them Republican ideas. Another element of religious, or at least of ecclesiastical, change is the advent of the Jesuit, who has succeeded in extorting a partial indemnity for the estates sequestered at the time of the conquest, and whose wiles have largely prevailed. The old Quebec priest was Gallican, unambitious, living in perfect amity with the State, and in his views limited to his Canadian parish. The Jesuit has larger and less unequivocal aims.

Had participation in the South African War been put to the vote of the French-Canadian people, there would probably have been an overwhelming majority against it. But the Premier was a Frenchman. The French followed him from national feeling, and thus French sentiment was masked. The French members at Ottawa went with the Premier, owing their seats to the influence of his party. But Mr. Bourassa,[1] an opponent of the war, resigned his seat for the purpose of testing the opinion of his constituents, and was re-elected by acclamation.

There are now twelve hundred thousand native-born Canadians in the United States. The great centres of employment draw, and a Canadian youth has little more hesitation in going to better himself at Chicago or at New York than a

breeds. The charges, that which was probably their political object having been served, were allowed to fall to the ground.

[1] Two articles by Mr. Bourassa on "The French-Canadian and the British Empire" appeared in the MONTHLY REVIEW for September and October 1902, and a reply to them in the November number of the same year.

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Scotch or Yorkshire youth has in going to better himself in Manchester or London. In the Pacific States of the Union also British-Canadians abound, while French-Canadians swarm in the factories of New England. Canadians have a good name and are in request among employers in the United States. Interest prevails over prejudice, and the Canadian who has been giving vent to loyal anti-Americanism one day may accept a "call" to the other side of the line on the next. Of this there have been amusing cases. In race, language, religion, political tendencies, and the fundamental character of their institutions, the population on the north and that on the south of a conventional line are one. Intermarriage is common. Churches and associations of all kinds, benevolent, literary, scientific, and industrial, join hands across the line; some of them totally disregard it. The paper currency of the United States circulates freely in Canada. Canadian banks do a great deal of business in the United States and Canadians speculate largely in the stock market of New York. The wealthy classes of the two countries meet in their summer resorts. The periodical literature of Canada is mainly American, and American papers, especially Sunday papers, have a considerable circulation. A presidential election creates almost as much interest in Canada as in the States. The political institutions, though differing in important details, are in principle fundamentally the same; so are the methods by which they are operated, the cant language in which the people speak of them, and the political character which they form. The Canadian Government believed itself to have ascertained that there were forty thousand Canadian enlistments in the army of the United States during the War of Secession. Apart from political sentiment, there is in fact nothing to divide the two populations from each other except the territorial and fiscal line. They are rapidly mingling in the North-West.

It is obvious how widely the circumstances of Canada, especially with regard to her relation with the United States, differ from those of the other colonies, particularly from those

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of Australia and New Zealand, and how difficult, consequently, it would be to force her into a fiscal union. The States of Germany were of the same nationality, though under different governments; they were territorially in a ring-fence, and their commercial interests were generally the same. Yet it took an arduous struggle to bring about the Zollverein. No divergence of interest among the Colonies was called into play in sending the contingents to the Boer War.

Protectionist monopoly, especially on the American side, has done its best to sever Canada commercially from the rest of her continent. But Nature struggles hard, and not unsuccessfully, against the malignant greed of man. The trade between the two countries is still large, and there was a notable increase in it last year. The United States want Canadian timber, pulp, coals, minerals, and farm produce. For farm produce evidently the nearest market is the best. Canada, on the other hand, is a natural market for the manufactures which the Americans produce on a large scale. There was a reciprocity treaty between the two countries till 1866, when Canada lost it through the conduct of the governing class of England in violently espousing the cause of the South, a fact which should be borne in mind when the balance of the obligation between the Imperial country and the colony is to be struck. In spite of the patriotic attempts of Canadian statesmen to keep the lines of communication and transportation apart, they are intimately connected. The winter ports of Canada are Portland, Boston and New York, from which, according to Mr. Carnegie, thirty-seven per cent. of Canadian exports are shipped. American capital is being largely invested in Canada. For Canada a commercial war with the United States would be disastrous. The power of retaliation would be far greater on the side of the Americans, with their boundless variety of home productions and their vast internal market.

What, after all, in an economical point of view, is this unity of the Empire, for the consolidation of which commercial

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war is to be proclaimed against the world? What is the Empire but the aggregate result of accidents of war and discovery governed by no plan or regard for community of economical interests? What reason is there for presuming that all its parts ought, in defiance of the indications of nature, and at great risk of incurring the commercial enmity of other nations, to be forced into a fiscal union? Canada was conquered to rid of a formidable neighbour the British colonies in America, which presently cast off their allegiance.

The future of the North-West is now the great subject of interest and speculation. The extent of the wheat-growing land, though not yet ascertained, is certainly immense, while the wheat is of the finest quality, and the roots are as fine as the wheat. Nor does it seem that there is any danger of exhaustion. On the other hand, the climate is very severe; forty below zero being not very uncommon, even a lower temperature being not unknown. The winter is too long, the summer is too short, and there is a danger of frost at harvest time. The summer air is delicious and health-giving. There is now coal enough. What is wanting is wood. There is a dreariness in the boundless expanse without hill or tree, but the sensibilities of the pioneer, tilling a rich soil, are not apt to be very keen. The prairie being so apt for the machine, it seemed that large farming might pay there. Large farming was tried, but the expense of keeping the staff through the winter proved too great. Of the waifs of European population imported by the Government, some, particularly the Mennonites, have made good farmers, but they have not made good citizens. The best settlers are the Americans, natives to the prairie and to the style of farming. They will probably predominate in the future. Young Englishmen have not done well, though they do better on ranches than on farms. Many of them went with the contingent. The farmer must work hard, live hard, and bargain hard; perhaps to the young English gentleman the last is not the least difficult of the three.

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The Canadian Constitution is in form that of a nation with a federal structure; the national element being modelled after the British Constitution, the federal element after that of the United States. The national element in the Canadian polity, however, is stronger than it is or has hitherto been in that of the United States. The Senate, supposed to answer to the House of Lords, is appointed, nominally by the Crown, really by the Prime Minister. After the long reign of Sir John Macdonald, who was master of the country, with a brief intermission, for thirty years, the Senate was overwhelmingly Conservative; a run on the other side since his death has turned it Liberal. The Governor-General reigns and does not govern, unless it be underhand. There has latterly been a tendency to give the office the air of royalty and to introduce the state and pageantry of a Court, which take with the high society of Canada.

The political system is party. The parties trace their pedigree to those which existed in the two united provinces before confederation; one based upon the British and Protestant, the other on the French and Catholic province. But there has ceased to be any dividing-line of principle. The result is a perpetual struggle of two factions for power with the usual instruments of faction, as recent revelations have shown. A Member of Parliament who dared to be independent was deprived of his seat by the joint action of the two parties, which openly combined their forces for that purpose. The powers of commerce, the great railroad companies especially, hover over the two parties, and play for their own purposes upon them both. Federal parties extend to the provinces, where, as there can be no national questions, there is, if possible, less of a dividing principle to give rationality or dignity to the contest. The Canadians are worthy people, probably there are none worthier in the world; but Canadian politics leave something to be desired. Nor can the general character of the people remain wholly unaffected by the example of public life.

It is an anxious question what will be the political effect of

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the great American immigration into the North-West. Time alone can show. But the probability is that the Americans will take kindly to institutions closely akin to their own, and become, for all ordinary purposes, good Canadians; though it is very unlikely that they will become Imperialists and wish to spend the earnings of their labour in the destruction of South African Republics or the conquest of the Soudan. Commercial interests cannot fail to draw them closely to the adjacent States of the Union. What seems certain is, that when the North-West fills up, the centre of power must shift to it, and Ontario, which paid largely for the opening up of the North-West by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, will have paid for her own political dethronement.

A peculiar feature of Canadian politics is "United Empire Loyalism," the political religion of a group of families tracing their origin to the Royalist exiles of the American Revolution, and doing their best to keep those memories alive. They are, of course, intensely anti-American and Imperialist. Their feelings must be mixed when they see Great Britain falling upon the neck of the American Republic. Many a descendant, however, of United Empire Loyalists may probably now be found on the south of the line. An English audience listening to a political missionary of the United Empire Loyalist order, and fancying that it hears the voice of Canada, is apt to be led astray.

Orangeism is, perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Orange Lodges still are, a power in politics; but the religious war between them and the Roman Catholics is at an end.

The Irish Catholic vote is strong. Twice under its influence the Dominion Parliament has passed resolutions of sympathy with Home Rule; the second time after receiving a rebuke from the Imperial Government for interfering with the question. The Legislature of Ontario, under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, passed a resolution censuring Lord Salisbury's renewal of the Crimes Act.

Lord Durham thought that in uniting the two Provinces,

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French and British Canada, he assured complete British ascendency, which he regarded as the law of nature. He was mistaken. The French held together, and forming a party with a section of the British, brought government at last to a deadlock, escape from which was found in confederation of all the British colonies in North America. New Brunswick came in with little hesitation. Nova Scotia refused, but was dragged in by intrigue, which she long resented. Prince Edward Island came in later. The Canadian Pacific Railway was constructed to take in British Columbia. In the debate on confederation, when the familiar simile of the bundle of sticks was used to prove that union made force, it was replied that the same could not be said of seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends. British Columbia sends a delegation to Ottawa and Eastern Canada speculates in her mines; otherwise she is almost out of ken, nor could the man in the street of Eastern Canada give any account of the political distractions to which she seems to be a prey. She is ominously embraced between the Pacific States of the Union and the American territory of Alaska. Nor in the case of the other Provinces does confederation amount to political fusion. The builder of a Dominion government has to pay something for each stone of his edifice.

Distance and the interposition of French Quebec between Ontario and the group of Maritime Provinces still keep them socially separate from each other, and there is little interchange of population.

Will some enthusiastic advocate of the present system please rise and explain why, after twenty years of confederation, a Nova Scotian is never seen in Ontario except as a traveller or a delegate to some denominational convention; and why, with the exception of the "Drummer," an Ontario man is as great a curiosity in Nova Scotia as a South Sea Islander? There seems to be something generally wrong with a system which, after twenty years of enthusiastic gush over the confederation and the building of a national sentiment, has for its product complete isolation between the several provinces; which sees the merchants of the maritime provinces making constant visits in the way of trade to Boston and New York, and none to Toronto, which sees the business men of Ontario going daily backward and forward between that

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province and the American cities about them, and coming to Halifax in the way of business once in a century.[1]

So wrote an eminent Nova Scotian twenty years ago, and it is believed that nearly the same thing might be said now so far as the interchange of population is concerned.

Since the revolution of 1837 the separation of the Church from the State in the British Provinces has been complete, though not so complete in Quebec. In Ontario the Catholic Church, having the command of the Irish vote, is able to exact the privilege of separate schools. Wealth and fashion in Canada, as in the United States, incline to the Anglican Church with its hierarchy, its ritual, and its English connection. Methodism is the church of the people; more of the people perhaps than of John Wesley, for spiritual enthusiasm inevitably spends its force, and objects less distinctly spiritual succeed.

The tie which binds Canada as a dependency to the Imperial country has, by successive concessions of self-government, been worn thin. The sovereign power still remains in the King and Parliament of Great Britain. The Canadian Constitution is embodied in an Imperial Act, alterable only by the same authority. Otherwise the bonds consist of the Governor-Generalship, divested, like the monarchy which it represents, of real powers; the command of the Militia, perpetually contested by the Canadian Minister of that Department; a veto, almost formal, on Canadian legislation; an appellate jurisdiction which has been greatly reduced, with a prospect, after the Australian example, of further reduction; and the fountain of honour—*i.e.*, of titles and decorations. It is a question whether of the surviving prerogatives the last is not the most effective. The thirst for titles and decorations is great. Some years ago a leading Liberal moved in the Canadian Parliament against the profuse distribution of Imperial titles, the effect of which on the devotion of the bearers to the

[1] "Handbook of Commercial Union," pp. 113, 114.

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interests of their own country he reasonably feared. Yet the same man could not help taking a title when it was offered him. Decorations have been recently solicited and received for an encounter which took place more than thirty years ago. In the Canadian Almanac there is a list of titled Canadians forming a sort of miniature peerage. Military titles also are much prized.

Imperial Federation has been preached in Canada by a small but enthusiastic party for many years without ever assuming a tangible shape. No one has yet pretended to say what the government of the federation was to be, what was to be its relation to the British monarchy and Foreign Office; how its decrees and requisitions were to be enforced; or what was to be done with India.

Canadian writers bewail the betrayal of Canadian interests to the Americans by the weakness of British diplomacy. Especially do they deplore the loss, by the Ashburton Treaty, of Maine, which carried with it the winter port of Portland. The answer apparently is that the British Government has done the best for the Canadians that diplomacy could do, and has obtained for them, even in the case of the Ashburton Treaty, more than they could have obtained for themselves. But Great Britain has ceased to be a military power on the Western Continent, or to be able to enforce her claims against the United States by arms. Such is the fact, however unwelcome it may be. Canadians in their warlike mood, conscious that nothing could be done against the power of the United States on land, used to talk of bombarding New York. "Bombard New York!" said an old Canadian once to the writer; "I have three sons there." However, a bombardment of New York, if it ever was possible, is so no longer, since the Americans have set on foot a strong navy. The British people, it may safely be said, could not be induced to go to war with the United States for any trans-Atlantic object. Brougham gave utterance, in his brusque way, to the general sentiment when he said in the debate on the Ashburton Treaty that he cared not where

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the boundary was fixed so long as there was peace. The Americans may not in these disputes have conceded to Canada all that in strictness was her due, but in conceding anything they paid a tribute to international law and justice.

Great efforts are being made to impress on Canada the duty of contribution to the military and naval defence of the Empire. Can the Empire undertake the defence of Canada? Lord Lansdowne says that the only land frontier of the British Empire facing a great military Power is that of Northern India. The ex-Governor-General seems to have forgotten that Canada has a frontier of probably four thousand miles, allowing for the curves, for the most part open, facing a Power which, if it does not keep a great standing army on foot, has shown that it can on short notice put into the field half a million of men with all possible appliances of equipment and science. Is there any use in making a feeble show of doing that which cannot effectively be done? The effective defence of the Canadian frontier would probably take something like the whole population of military age. Meantime Canada is in no danger so long as she is not involved in European wars. In upwards of thirty years intercourse with Americans of all parties and classes the writer has never heard a single expression of a desire to aggress upon Canadian independence. There is great apathy even upon the subject of continental union. Many American politicians fear it as a possible disturbance of the balance of parties, while American Protestantism is apt to feel a groundless dread of the Roman Catholicism of Quebec. The question whether, if Canada taxes herself for the defence of the Empire, the Empire could undertake the defence of Canada, ought to be plainly answered. Canada in reality needs no defence but peace. Of course, so long as she remains a dependency of Great Britain, she will be a recruiting-ground for British armies and navies. It has been seen that the martial and adventurous impulse is not wanting.

When the duty of contribution to Imperial armaments and participation in Imperial wars is pressed on Canada, note should

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be taken, not only of her military position, but of the miscellaneous character of her population, especially of the large French element. The French and the other non-British elements are contented under British institutions. But they do not share British sentiments; they are not fired with British ambition; nor do they wish to share the expense of British wars. They are here to make their bread. If there is to be a Canadian corps or contingent in the British Army, will there be a provision that it shall not be used in a war with France?

In common with the other colonies, Canada has asserted fiscal as well as political self-government, and lays import duties on British goods; a thing, it must be confessed, not manifestly consistent with the theoretic unity of the Empire. It is not likely that Canadian manufacturers will assent to the removal of those duties; in fact, they have pretty plainly intimated that they will not. Strong as sentimental attachment to the Empire may be, it is not strong enough to sweeten commercial competition. Canadian manufacturers did not exult in the reduction of duties on British goods by the preferential tariff of Sir Wilfred Laurier. They are now calling for an increase of protection. Their influence on Government is great. The Laurier Government came into power on the platform of Free Trade, or at least of tariff for revenue only, and the leading financier among them had been the Boanerges of that policy. Yet the Laurier Government soon formed amicable relations with the manufacturing interests, and instead of tariff for revenue only, declared for stability of tariff. Sir John Macdonald, so long master of the Government, cared little for any economical questions. But his personal leaning was probably to Free Trade. When he adopted Protection, under the *alias* of National Policy, it was for the purpose of winning an election. Taxed with his inconsistency on the subject, he jauntily replied that, Protection having done so much for him, he was bound to do something for Protection.

It is affirmed by some that the sentiment of Canadian nationality and of recoil from connection with the Americans

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has of late been on the increase. General sentiment is a thing difficult to gauge, and opinions about it are apt to be formed from a personal point of view; which personal point of view again is apt to be in cities, which are specially British centres, and not perfect representations of the whole country. National sentiment in the proper sense of the term is out of the question, Canada not being a nation but a colonial dependency; unless, indeed, there is an anticipation of independence. Anti-American feeling is cultivated, as was said before, in certain circles; but of actual shrinking from association with Americans, social, commercial, or industrial, there is no visible sign. Resentment of the treatment of Canada by the framers of Dingley and McKinley tariffs there well may be. If it had been the set purpose of the tariff-makers at Washington to force into existence an antagonistic nationality on the northern border of the United States, they could not have adopted a better course. That Canadians, when they were excluded from the market of their own continent, must produce for a European market, and that their general interest and sentiments would take the course of their trade, was evident and could not be denied. But the argument made not the slightest impression on politicians who were mere delegates and agents of district and special interests. The French-Canadians, of course, have a little nationality of their own.

Nobody who has lived both in a nation and in a dependency can have failed to feel the difference in spirit between them. The colonial politician looks beyond the country for his highest rewards. The Imperial title is an honour above any which his own fellow citizens can confer. The social aspirations of the wealthy class generally point to the aristocratic and fashionable centre of the Imperial metropolis. Rarely does the wealthy colonist aspire, as not a few Americans do, to the character of a great citizen. The lot of a colonial dependency as a member of a mighty Empire may be higher than that of a nation of the second order, but its character cannot be the same. Perhaps there is some feeling of this sort in the minds of those who

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pine to change the present status for that of Imperial federation.

The writer brought with him to Canada the opinion of her destiny and that of the other British Colonies generally accepted in those days, which was that they were in training to be free nations and encircle their common parent with offspring the images of herself in all that had made her happy, glorious, and useful to humanity. This surely was not a mean idea, or one which at all partook of the sentiment of Lord Beaconsfield, who confidentially called the Colonies millstones round the neck of England, and continued to speak of them in the same strain in private, as his great friend Sir W. Gregory tells us, to the end of his life. A new-comer was naturally drawn to what was called the "Canada First" party, a party consisting chiefly of young men warmly patriotic and looking forward more or less definitely to independence. It seemed a good thing to have two experiments in democracy, the more so as flaws have been clearly revealed in the American Constitution. An independent Canada would, as has already been said, have been perfectly safe from molestation on the part of her powerful neighbour. If one or two "tail-twisters" in Congress have said violent things, probably to catch the Irish vote, their words have had no weight. But the "Canada First" party, at the crisis of its course, was deserted by its leaders. There followed the deaths of its two most active members, and the party melted away. Then came the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending the Dominion to the Pacific so as to interpose between its two ends a distance greater than the width of the Atlantic. Every vestige of unity, such as seems requisite for the basis of nationality, geographical or commercial, was thus destroyed, while a connection was formed with territories in the North-West certain, as soon as Minnesota and Dakota overflowed, to be settled, as they are now being settled, by Americans.

There is, however, no danger of violent or precipitate changes unless Great Britain should be induced to declare war against the United States. What is wanted certainly,

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and without delay, by all but the monopolists on either side, is the renewal of commercial reciprocity, which involves no political change. For this a strong movement is now on foot, initiated, strange to say, by New England, the mother of Protection, but extending also to other and especially North-Western States. Any British statesman who may succeed by proclaiming commercial war against the United States is defeating this movement; and at the same time in depriving Canada, even for two or three years, of the bonding privilege, while he taxes her for Imperial armaments and wars, may chance to find that he has played over again the part of Mr. Charles Townshend as a consolidator of the Empire.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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BRITISH POLICY AND THE BALKANS

IN the early part of 1878 war was raging between Russia and Turkey, having originated in the disorders generally known as the "Bulgarian Atrocities."

There was considerable difference of opinion in England, not only between the Conservative Ministry and the Liberal Opposition, but amongst members of the Conservative party itself. It was considered by many that Lord Derby, then Foreign Secretary, was too lukewarm and vacillating in his administration of the Foreign Office. On one occasion the fleet had been ordered into the Dardanelles, but subsequently withdrawn, and the progress of Russia towards Constantinople was unchecked. Much discontent was created among the members of the Conservative party both in and out of Parliament. A country constituent wrote to his representative wishing to know where Lord Palmerston was buried that he might present his backbone to the Government. A deputation of Conservative Members of Parliament waited on Sir Stafford Northcote in his room behind the Speaker's chair, and expressed the opinion that more active measures should be taken. Sir Stafford announced to them that the fleet was again ordered up the Dardanelles; and, almost at the same time, Lord Derby retired and Lord Salisbury was appointed to take control of the Foreign Office.

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Meanwhile the Treaty of San Stefano had been signed, and was a factor to be considered in any further negotiations.

On Lord Salisbury's accession to office he addressed to the British representatives abroad a remarkable State Paper, known as "the Salisbury Circular," of which one portion dealt with the Turkish provinces of Europe.

The most important consequences to which the Treaty of San Stefano practically leads are those which result from its action as a whole upon the nations of South-Eastern Europe. By the Articles erecting the New Bulgaria a strong Slav State will be created under the auspices and control of Russia, possessing important harbours upon the shores of the Black Sea and the Archipelago, and conferring upon that Power a preponderating influence over both political and commercial relations in those seas. It will be so constituted as to merge in the dominant Slav majority a considerable mass of population which is Greek in race and sympathy, and which views with alarm the prospect of absorption into a community alien to it not only in nationality but in political tendency and in religious allegiance. The provisions by which this new State is to be subjected to a ruler whom Russia will practically choose, its Administration framed by a Russian Commissary, and the first working of its institutions commenced under the control of a Russian Army, sufficiently indicate the political system of which in future it is to form a part.

Stipulations are added which will extend this influence even beyond the boundaries of the New Bulgaria. The provision, in itself highly commendable, of improved institutions for the populations of Thessaly and Epirus, is accompanied by a condition that the law by which they are to be secured shall be framed under the supervision of the Russian Government. It is followed by engagements for the protection of members of the Russian Church, which are certainly not more limited in their scope than those Articles of the Treaty of Kainardji, upon which the claims were founded which were abrogated in 1856. Such stipulations cannot be viewed with satisfaction either by the Government of Greece or by the Powers to whom all parts of the Ottoman Empire are a matter of common interest. The general effect of this portion of the Treaty will be to increase the power of the Russian Empire in the countries and on the shores where a Greek population predominates, not only to the prejudice of that nation, but also of every country having interests in the east of the Mediterranean Sea.

The territorial severance from Constantinople of the Greek, Albanian, and Slavonic provinces which are still left under the government of the Porte, will cause their administration to be attended with constant difficulty, and even embarrassment; and will not only deprive the Porte of the political strength

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which might have arisen from their possession, but will expose the inhabitants to a serious risk of anarchy.

During the discussions on the Eastern Question I had taken an active part in the House of Commons; and, as a prolonged Easter Vacation took place immediately after the publication of Lord Salisbury's Circular, I determined myself to examine the question as far as I could thoroughly, and for that purpose undertook a tour of the capitals in Europe specially affected by the discussions.

On April 15, 1878, Musurus Pasha, Turkish Ambassador in London, said to me: "If you take Egypt, England loses her whole power in Europe. What is that power now derived from? From her respect for public law—a respect which commands the confidence of other nations. Why is the conduct of England at this juncture so highly prized, and why have her words so much weight? Because from the first she has taken her stand on the sanctity of treaties, and she is not supposed to be open to the bribes now so freely dangled before other States. Austria is offered territory down to Salonika, even including Servia; Italy is pressed to take a footing on the eastern shore of the Adriatic; you, no doubt, are offered Egypt, as you were before, tacitly, if not expressly. But Russia knows that, without your presence, the Congress cannot take place, and without the Congress, the Treaty of San Stefano cannot be legitimised. The position of England is impregnable, because she takes her stand on principles without which public faith must always be less secure than even at present.

"Russia always inspires mistrust by having a personal object behind. In '56 the Allies undertook the war in the interest of European law, and at the peace adhered to their programme. They asked for no territory, not even for an indemnity. They took their stand on Public Right, and, this satisfied, they were satisfied. What is the line now taken by Russia? Lord Salisbury's Circular shows you territory, indemnity, exclusive influence. Even the word 'preliminary' attached to the Treaty is a fraud. It is preliminary to concessions, if imposed

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by the Powers; preliminary to further exactions, if Russia finds support in the Congress."

"But," I asked, "with these views, why did you not help England by endeavouring to allay the agitation kept up on account of Bulgaria?"

"Because we knew that to a great extent the horrors of Bulgaria owed their origin to Russia; and, after all, Turkey is an independent State, and the Government must look to its own position. Up to 1839, when we introduced Western reforms, we were never interfered with. It was only when we began to reform that further reforms were forced on us. In this whole crisis the conduct of Russia has been illogical as well as aggressive. In 1871, when she began to break through treaties, there was a conference. If the state of the Slav Provinces was bad in 1875, it was equally so in 1871; yet not a word was said on the subject in the Conference, and Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons that the state of the Christians was improved. Besides, we had long projected a Constitution, and, if the power of the Sultan was to be limited, we preferred to have it limited internally than subjected to external limitation. This, as much as any other motive, precipitated the war. Russia was left the last Despotism in Europe."

"But what do you say to the Greek Allies?"

"We are ready to give to the Greeks of Turkey every privilege, and even to make concessions to the Hellenes, if they will help us against the Slavs. I cannot define the extent."

This statement as to the dislike of Russia to the Turkish Constitution—which unfortunately Lord Salisbury had opposed at the Constantinople Conference—was confirmed to me from another source. Mr. Butler Johnstone, who was very active in the study of Eastern politics, said to me: "It was declared that the advance of Russia on Constantinople was the result of a compact between the Russian Generals and the Court party at Constantinople, the result being shown in the immediate dismissal of the Turkish party. It was added that

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Suleiman Pasha's alleged criminality was the result of an intrigue, and that since the part he took in the deposal of Abdul Aziz, every attempt had been made to discredit and ruin him. Movements, apparently inexplicable, and accountable only by treason, were undertaken merely in obedience to treacherous instructions. It was found that his popularity with the army would give him a formidable influence in supporting the constitutional principle to which he is attached. Midhat, the author of the Constitution, is an exile: Suleiman is a prisoner at the Bar. Russia commands Constantinople, and though Ahmed Vefyk Pasha is Grand Vizier, the Constitution if not destroyed is suspended.

"Further," he said, "Austria will not act; Andrassy, as an Hungarian, seeks only to preserve the present *régime*. If he were upset Hungary might move, anxious as she is to help the Turks; but Andrassy knows that any movement by Hungary of an active character would precipitate the action of the Court party of Vienna, which is opposed to dualism, which would accept the Russian bribe of an increased territory, and perhaps destroy the Hungarian Constitution and the Constitutional principle throughout the Empire."

I asked, "Is there any party in Austria in league with Russia?"

"Doubtless. Do you think so short a time can efface the traditions of a caste and a race? Did not Russia in '48 crush the hopes of Hungary? Are there no men living who took part in those acts? Would not Russia, by every possible measure, remove free institutions from her frontier? She has proposed, both to Prince Charles of Roumania and to Prince Milan of Servia, to assist in giving to them absolute power; and what would be more grateful to Russia than the restoration of despotism on the shores of the Adriatic?"

Another friend of mine, also well versed in Hungarian politics, gave me a somewhat different story.

"Bismarck," he said, "had at first encouraged Russia, thinking to strengthen her as against Austria, and believing

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England to be weak and hampered by the Opposition—a weakness which he thought would keep England neutral or force her into an anti-Turkish policy. He now sees that Russia is not so strong as England. She could only beat Turkey with the assistance of the Vassal Principalities. In her sanitary and financial decrepitude she must either give in to England or be beaten by England. Bismarck does not want to be led into war himself; he is anxious to form a friendly coalition against Russia, by which she may appear to be gracefully yielding to an overpowering army and will withdraw from a position gradually becoming destructive. If England only holds out," he added, "all her demands will be conceded. If she goes to war, though she may have no allies, there will be no alliance against her."

The present state of the Balkan Question is very much as it was when the above conversation took place. We see daily growing dissensions in Hungary. What is the origin of those dissensions? In all International matters there is always an instigator. The point to be ascertained is — Who that instigator may be?

On April 18, 1878, I was in Paris, and I had a long conversation with M. Waddington, whom I knew very well, and who was always very kind to me. Strangely enough, Mr. Ottiwell Adams, M. Waddington, and myself had been at Rugby together, and we later dined together to renew our reminiscences. After speaking about Egypt, he referred to the Eastern Question, where, he thought, everything was tending to a Congress. France was bent on peace; she required it and would make many sacrifices to obtain it. She would make no objection either to the whereabouts of the Congress or to the President. It certainly was somewhat humiliating that the Treaty of Paris should be set aside at Berlin, but this could not be helped.

"But what course," I asked, "will France take in the Congress?"

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"On Mediterranean questions she will go entirely with England, but not beyond. She strenuously objects to Russia having strong naval stations in the Ægean or the Mediterranean, which would be a standing menace to the Mediterranean Powers, Kavalla being considered to be well adapted for conversion into a strong naval port. On Mediterranean matters France will go with England."

"Do you include," I inquired, "the Straits?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And the Black Sea?"

"No; we will have nothing to say to anything but the Mediterranean and the Straits."

"The Black Sea Question, and that of the Straits, are practically the same," I urged. "Russia might accumulate large naval powers there."

"We are determined," he answered, "to limit ourselves to purely Mediterranean interests. We should object to any port being given to Montenegro, as this would probably fall into Russian hands."

On this point I was not of the same opinion. My view was that, if Spizza were given to Montenegro, we should not hear much more of the Montenegrin problem. The inhabitants of that little State are very industrious; they have resources in timber, dried fish, and wine. With access to the sea, they would soon become immersed and absorbed in the industry of the Levant.

It seemed clear that in the Congress the only points which concerned England would be decided against us, leaving England to her own remedy.

Another acquaintance, of much experience in European affairs, said to me, "We are coming to a Congress. Arrangements will be made for the Russian troops to withdraw behind a certain line and for our ships to retire from the Sea of Marmora. Germany is making enormous efforts in that direction. When we are going into the Congress we shall find everything cut and dried by the Kaiserbund. The retrocession

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of Bessarabia will be confirmed. We have committed a grievous error in not strengthening our position in Egypt. Italy at first would have joined Austria in a real demonstration. To Italy with her large seaboard the establishment of a large Power like Russia on the rim of the Mediterranean would be a standing danger."

Nubar Pasha, who was then in Paris, told me it was hoped that peace would result from the Conference. I suggested difficulties that we might find in maintaining our views as to Asia when the European Powers were satisfied on the European questions. The Treaties of 1856 and 1871 referred only to the Concert, not to Asia.

"No," he answered, "they declared the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire as a whole to be a matter of the first interest to the Signatory Powers."

Travelling through Switzerland, I found public feeling in favour of England, both on the ground taken up by Lord Salisbury and from the fear that wherever Russia extends trade is fettered.

A former French diplomatist, since dead, the Comte de Breda, who was very much in the confidence of the Comte de Chambord, met me at Lindau. He declared, as others had done, that the key to the Eastern Question is at Vienna and Pesth. Austria had three courses before her — Neutrality, Alliance with Russia, Alliance against Russia. "Germany preaches to her one of the first two courses. Neutrality, however, she would find difficult. The Roumanian army would cross her frontiers, and a neutral course would be constantly in peril. The two latter will probably in time, be the only courses she can take. The proposal of Germany is said to be this: Take Bosnia and Herzegovina, seize Salonika, and make a compact with us, giving to the German Empire free access to Trieste, which will then become a German port. The Danube route is obsolete. With Salonika and Trieste we shall have the nearest approach to the Suez Canal. Germany seeks to isolate England and to localise the

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war. Her fear is coalitions of Powers against herself and Russia.

"Count Andrassy is the friend of Germany, and maintains his position by playing into the hands of Russia and by his Hungarian support. The latter might leave him at any moment if it were thought that he took a hostile part against Turkey. Hence his wish to have the Congress, that any annexation of provinces might appear to be forced on him; in which case he would endeavour to add them to the Hungarian and not to the Austrian section of the dual monarchy. This, however, would not satisfy the Court party, who, if consenting to the annexation, would do so only to obtain compensation for provinces already lost.

"The Court party is divided between hatred and fear of Germany. It would willingly embrace a coalition if presented on such terms as to secure a successful attack both on Germany and Russia. But, in the absence of such a coalition, it may throw in its fate with Russia, consenting to a partition of Turkey and taking its share."

I was informed by one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin—Count Corti—that when the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina had been decided upon he said to Count Andrassy: "Mais, mon cher Comte, votre occupation n'est qu'une annexion mal déguisée." To which he replied, "Très mal déguisée."

"But," I inquired, "are there not a great many ultramontanes of the Court party, and are they not, as rigid Roman Catholics, generally opposed to Russia?"

"No; curiously enough, there is a question of race which here changes matters. Most of the ultramontane great houses have large properties in Bohemia, and, if not Czechs by race, have often a local sympathy with this branch of the Slav family. They also entertain a fear of absorption by Germany, and cherish a hope that at some time Russia may interpose to save them from this fate."

"And what is the prevalent feeling of the Austrian Parliament?"

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"On the whole anti-Russian, but the kernel of the question is to be found at Pesth. Andrassy is very popular personally with his fellow countrymen, and they accept from him a deference to Bismarck they would not tolerate in an Austrian Chancellor. Hungary must always count for much in the dual monarchy. The Magyars are brave, united and rash, and therefore more formidable than any other of the races composing the Empire."

"But how does Count Andrassy manage to have the support of the Hungarian Ministry so thoroughly if at all suspected of coquetting with Germany?"

"M. Tisza, the head of the Hungarian Ministry, is a Calvinist; the Hungarians of this denomination have always had a strong leaning to Prussia. Through him the best interpretation is placed on Count Andrassy's policy. M. Tisza's Government is not so strong as it was. Any violence offered to Turkey would destroy it, and with it Count Andrassy must go—though another Hungarian might replace him. Depend upon it, however, that so long as Andrassy is in office Austria will not desert the *Drei Kaiserbund*. Austrian public opinion does not know how close is the relation between Berlin and St. Petersburg. The ignorance is the more intense from the passions of the parties. 'We shall have a Russian alliance against Germany,' says the Slav. 'We shall have a German alliance against the Russians,' say the others. Austria can never take a resolution in time. Prince Bismarck is reported to have said lately that he had unlimited confidence in the blundering of Vienna.

"Take care that Russia does not organise a movement in the Congress to deprive Maritime Powers still further of their belligerent rights at sea."

There was but one voice as to the merits of Lord Beaconsfield's policy and Lord Salisbury's despatch. It seemed to have stirred up all Europe, and to have restored the credit of England from freezing- to fever-point. "Would that we had such Ministers here," said a Viennese. One result of Lord

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Salisbury's Circular was to make the Press far more English and anti-Russian than before.

An old Austrian diplomatist, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, said: "Count Andrassy is unpopular because Prince Bismarck complimented him in a speech saying that when he wanted to know the intentions of Austria he could always have them from Count Andrassy. Amongst other difficulties, Count Andrassy had to contend against the personal feelings of his Emperor. In youth the Emperor had a great devotion for the Emperor Nicholas, who certainly saved Hungary for the Austrian Monarchy. He often regrets his separation from Russia in '56 and the imputation of ingratitude then freely made against him. A reconciliation took place. The Emperor sent word that it could be arranged on condition that Austria would do nothing in her Polish provinces to stir up sedition in Poland. 'If,' said the Emperor of Russia, 'you keep to this understanding, you can say all you have to say to me directly, rather than by making use of the Berlin triangle.' The proposal was very welcome to the Emperor of Austria, to whom all proposals from Berlin were irksome. Since then the two Emperors were for a long time on the best terms, corresponding personally in French and tutoying each other. The Emperor of Russia came to the Exhibition at Vienna. Since the war of '77 there has been a coolness. The Emperor of Russia resented the enthusiasm in Hungary for the Turks, the reception of the Softas, and the explanations by the Hungarian Government of the term 'ally' applied by the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor of Russia when proposing his health on his birthday."

I inquired what was the general feeling of German Austria.

"German Austria is against Russia, as, generally speaking, is Roman Catholic feeling everywhere."

A Deputy, to whom I had brought a letter, called on me. He said that he represented a moderate Liberal element, and also the feeling of the Military party. He was against going to war, but in favour of taking Bosnia and Herzegovina. He

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feared England wished to restore Turkey with its misgovernment.

I replied that the presence of Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office prevented this view. No one had acted more against it than Lord Salisbury.

He said that the misgovernment of Turkey was a constant source of disquietude to Austria; that he looked on the erection of Bulgaria into a powerful State as inevitable, and that the occupation of the two provinces was indispensable—at first as a *promenade militaire* to guarantee the safety of the refugees who could no longer be maintained, and later as a permanency, to prevent their joining Servia and Montenegro, and thus creating a powerful neighbour in the rear of the Austrian possessions on the Adriatic.

I suggested that the creation of two Bulgarian Principalities would obviate this danger.

"No. Roumania managed to form itself into one State, and Bulgaria will do the same. You may say that Southern Bulgaria contains a different element in Greeks and Mussulmans. But the latter will soon become Christian or leave the country, and the Greeks, being in a minority, will have to give way."

I asked, "Do you think Germany would interfere forcibly to prevent your going to war against Russia?"

"No," he answered, "not at first. If we were very successful she might make some demonstration in Silesia."

A foreign diplomatist told me that Count Andrassy would probably go to war, if not overruled by the Court party. The Emperor has a constant fear of isolation, and if Russia were to be weakened, with France in her present state, Austria would be left at the mercy of Germany.

An old acquaintance of mine, a lawyer of importance, called on me more than once. He wished England to show herself strongly, and to place herself at the head of Europe in the cause of European interests. He said, "The French Government would support England in Mediterranean questions. The first article of your programme should be the Mediter-

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ranean; that concerns the whole of Europe. Begin by founding a confederation of the Mediterranean. Russia has long wanted the Bosphorus as a key to the Mediterranean. Her proposals relative to Bulgaria, if carried out, would make her a Mediterranean Power, irrespective of the Bosphorus, leaving Turkey in Europe only a *façade*. The proposals then made for Bulgaria would be a standing menace to Austria. It would be the head-quarters of the orthodox Greek Church. It would create a Russian army of the South. It would undergo the protective system of Russia, and become a constant danger to Europe. The object of Russia is preponderance in Europe. If she gets Bulgaria she will gradually destroy Austria. The Treaty of San Stefano has opened the eyes and stirred the minds of English statesmen; it has also shown that there must be some fresh distribution of the Turkish Empire. England is anxious for the welfare of the population of Turkey, but, remembering the words of Napoleon, she is bent on preventing Europe from becoming Cossack. The only means of so doing is to create a confederation in European Turkey on the model of the old German Confederation. This should be under the protection of the European areopagus, including Turkey, to whom Constantinople would still belong. The fortresses should be made federal, as were Mayence and Frankfort. Europe would watch over the safety of the new confederation, but the population should be allowed to settle their own internal organisation. Russia would thus be prevented from introducing the Russian language into Bulgaria, which is her present object; nor could she drill the Bulgarians into a Russian soldiery."

On April 25, 1878, I saw Count Andrassy, and I shall give verbatim from my notes the whole conversation I had with him.

VIENNA, *April* 25.—He told me, as indeed has every one, of the pleasure felt throughout the Continent at the recent change of policy in England. For months England has been nowhere. No answer could be obtained, and the policy seemed one of indecision, vacillation, and tergiversation. Now all was

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altered, and every one must admire Lord Salisbury's brilliant despatch. He regretted, however, that it was merely in the negative, a criticism and not a counter-proposal. I replied that Lord Salisbury, from the position he took, could scarcely be expected publicly to make counter-proposals. The Treaty of San Stefano had unmasked Russia, and although England and Lord Salisbury objected to the Treaty, what they required was that it should be laid before Europe for Europe to make one in a European sense, not to accept a mere counter-proposal made by England. He admitted this view; but said that communications were going on between the Cabinets as to the views of England before entering a Congress. I asked whether he thought the Congress probable. He said he hoped and believed it. He did not believe in the report of the Russian ultimatum to Roumania, but he confirmed the report of the outbreak in Roumelia. I touched lightly on the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He answered that he did not see how it could be avoided, nor did he evade the idea of the occupation becoming permanent. He said the two provinces were too small for a separate existence, that they would fall a prey to Montenegro and Servia, who would probably massacre the Mussulman population, and with the force of a large Panslavic State menace the frontiers of Austria.

I asked whether any progress was being made in the terms for the withdrawal of the English fleet and the Russian troops. He thought there were some hitches, but that everything tended that way. He hoped that the way would soon be smoothed to a Congress. In the absence of it the Russians were strengthening themselves in Bulgaria. Then outbreaks would occur, Mussulmans would be destroyed, further bitterness created, and the doctrine of *Beati possidentes* further confirmed. "Was not Germany rather changing her policy?" I asked. It might be so, but he did not perceive anything beyond this, that she saw the theory of *Beati possidentes* was not likely to be carried out without opposition. Germany did

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not believe herself threatened from the North by Russia, and had no fears about the Sound.

I mentioned what I had heard at Paris respecting the views of France in the Mediterranean, and her objection both to a Russian port in the Ægean and to a port for Montenegro. He replied he was glad to hear it. I mentioned to him my opinion about Spizza, and the possible absorption in trade of the Montenegrins, a laborious people, if they had a small port. He said he had no objection to giving them Spizza, though it would open the way to smuggling under the Montenegrin flag, for the Montenegrins, besides being laborious, were fond of smuggling; but he could not consent to give them Antivari, which was what they wanted, inasmuch as it could be converted into a strong military port; nor could Austria consent to give Montenegro the frontier traced out by Russia, which would confer on the Montenegrins a strategical advantage over a district inhabited by Mirdites, Arnaouts, and Albanians, who were opposed to the Panslavic idea.

He said that General Ignatieff, when here, stated that he could not accept any alteration in the Treaty of San Stefano, as it had received the signature of the Emperor; and he was much astonished when told that, however great the respect for the Emperor Alexander, the fact of his having signed a treaty was not of itself enough to make other countries accept terms detrimental to themselves. It was impossible to leave Russia in Bulgaria, and it was necessary to keep Turkey at Constantinople. From thence she could carry into Asia European civilisation. At present her states were too large. She could not govern them; magnificent lands lay uncultivated; whole territories were ruined by the exactions of the pashas and given up to Kurds and other wandering tribes. She was like a tree whose branches had extended too far. Cut down the branches and the root revives. The Danube should be placed under the responsibility and care of Roumania.

I inquired his views as to Egypt being taken by England and Tunis by France. He said Austria would rejoice to see this,

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and Italy also should receive some accession of strength in the Mediterranean. Germany would also be in favour of such an arrangement. Protectorates would do for states that could be autonomous; they would not answer for Bosnia and Herzegovina, which did not contain the elements of autonomy. Something of this kind must be done. At present all policy was negative. Turkey was destroyed. We must therefore have against Russia a positive policy. Raise the Greeks, and so place the other nations of Europe as to be a counterpoise to Panslavism.

I inquired whether there might not be a war arising out of the Congress.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but then we should know what it was about. At present there is no case for a war. We do not know what we should be fighting for."

"Do you think," I asked, "that the Russians want peace?"

"They say they do."

"But would not peace, perhaps, be as great a danger to them as war? Are they not catacombed with secret societies, which might rise against them in case of a peace they disapproved?"

"Yes," he answered. "Their secret societies are a great danger, and have enormous ramifications. It might be better for the Government to have to yield to force than to make concessions without first fighting. Their army is, however, suffering fearfully both in Asia and at Adrianople. They are dying of typhus by hundreds. Near Constantinople their health is not so bad."

I asked one more question: "Is there any truth in the assertion that the Slav soldiers could not be relied on in a war with Russia?"

"The assertion is the most absurd ever made. In Hungary there are Slavs known as Russniaks. They are our best hussars, and devoted to the Emperor. They are more proud of being soldiers, and Austrian soldiers, than any others in the army. The only Slav discontent is amongst some

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of the upper classes in Bohemia, and that could easily be removed."

On going away he asked me what was the feeling in England about the war.

I replied that we had a sincere desire for peace, but were determined to go to war unless we obtained reasonable terms from Russia.

He said: "That is just our feeling in Austria. We have one million three hundred thousand soldiers. We are crippled in our finances, but if a war breaks out we shall find the way to utilise our army."

A Roumanian gentleman said to me: "The formation as now intended would be the destruction of Roumania, which would then be placed between two Russias. New Bulgaria can be nothing else than a Southern Russia. The Bulgarians are Slavs. There are very few Bulgarians above the rank of peasants. Already the Russians have begun to import Russian institutions, Russian priests, Russian schoolmasters and books. The country is governed by Russian officials. In the new Bulgarian Army every officer, from the corporal upwards, will be a Russian. The religion and race are identical. What, then, will Roumania be able to do when hemmed in on every side by Russia? The gift of the Dobrudscha is not a compensation, but a trap. It is a marshy country, a *refugium peccatorum*, inhabited by the criminal refugees of every country. To these have been added Tartars and Circassians, and to keep it in order an army of at least 20,000 men will be required. Besides, it is detached from Roumania. The majority of its inhabitants are Bulgarian, and it belongs geographically to Bulgaria. When this country becomes strong in the course of the next few years it will, of course, demand it. There never was a more flagrant breach of faith than the 'retrocession' of Bessarabia. The Emperor declares that his desire in the matter is out of reverence to the memory of the Emperor Nicholas. General Ignatieff told a lady of Bucharest that his Emperor wished to remove a blot from the

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memory of his father. 'Yes,' answered the lady, 'he removes the blot from his father to place it on himself.'"

In Vienna I had a short and most interesting conversation with a Galician gentleman of the highest importance. He said at once: "Austria cannot go to war now. She is afraid of Germany, and she cannot make an enemy of Russia, except in a war *à outrance*, and to crush her. She must be sent back beyond the Dnieper. ('On doit la refouler au delà du Dnieper.') You must then create a confederation of small states that should be opposed to Russia, and under the protection of whom you like, so long as it is not Russia. Where Russia has influence everything becomes Russian."

I observed that some method might be found for obtaining the Austrian alliance.

"Not at first. Come to us with an alliance ready made—England, France, and Italy, and money—and then, being able to defy Prussia and crush Russia, we should be with you. We have a magnificent army. It is worth having. It is now at its zenith. But we have no money, and that you must find."

I asked, "Suppose we get Italy, Turkey, and Greece, would that suffice to tempt you? France is very like yourselves; she would not wish to go into an alliance till she saw it with every chance of success."

"Perhaps that would do."

I asked whether Poland could not be raised against Russia.

"In the same way, if you can show a definite object and a chance of success. Poland has been roused and defeated too often. The Poles would be ready to come forward, but they must be shown a result. The solution of the Eastern Question would be the reconstitution of Poland. This, of course, would raise the hostility of Germany. Before Poland is reconstituted it should first be annexed to Austria, whose Polish subjects are quite happy."

"Do you think the secret societies of Russia a great danger to the Russian Government?"

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"Enormous. Nihilism is the open foe of Western civilisation. It is against law, marriage, property, even the existence of the State, and it urges on war against civilisation. All the middle classes are Nihilists. General M—— is a Nihilist. So was the late Prince Tcherkassky."

"Then," I said, "Nihilism will walk hand in hand with Panslavism."

"It is the same thing. What is Panslavism outside Russia is Panrussism in Russia, and Nihilism is Panrussism. It is the war of Russian barbarism against European civilisation. It is this feeling which I think will hurry on the Russians to war."

"What do you think," I asked, "of the proposal for the withdrawal of the fleets and armies?"

"Simply puerile. If an arrangement breaks down, how can you rely on Turkey replacing you in the same position?"

I inquired as to the state of the army.

"You may depend on it the army will be perfectly loyal. The only feeling that has to be feared is the Russian tendencies of some of the upper classes; but that is of no great significance. Give us yourselves, France, Italy, and some money, and we will carry on a successful war against Russia, and drive her back into Asia."

Later I was visited by an old Austrian diplomatist. He was of opinion that the proposal by Germany to England of a treaty of alliance shows a certain amount of apprehension. He told me of the arrival of the Hungarian Ministers to settle the terms of the *Ausgleich*, by which he hoped Austria would henceforward have but one voice. He thought that Count Beust not being on the best terms with Count Andrassy, a good deal of mischief had been the result. I then went to see by appointment a Minister of great prominence, M. Hofmann, practically Minister of the Press. He asked me whether Lord Beaconsfield wanted peace, or whether he thought the equilibrium had been so much upset in the Mediterranean that it could only be restored by a war. I replied that, though an independent supporter of the Government, I had no pretence

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to be in their confidence or to speak for them; but that I knew there was every desire to preserve the peace if Russia would make reasonable concessions, though it was much feared that war was inevitable. He said that the desire of Count Andrassy was that the Congress should meet. Lord Beaconsfield had refused a formula proposed by Berlin and accepted at St. Petersburg, and Berlin was now trying to find a fresh formula. He was assured that the state of Russia was so deplorable as to make peace essential to her. Her army in Turkey could not undertake a fresh war, and her other disposable forces were fully engaged by Poland and in watching the Austrian frontier. If there were only the Congress, Russia would give in on every point. Austria, France, Italy, and even, perhaps, Prussia, would support the views of England. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury had shown themselves very moderate about Asia; but on the Asiatic question Austria would be with us if we helped Austria in giving her Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were an actual necessity to her, being at present a standing menace, and requiring an army of intervention which did not intervene. I asked him what Russia would do about Bulgaria. He replied: "Everything we want. England has acknowledged, and no one more than Lord Salisbury, that old Turkey cannot be restored, and that the Christian populations must be properly governed. Bulgaria will, therefore, be divided into two provinces with independent governors, and the frontiers of Greece will undergo a rectification so as to satisfy the Greeks." I then asked him about the Suez Canal, to which he replied that, whatever was arranged on this head, the interests of England and Austria were identical.

On my way to Pesth, at the end of April, I met in the train a gentleman to whom I had brought a letter. He was travelling with a friend. Both are members of the Hungarian Chamber, the first also of the Delegation, and both are Conservatives, strong opponents of M. Tisza and of Count Andrassy. Their opinion, however, was, that while it would be well to weaken Andrassy by upsetting Tisza, it was dangerous to

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do more than upset Tisza at present, and this they were trying to effect immediately on some of the details of the *Ausgleich*. Their proposed leader was M. Bitto, but they fear the accession to power of M. Slavy, who is on good terms with Count Andrassy. On the Eastern Question they were very anti-Russian, but moderate. They considered the object of Andrassy to be the legitimisation of his occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Congress, and that his policy, whether he went to war or not, was merely one of greater or less annexation. They did not object to the minor annexation; they do not think it a policy in itself. They considered the Eastern Question to be the reorganisation, in an anti-Russian sense, of the whole of South-Eastern Europe. They could not contemplate the reconstruction of the Turkish Empire. That Empire had two functions: one it performed badly, viz., the government of the subject races; the second it performed well, viz., to act as a military barrier against the advance of Russia. In reconstructing the government of the provinces care should be taken to erect some barrier against Russia equally effective. For this purpose, the Danube fortresses should be kept in Turkish hands, and a triple line formed against the advance of Russia towards the Mediterranean by keeping her beyond the Pruth, and by placing between her and the sea an independent Roumania, the Danube and the Balkans.

PESTH, *April* 30.—A remarkable feature is the extent of the admiration of Hungary for the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. In talking of Lord Salisbury's Circular, a Hungarian politician said to me, "Elle a rendu le souffle à l'Europe." In speaking of Lord Beaconsfield he said, "Il est l'idole des Hongrois."

At Buda I had an appointment to see M. Tisza, the Hungarian Minister President. He said, "All the Hungarians of the Ministerial party seemed much oppressed by the Eastern Question. They know the popular feeling to be entirely against Russia. They even sympathise with it, but they do not venture to declare themselves, owing to the difficulties on the German side." M. Tisza asked me what I thought

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of the intention of the English Government as regards war. I answered, as usual, a strong desire for peace, but to obtain what we wanted from Russia, even at the risk of war. He thought the influence and prevalence of Nihilism much exaggerated, and considered that the fear of war would be greater than that of the Secret Societies. The Russians had suffered much. He pitied them as men, but not as Russians. He assured me, on his honour as a gentleman, and not as a Minister, that never was a man worse informed than Lord Derby when he believed in the possible defection of any portion of the Austrian army. The Parliament was about to discuss the *Ausgleich*—the chief difficulties arising from the want of *Parliamentarism* in the Austrian Parliament. He asked me if I had seen many persons in Pesth, and seemed relieved when I answered that I had seen persons of every colour. I said that I hoped, if England went to war, we should have Austria with us. To this he answered, "I will frankly tell you my views. We cannot accept in any way the Treaty of San Stefano. To do so would be on our part an abdication. But if England hopes to settle the question peacefully, how much more must we wish it, owing to the peculiar and difficult position we are placed in. Before going to war we must mobilise, and mobilisation extends to every family, to every shop, and every bank. We cannot accept the Treaty of San Stefano, but we hope for peace."

The foregoing statement will show the condition of public feeling in Europe after the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano.

The war which preceded the treaty arose, as was said before, from what were called the "Bulgarian Atrocities."

Russia endeavoured to settle the point at issue between herself and Turkey alone in the above treaty; but Europe was determined to have the same control in the matter as in the conditions of the Treaty of Paris.

The Austrian Ambassador in London, in a communication to Lord Derby inviting him to a conference, had said:

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Now that the preliminaries of peace have been signed between Russia and Turkey, the moment appears to us to have arrived to establish the accord of Europe on the modifications which it may be necessary to bring to the foregoing treaties.

All Europe decided that any modifications in the geographical or political condition of Turkey should be submitted to the Powers at large. This was the ground on which was summoned the Congress which met at Berlin.

As before stated, the steps adopted by Lord Derby appearing inadequate, Lord Salisbury was substituted for him, and hence Lord Beaconsfield ultimately succeeded in obtaining the state of things which he designated as "peace with honour."

Lord Salisbury's despatch enclosing a copy of the Berlin Treaty began thus:

I have the honour of enclosing a copy of the Treaty, which was signed to-day at Berlin by the *seven Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris.*

In another part of the same despatch he proceeds to show that the Treaty of Berlin had

radically changed the disposition of the vast region to which, in the Treaty of San Stefano, the name of Bulgaria is given. Nearly two-thirds of it have been replaced under the direct political and military rule of the Sultan; and in this retransfer are included Thrace and *Macedonia.* . . . On the Euxine, the important port of Bourgas has been restored to the Government of Turkey; and Bulgaria retains less than half the seaboard originally assigned to it, and possesses no other port except the roadstead of Varna, which can hardly be used for any but commercial purposes.

But the Congress had not been unmindful of the wants of the subject races in the Christian Provinces of Turkey. By Article 18 of the Treaty of Berlin it was laid down that a European Commission should be formed to elaborate with the Ottoman Porte the organisation of Eastern Roumelia, and by Article 23 it was provided that Special Commissions should be appointed, in which the Christian element should be largely represented, to prepare the details of new regulations for each province, which, before being carried out, should be submitted to the European Commission established for Eastern Roumelia.

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The Commission for Eastern Roumelia was appointed immediately afterwards, and I had the honour of being selected as the British representative. It is needless now to enter in detail into all the operations of the Commission. It occupied ten months, and the Organic Statute, as it was called, was very carefully elaborated.

It was determined to secure, as far as could be foreseen, the representation of all the nationalities in the province. Care was taken that in the minutest points the due balance should be observed between the rights of the suzerain and those of the racial subdivisions. These were henceforward to experience, separately and collectively, the benefits of constitutional government, while the prerogatives of the Sultan, reasonably modified, were firmly secured. The Organic Statute was fortunate enough to obtain the approval of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, as well as the public commendation of Mr. Gladstone.

The two Commissioners whose influence is largely to be traced in this document were Baron de Ring, the French Commissioner, well known as a diplomat and international lawyer of the first order; the second was M. de Kallay, a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and very much in the confidence of Count Andrassy.

M. de Kallay was not only well acquainted with the politics of the East, but had a special knowledge of Slav nationalities. He was subsequently appointed as the Imperial Minister to organise and administer the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but unfortunately his premature death, which occurred only recently, has deprived his country, and it may be said, also Europe, of a commanding and statesmanlike intellect.

The Statute consisted of fifteen chapters, in which every department of the Government was carefully organised.

The object of the treaty of Berlin was to maintain the individuality of Turkey as a great Power while recognising the liberty and well-being of the subject races.

The point at issue in 1878 was very much what it is now,

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and had the Treaty of Berlin been thoroughly carried out there would now have been no Macedonian question.

On the suggestion of M. de Kallay it was decided at the first sitting of the European Commission that its Reports should be unanimous. Prince Bismarck had observed on one occasion that Turkey was always true to her signature, and after many reserves and protests on behalf both of Turkey and Russia, the Organic Statute, by mutual concessions, received the assent of all parties. The Turks conscientiously carried out their part of the compact and scrupulously respected their signature.

The Organic Statute was established in Eastern Roumelia and worked satisfactorily for about six years, when the action of Russia in Bulgaria produced a revolution, and Eastern Roumelia was united to the Principality of Bulgaria.

On the completion of the Roumelian Statute I returned to England, and, as Lord Beaconsfield's Government came to an end, I retired from the post of Commissioner. Changes also took place in the Commission generally. Lord Edmund FitzMaurice was appointed my successor, and discharged his duties with great ability; but, unfortunately, the principle of unanimity was sacrificed to rapidity and replaced by that of a majority. Hence the Turks, finding the decision forced on them, considered themselves exempted from the adherence they had given to the Eastern Roumelian Statute, thus showing the wise foresight of M. de Kallay. From that day to this no change has been introduced in the administration of Macedonia, which ought to have received an organisation similar to that of Eastern Roumelia, and the labours of Lord Edmund FitzMaurice have remained a dead letter.

As regards Macedonia, its needs are similar to those which existed previous to 1878, and it is clear that the disorders now going on are a reproduction of what went on in Bulgaria, and can only be remedied by the revival of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty.

It is said that we are prepared to follow the lead of Austria

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FOUND WANTING

NEVER since the staggering Report of the Poor Law Commission has such an exposure of disease been revealed to the community as that which the War Commission has flung upon the board. Indeed, as a source of the gravest anxiety, the two can scarcely be compared. In the first case it was, after all, only a matter of getting resolutely to work to set our house in order. It concerned no one but ourselves. But with the other it is far different. The evil is as great—the natural consequences incalculably graver, for it strikes not only at our prestige before the world, but at the strongest tie that binds our unwieldy Empire together. At any time such a discovery of morbid conditions in the heart of a great Empire would have been alarming, but coming when it does—at a moment when all the dangers of dissolution have been forced into deplorable prominence by a hasty agitation—how can we find hope or even courage to face the revelation?

Consider a moment what it means. After a period during which continued and successful efforts had been made to emphasise the advantage of unity between the Mother Country and her children, to foster a generous sentiment of devotion and family pride, the war had come to clinch the work. The common danger, overcome by a united effort, had brought to view unsuspected elements of cohesion, to the admiration of the world; and the Empire, after the invigorating experience it had gone through, had sunk wearily into a refreshing sleep

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which bade fair to renew its youth and health. But there were some who were not content to leave well alone. The patient still moved from time to time uneasily in his sleep. A doctor of high reputation came to the bedside full of new learning, which he had had no time to digest into its right proportion. He marked the trivial symptoms of unrest, and recklessly pronounced that something drastic must be done. It was useless to bid him pause. Regardless of the danger—regardless, it may be said, of the first principles of therapeutics—he waked the patient and proceeded to make a loud diagnosis in his unwilling ears, while the temperature ran up again into fever heat.

Regardless of the symptoms of relapse which the shock has developed, the ruthless diagnosis is still proceeding, and every day the danger has been growing graver. So far it has only aggravated the old disease and has led to nothing that indicates a cure. All we have discovered at present is how widely the conditions of health vary in the individual members of the great organism. We can see that what is good for one is almost necessarily bad for another. We have succeeded in emphasising the variance between them, and are further than ever from a plan for reconciling their antagonisms. The one new fact the great inquiry has elicited is that there is amongst the members of the Empire an inherent antipathy of interest deeper and more acute than we or they ever conceived before. An attitude of mind is being engendered which once more regards dissolution as our destiny—a nearing destiny rooted in the political and economic conditions of the Imperial structure. The further we go, the less reason we see why, by any conscious or logical thought or action, the Empire should hold together at all. There is indeed but one tangible and definite bond the inquiry has left for our comfort, and now comes the stunning report of the War Commission to reduce even that to a pack-thread. Had the awakened patient after his tormenting been flung out into a horse-pond his chance of recovery could hardly be worse.

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The conditions which hold great empires together are perhaps the obscurest part of political science. We know little or nothing of the pathology of their dissolution. In their life, sentiment, we think and hope, goes for much. Community of interest certainly goes for more. It is a question most difficult to study. Facts are few and most of them ill-observed or inadequately reported. In the history of our own Empire we can dissect out but one relevant fact on which we can implicitly rely. But that one is incontrovertible, and lucid as the daylight in its moral. We know that so long as the members of an empire have a dangerous foreign enemy at their gates, and so long as they feel that the armed forces of the Mother Country are their only safeguard, they will cling to the empire in spite of every political and economic provocation to leave it. But when once the danger is removed the ties of empire will snap at the first strain that opposing commercial or political interest may set up. It is a page of our history that we seldom turn to, but the fact is written plain and large upon it. The corollary, though yet unwritten, is equally clear to see. It is that when once the confidence in the power of the Mother Country to protect her children is lost, the same thing will happen. So much we know of the bonds of empire, and we know nothing else. And therein lies the gravest anxiety of the moment. With the dangers of dissolution being dinned in our ears, with all the minor causes that lead to it being magnified in our eyes out of their true proportions, we suddenly find ourselves confronted with the one fact that we know for certain tends straight to the end we fear.

However hard we of the old country may try to shut our eyes to it, however much with cheery negligence we may blink at the fact, the truth is there. The Report convicts us of inability to construct or wield a force on which the daughter states can rely. Not only, be it marked, is the force itself shown to be untrustworthy. If that were all it would matter but little. With a moderate effort it could easily be reconstructed to fit the expanding needs of the Empire. But there is far

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worse behind. It is that the best of us, the most trusted of our Ministers, the ablest of our officials have failed to take hold of the fundamental postulates of military organisation, that even when they are plainly told bricks are required they refuse to find the straw, and that their shrewdest strokes of policy have been expended in persuading the uneasy nation that it has been given something they do not mean it to have. It is not that we have been merely incapable or ignorant. The Report convicts us in the eyes of our children of the deepest sin of all. We have known the good and chosen the evil. Not once, but many times. Not for any plausible reason, but from sheer ineptitude and levity of purpose; for trivial parliamentary ends; from crazy inability to get our will performed. It convicts us of inability to fulfil one of the highest duties of empire, it brands us as unfit for the lofty position in which we lazily claim to lie, it robs us of any right to pose as the trusty protectors of our children. If now they turn from us and look within their own borders for what we have failed to provide them, what shall we answer?

That they would do better by themselves is not to be contended. There is nothing in their record to show that their powers of administration are higher or sincerer or more practical than our own. The point is that they believe them to be so, and in the face of the Report how can we deny it? They sincerely believe that the practical directness and roundness of method which they display in turning the wilderness into a garden is easily transferred to the administration of a great state. They have given no demonstration of the truth of their belief, but who are we to persuade them that it is not so easy? The belief is there—that is the point—and we cannot shake it. A humiliating experience, like our own, is the only thing to do it, and when that comes it will be too late. Meanwhile, our most convincing claim to their allegiance has gone, or almost gone. The Navy, it is true, still remains, but we have unhappily been tampering even with that. Instead of maintaining it ourselves in accordance with the good old sentiment as

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the priceless bond of union, we have been teasing them to help us bear the burden. For a mess of pottage we have been selling our birthright. For a ha'p'orth of tar we have been busy trying to spoil the ship. By letting them finger the ancestral weapon we have but prejudiced our paternal position. The burden was justly ours. For had we not a single self-governing colony we must still, for the sake of our shores and our commerce, maintain a navy as great as we do. Their protection does not add to our burden; the conditions of their contribution diminish our strength to bear it. By calling on them to assist we have gained nothing and lost much—how much, our present plight must bring home to us. For as things are we cannot even cover the failure of our military administration by pointing to a Navy which we maintain alone.

The distressing thought that there is nothing to show that our children could do better than ourselves brings us to what is really the worst feature of the case. It is no mere question of this or that form of organisation, of this or that administration. It does not even end with the sorry figure we cut in the eyes of the Empire. The blackest aspect of the Report is that before it parliamentary government itself stands condemned. We have known the good and chosen the evil; and so far as we can see, so far as the Commissioners dare to pronounce, it is parliamentary government that is to blame. Fear of the House of Commons is the root of all the evil, fear of its resentment, fear to neglect the trivialities that keep it in a good temper, fear of Ministers to throw themselves into the work of their office lest for want of vigilance they may be tripped up in the House. It is this fear that breeds the disloyal loyalty of Ministers one to the other, that forces them to deceive their paymasters, that compels them to bury their dead in the night, trusting not to be seen. To seek a remedy is therefore no longer the special concern of Imperialists, or Militarists, or of any party that may regard the needs of empire or the exigencies of foreign politics as its peculiar province. It is even more the concern of the Democrat, of the Radical. It should be the care of such men, above all others, to preserve demo-

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cratic government bright and clean, to make it respected, to prove it capable of the highest flights of administration. The Report has revealed it, as we have never seen it before, attempting to carry out one of the most vital parts of government, and failing—failing through an incredible inability to grasp the problem before it. It is useless to say that an army does not concern them. An army is still a vital necessity to every state. Men may differ as to its size and the purposes for which it should be prepared, but only fanatics with no feeling for government can deny that an army is, under existing conditions of society, as needful for a well-ordered state as sanitation or roads or education. A government which fails to provide an adequate army is a bad government; a constitution which makes a good army impossible or even difficult is a bad constitution. It is therefore the concern of the democrats, as much as of the most advanced aristocrat or Imperialist, to show by resolute effort and single-eyed insistence that a popular constitution is able to provide this essential member of a state. It is their duty and their nearest interest to remove this reproach from a form of government which to them embodies a religion. The more they turn their backs to the difficulty, the tighter they shut their eyes to the necessity, the more surely are they forcing us away from the achievement of the democratic ideal. There is no shirking the responsibility. Democracy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Clearly it is a unique opportunity for some administrator in whom the country believes to arise and say that England can and shall do what other nations of less experience and smaller reputation for good government can do; to declare that unless we can solve the simple and elementary problem of an army we are unfit to tackle questions of greater complexity and wider reach; to pronounce that our first duty is to remove this stain from our reputation and show ourselves fit for the headship of a great empire. There is no form of political opinion which could honestly refuse him support, which would not heartily welcome his success. We all know that the man would deserve the best of his country who would stay the

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wasting disease and let us each and all turn securely again to the higher work we have at heart. The man is not wanting—one we all recognise as at least a great administrator—a man of Imperial sentiment and democratic instinct, who has not yet failed in any work of organisation to which he has set his hand. Of his statesmanship, his power of seeing the true policy to pursue, opinions may differ, but that is not in question. The policy is axiomatical and indispensable—a pure matter of wise administration. It is this man who, in his enthusiasm for the health of the Empire, is vexing the fevered patient with exploratory operations, and seeking by contradictory reasons and equivocal shifts to persuade us to adopt a remedy of his own—a remedy which we have long cast out from our pharmacopœia, and which half of us at least are resolutely resolved to keep on the dust-heap. It is a remedy that is at least uncertain, nauseous, and long ago condemned. Can he not be induced to leave it alone awhile and let the patient reap the benefit of his own healthy system and the recuperating powers of Nature? Here is another task ready to his hand, another disease, and another remedy, whose application will not disturb the patient's convalescence; a remedy which, even if it be only partial, is certain, and approved by all shades of opinion. Could he be induced to set his hand to this the inquiry as to the other could still go on outside the sick-room, in the calmer atmosphere of a Royal Commission. By the time the matter had been investigated he would be able to take it up again with the invincible reputation of a man who had given us back our right to hegemony and removed a fatal reproach from democratic government. If he is truly sincere in his desire to uplift the Empire, as no one doubts he is, let him leave the office where he has been too long to see the needs of Empire in their right proportion, where at present he is doing incalculable harm. Let him leave it and take up the other, where he can scarcely fail, with the support he will command and the reputation he has won, to achieve success.

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Unless he is willing to do this, there seems no hope. In the man he would relieve the country, and even his own friends have lost all confidence, and justly so. We know his devotion, his ungrudging power of work, his high purpose and his stubborn will. But he has committed a mistake that no one can forgive, that the Report brings out in glaring colours and that condemns him as incapable of grasping the breadth of the problem or the limitations of his resources. He found us unable to walk and forthwith set to work to make us run. He found an organisation incapable of giving healthy life to a small army and tried to pile upon its worn and disjointed frame a still greater load of flesh. He devised a specious copy of a foreign giant to frighten our enemies and never gave a thought to the internal ribwork without which it is a mere bogey. In the light of the Report it seems little short of a madman's work. We can see now clearly enough that we must proceed more humbly. We must modestly and patiently learn to walk before we try to run. We must build up a framework such as we can afford and such as we have wit to work, and place upon it no more than it is fit to carry. What we want is a machine, no matter how small, that is perfect in all its parts, evenly adjusted, and capable of effective and ready motion. When we can construct and work such an engine it will be time enough to increase its size and power. That is the burden of the evidence of all our most trusted experts, but it was not the present Minister's way. His method of making the lame horse go was to pile more upon his back, and the country has lost all confidence in his power of dealing with the crying reproach. Unless the task is given to other hands the country will never believe in the sincerity of the Government or be induced to put its back into the work. And more than this, unless it is given to the best man the listless despair and disgust will continue, the purse-strings will be kept drawn and men will concern themselves with other things. Will the best man be induced to see where his true duty and interest lie? Will he be induced to see how readily in the new office he may attain

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what in his present effort he is failing, and worse than failing, to achieve? How in the new sphere he may, with his great powers of administration, give the Empire he loves the one sure bond of unity, and earn the sure and lasting gratitude of all he most values in his country? That way salvation lies, but all around there is nothing to be seen but fever and despair.

Nor is it only to their most trusted administrator that the country has a right to appeal in this humiliating crisis. There is in the present Government another man, a more shadowy but no less imposing figure—a man who in the ripe days of his service has come to be regarded as the embodiment of all those public virtues that Englishmen regard as their highest claim to distinction among nations, a man who by birth and record typifies the greatest traditions of British parliamentary life, and whose voice still carries with it, as no other can, the weight of our great past that is so intimately associated with his name and title. It is this man, moreover, who, sitting at the head of another Army Commission, first taught us to know the good, and who ever since, though the power was in his hands, has sat aloof and suffered the evil to be chosen. To the great name and lofty traditions that he represents he owes it to remove the reproach under which he sits. He owes it to the party which he alone can hold together, and, above all, he owes it to the country that he has indolently betrayed.

We who have suffered and been made ashamed have the right to call upon him to rise up and put in practice what he so weightily preached. With him and his busy colleague the immediate future lies. He has but to say the word, to call a halt, to point resolutely to the straight and narrow way, and the thing can be done, so obviously is it the duty, so obviously the interest of every one concerned. By this means, and by this means alone, can the errant Ministers turn honourably back from the morass they have begun to tread, and by this means alone can they save the face both of their party and the nation, and wipe out the stain that sullies their name.

JULIAN CORBETT.

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THE TWO SHEEPDOGS: A FABLE

ONCE upon a time a flock of sheep pastured in a Northern valley. They were a little flock of sheep, as flocks ran in those days, but famous for their breed; and they had given their valley a reputation through the world, being hardy, profitable, and far removed from the wild or savage state. If they had a fault it was that as time went on they became almost too fat, and liable to silly panics beyond what is pardonable even in sheep.

The flock was in charge of a dog named Goff. He was a well-bred, clever dog, but lazy and a little weak in the legs. He was helped by another dog called Brum. Brum was of more uncertain origin, but stronger on his feet and quicker at turning. He had a glittering eye, his teeth were longer than Goff's, and he showed them more often.

Goff, it must be confessed, was not a very efficient sheepdog. He was often in difficulties, and never more so than when some of the sheep one day began to offer a passive resistance to his orders. He barked for Brum to come to his aid.

"This is a very uncomfortable task for a dog of my breed," Brum replied. He had a dash of the wolf in him, and in his puppyhood had himself offered something more than a passive resistance to orders.

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"Then all is up with both of us," said Goff.

"Not at all," said Brum, "let us raise a diversion." And without waiting for assent or reply, he rushed among the sheep nearest to him and began to hustle them.

"Miserable sheep," he cried, "is it possible that you do not see how thin you are becoming? and how your family affection is dwindling down to breaking-point?"

"Why we are fatter every day," replied an old and experienced ram.

"Yes," said Brum earnestly; "but look back: when you were young you showed a much larger percentage of increase."

"The young naturally grow faster," retorted the ram.

"It is not natural in your case," said Brum, "it is the fault of your diet. Look at the flocks in the neighbouring valleys: you are vegetarian, they are all carnivorous."

"Then they are not flocks," said the old ram, "but packs."

"Hunt with me," said Brum to the sheep, "and you shall feed on a complete diet of Preferences."

"What are they?" asked a yearling, drawing nearer.

"The Preference," said Brum, in a tone of moral elevation, "is a bird of Paradise."

"Baa!" said the old ram, "a fabulous bird without feet, 'that floats through heaven and never lights.'"

But the yearling evidently liked the sound of the name "bird of Paradise."

The flock, however, went on browsing, bleating, and passively resisting. Brum, after all, was not in charge and had no right to a line of his own. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

"Come with me," he said confidingly to the sheep, "and let us all hold a grand inquiry into these proposals."

Some sheep accordingly began to ask questions, but they were at once silenced: in this inquiry, Goff explained, obviously no one ought to be allowed to speak but Brum.

When the grand inquiry was over the sheep were still

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unconvinced. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

He began again as if Brum had never spoken at all. "It is true that you are fat," he said to the sheep, "and steadily fattening; but it is always possible that your present vegetarian diet might some day disagree with you. Why not regain your liberty to try living on Tariffs?"

"What are they?" asked the yearling.

"The Tariff," said Goff, "is a small but useful animal of the Retaliation or hedgehog tribe: those who feed on it are pretty sure of being no thinner than their neighbours."

"But quite sure," retorted the old ram, "of being thinner than they would be without it. We know that hedgehog: painful and innutritious others have found it."

But the yearling, who could not be expected to remember the experiences of others, felt anxious at all costs to make sure of being no thinner than his neighbours. The flock, however, went on browsing, bleating, and passively resisting. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

"Look here," he said to Brum, "this will never do; we *must* get them in before February."

"Very well," said Brum. You go on where you are, crying hedgehogs with all your most urbane effrontery; I will go outside and conduct a raging, tearing propaganda for birds of Paradise."

"And if—and when—we succeed," said Goff, "then you will come inside again and help me as before?"

"Help is no word for it," said Brum, and out he went.

NOTE.—The author specially requests that the Verbatim Extracts from this Fable should not exceed 1000 words in all.

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ON THE LINE

The Orrery Papers (Duckworth, 42s. net.), edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrery, are a contribution to the social and domestic history of George II.'s reign, if they have no great value as throwing light on the public events of that day. The system of selection seems rather arbitrary. Two documents are introduced which have no connection with the house of Boyle, and are published elsewhere—Cromwell's Proclamation on his assuming the Protectorate, and a witty letter from Pope to Swift on a proposed change of religion. For the rest of the correspondence, John, fifth Earl of Orrery, and his second wife, Margaret Hamilton, of Caledon, are the principal figures. Charles, the fourth Earl, a fine gentleman and scholar, and something of a soldier and politician as well, is best known by his unfortunate encounter with Bentley, of which the noble editor gives a ludicrously inaccurate and inadequate account. "If we may judge by the papers that remain to us" (she writes), "naturally all on one side, Mr. Boyle triumphed completely." Lady Cork seems never to have heard of Bentley's *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*. Mr. Boyle, with scholarly friends at his back, made a good fight, and hit some joints in the great man's armour. But it was bows and arrows against artillery, and Boyle's scholarship is only preserved as a fly in amber, smothered in the greater substance of Bentley's.

His son John, the fifth Earl, excluded from public life by the family politics, which were of the "patriotic" complexion,

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and liking leisure and the elegant arts, lived principally at his seats, Marston in Somersetshire, and Dublin, and after his second marriage at Caledon, in the north of Ireland, where he built and planted, translated Pliny's letters and some odes of Horace, hunted a little, though he was no sportsman, and was as tender to the hare as Prince Chéri, and kept up a courtly correspondence with the wits. When he went to London he attended levées, bought fine clothes, went to the theatre, occasionally spoke in Parliament, and generally acted the dilettante man of fashion and friend of the Muses. He was fortunate in friends, and knew how to "keep his friendships in repair" in both senses of that phrase. He was fortunate in marriage, too; he was an affectionate husband and father, and the letters to his second wife, and hers to him, give a pleasant picture of domestic life. The second Lady Orrery must have been a charming woman—merry, warm-hearted, practical and conscientious. She has the woman's gift of writing letters alive with description and characterisation. Nor is she without literature. For all her bad spelling—(*axcknoleding*, *atoanment*, *excelant* are instances)— her criticisms on her Lord's "Life of Swift" are full of point and good judgment. In short, Lady Orrery's letters are worth all the rest of the two volumes.

Here is a specimen of her Ladyship's style:

> On Saturday morning, as we sat quietly at breakfast, a coach stopped at the door, and up came Dr. Premium Madden, a tall, thin, wide-mouthed wife, and two daughters, each of them fat and brown as Mad. King; I was forced to receive a multitude of kisses and embraces with seeming joy, but ready to cry that I was obliged to desist from writing to you and over seeing my rustic cascade. Well, I walked and I talked them all round the gardens—but judge of the intolerable length of a day from ten to five, seven long hours. However, as all evil and good will have an end, at last the horses were put to, and they trooped away. O the blessing of a little house, O the comfort of not having a spare bed: for they declare they generally stay a week or a fortnight at every visit (ii. 241).

"Our sweet enemy!" said Sir Philip Sidney when he spoke of France; and an Englishman might perhaps use the same

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word in speaking of Mr. Yeats. Vainly we try to be indignant; no lover of style can do anything but rejoice, so exquisite is the English in which he tells us what prosy folk the English are. Yet herein we are subtly revenged on him, with the fiery-coal vengeance alone permitted between chivalrous foes. *He cannot write like this in Irish.*

The author of **Ideas of Good and Evil** (Bullen, 5*s.* net) is in a strange position—and he makes clear the strangeness of it with the inevitable candour of genius. He is a true patriot. He wanted Irish poetry to be the best poetry in the world. He even persuaded himself—or endeavoured to persuade himself—in early youth, that it was good, though even then, in his heart of hearts, he had "never been quite certain that one should be more than an artist, that even patriotism is more than an impure desire in an artist." The result is, that except for them of old time, whom he can but read in translation, or in a language that he has had to acquire, the English poets are his poets still, and Mangan and O'Shaughnessy but shadows compared with Shelley and Blake.[1]

That the Ireland of to-day is yet a golden clime for a poet to be born in, no one who has read Lady Gregory's **Poets and Dreamers** (Murray, 6*s.*) will deny; but the living folk-songs of the people are like the dreams or the games of brilliantly intellectual children. We listen spell-bound, with a sense of enchantment. For the moment, blind Raftery is our only minstrel, and there are no stories in the world like these of the ancient crones in the workhouse. We gather herbs—we hate tinkers—we sing the beautiful songs of boys and girls. But we cannot listen twice; we dare not follow the same road again; not a second time will the little door stand open; the diamonds of to-day will be dead leaves to-morrow. Nature has done her perfect work, but she cannot repeat it nor can she make it art. We read Mr. Yeats over and over

[1] "Blake," he says with some pathos, "was probably an Irishman." He has stolen the title of this most original book from Blake; but was it worth stealing?

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again, with more delight each time, not because he is Irish, but because he is a citizen of that true fairyland which has no place in earth's geography. He is an artist, and as he breathes upon it the running water turns to crystal. His book has many facets. It must be bought, read with the heart and with the brain, not only with the eyes, lived with and recollected. He makes a vehement attack on Henry V. Henry V. is much too English. *That* Shakespeare's ideal man? Not he!

> He is as remorseless and undistinguished as some natural force, and the finest thing in his play is the way his old companions fall out of it broken-hearted or on their way to the gallows. . . . His purposes are so intelligible to everybody that everybody talks of him as if he succeeded, although he fails in the end, as all men, great and little, fail in Shakespeare; and yet his conquests abroad are made nothing by a woman turned warrior. . . . Shakespeare watched Henry V., not, indeed, as he watched the greater souls in the visionary procession, but cheerfully, as one watches some handsome, spirited horse; and he spoke his tale, as he spoke all tales, with tragic irony.

Good cause is shown why we should think that Shakespeare felt more for "that sweet lovely rose," Richard II. Perhaps he did; in any case, any one with a drop of Irish blood in him was bound to prefer Richard—and success is vulgar in the eyes of poets. The sympathy of the singer of "Innisfree" goes out to all that has not on it the hall-mark of the populace; he loves the lost cause, the men whom few can understand. That which seems to most people vague and unreal, or but the ghost of a bewildered moment, appeals to him with the irresistible force of the first instincts of life.

> I cannot get it out of my mind that this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place; for certainly belief in a supersensual world is at hand again; and when the notion that we are "phantoms of the earth and water" has gone down the wind, we will trust our own being and all it desires to invent; and when the external world is no more the standard of reality, we will learn again that the great Passions are angels of God.

How much "poetry that is not popular poetry presupposes,"

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we shall find out "when we meet the understandings of others."

> Go down into the street and read to your baker or your candlestick-maker any poem which is not popular poetry. I have heard a baker, who was clever enough with his oven, deny that Tennyson could have known what he was writing when he wrote "Warming his five wits, the white owl in the belfry sits;" and once, when I read out Omar Khayyam to one of the best of candlestick-makers, he said, "What is the meaning of 'we come like water, and like wind we go?'"

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Yeats will be able to make himself, and those whom he interprets, any more plain to that all too common condition of baker and candlestick-maker who have never turned out a loaf nor hammered a bit of metal in their lives. The style of the book is at one time clear and nervous, at another almost as tremulously sensitive as that of the exquisite "Poems." It reads loose after the tight, strung-up sentence to which Stevenson accustomed us; as with Stevenson, the man is never lost in the critic, and every reader feels as though he had made a friend of the man. The delightful semi-serious paper on "Magic," and that on "Speaking to the Psaltery," have already appeared in THE MONTHLY REVIEW. Those on Shelley, Morris, and Blake are of the deepest interest—and no one has ever praised with such delicate understanding the most delicate poet now living, Robert Bridges. Such criticism as that is enough to disgust us with all the critics who are but poets that have failed. Poets who have succeeded are the best critics after all.

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXI

MR. BROCK seemed a little doubtful as to whether he should sit or stand. He decided in favour of sitting; and so adjusted his chair that he was able to lean his elbow on Mr. Hancock's table—an arrangement which gave him the air of an overwhelming school-master at his desk.

"Of course," he began blandly, "man's system of ethics has so long been associated with supposed supernatural commands, that the difficulty which many persons still experience in discriminating them, and in realising how the former can exist without the latter is intelligible. It needs, however, but very little reflection to see that all sound ethical precepts, and all sound ethical practice, are derived from and are determined by no mysterious voice in the heavens, but the ordinary facts of earth, which are at our feet and around us.

"Let us," Mr. Brock continued, "begin with an ethical precept which occupies a conspicuous place in the Hebrew Table of Commandments—the precept 'Thou shalt not kill.' Consider this precept carefully, and ask yourselves a simple question. Does the desirability that men—we who are here to-night, for instance—should abstain from killing one another depend on a belief that murder has been supernaturally forbidden? Would it not be equally evident, in the absence of any such aërial inhibition, that no social aggregate could prosper, or indeed exist, if the practice of murder were not

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rigorously condemned and suppressed? Have I made myself plain thus far?"

"Perfectly," replied several voices.

"Well," said Mr. Brock, "proceed we a step farther. We have seen that all social experience must give rise to a social judgment that abstention from murder is needful for the preservation of the social aggregate; and along with this judgment, there necessarily arises also a regulative system, by means of which the commission of murder is penalised. But now mark this. A man cannot be called moral who is withheld from committing murder only by dread of external penalties—who would use his dagger if he did not see the policeman. We call him moral when the regulative system within him is so adapted to the needs of the social environment that it repeats the inhibitions or injunctions of the regulative system without. And here let us take another step. Just as it is a fact that men have two legs, that they acquire gradually the power of walking, of speaking, of reasoning, and so forth, so it is a fact that an adaptation of the kind referred to does take place within them, in the course of generations. So far as murder is concerned it has taken place already. The judgment and the feelings of the ordinary civilised man with regard to this particular act have so far adapted themselves to the needs of the social organism that, though the commission of a murder might afford him some immediate gratification, the murderous impulse is inhibited without conscious effort. And this inner or subjective adaptation of the judgment and feelings to the objective requirements of the life of this social organism, always having for its concomitant a specific change in the cerebral and nervous system of the individual, constitutes the development of what is commonly called conscience. Well," said Mr. Brock, beginning to struggle with a slight cough, "this which holds good so obviously in the simple case of murder, holds good equally through the entire field of conduct. Do you think, Mr. Glanville, I might ask for a glass of water? I am troubled at times by a momentary catarrhal irritation."

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"You see," said Mr. Brompton to Lady Snowdon, while the glass of water was being fetched, and Mr. Brock in the interval breathed on and rubbed his spectacles, "you see," said Mr. Brompton, with an air of contemptuous triumph, "he is saying the very same things that I have already been saying myself. All the virtues — the self-denials — the justice—the loftiest upward struggle—all have their firm basis in the plain facts of human nature." The water was duly brought; Mr. Brock solemnly sipped it. "I heard," he said, when he had done so, "I heard it observed by some one that these primary truths as to ethics had been already made more or less clear to you. I rejoice that it is so. My own task is thereby simplified. I did not catch the latter part of the gentleman's—of Mr. Brompton's—observations. I think it probable, however, that he may have overlooked one element in the problem, to which I have not yet referred, and to which I must now proceed. It is certain to be objected that murder —I still take that as an example—is to be condemned not only because it is wrong to society, but because it arises from the desire of a pleasure essentially wrong for the individual—to wit, the pleasure of revenge or gratified hatred. Hence it will be argued farther that the moral quality of conduct is referable, after all, to some mysterious inner standard, which is not dependent on the facts and needs of society. Let me, before I go farther, remove this impression, a most fruitful source of error. The very case we are now considering will at once show us its fallacy. For what is hatred? It is hatred of another person. It is a feeling which arises only when a social relation develops itself; and thus the condemnation which we pass on the pleasures of gratified hatred arises out of the very circumstances that alone make such pleasures possible. Is then all such conduct as is commonly called self-regarding wholly insusceptible of being classified as right or wrong? Has a man, in other words, no moral duties to himself? This is the question which must, for the next moment, engage us."

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Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon greeted this announcement with murmurs of complete approval.

"To that question," said Mr. Brock, "we must answer both Yes and No. To speak strictly, the moral duties of man arise solely from the fact that he is a member of the social organism; but he is capable of being a member of it only because he also is an organism himself; and in order to play his social part fittingly his individual organism must be in a sound condition. We may therefore say that the scheme of sociological ethics implies a scheme of biological ethics subsidiary to it, or a scheme of conduct conducive to individual health and efficiency.

"Now such health can be obtained and preserved only by a frequent subordination of immediate and intense pleasure to a pleasure which is more remote and diffused—namely, that of general well-being. Take we, for example, the familiar pleasure of intemperance. Intemperance is biologically immoral, not on account of the immediate pleasure resulting from it, but on account of the remoter evils—the disturbance of the balance of faculties in the individual, and the unexpected reduction in the amount of pleasure which his life yields him on the whole."

"You would say then, I presume," interposed Alistair Seaton, "that 'Blessed are the pure in heart' is a maxim of biological rather than of transcendental morality."

"It is," replied Mr. Brock, solemnly. "The maxim, in so far as it is valuable, means that the balance of functions is exceptionally liable to be disturbed by the absence of those inhibitions which are connoted by the term purity."

"But, Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, "surely pleasure is not the test of morality. Is it, Mr. Glanville?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Brock, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "you think that the test of right conduct is not the pleasure it produces, but the pain. No, no. We can none of us really mean that. Ultimate pleasure, at some time, and of some kind, is an inexpugnable element in the conception of all right

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actions. What does even Supernaturalism promise us as an inducement to act rightly? A peace that passes understanding. This peace may be a spiritual pleasure; but it is a pleasure none the less. Ethical or moral science, in short, may be described as the science of pleasure. The phrase shocks you," said Mr. Brock, with a tolerant smile. "Let me amend it by the addition of one word. Suppose we describe it as the science of true pleasure. That will, I think, do nicely. I fear, however, that for a moment I must startle you again when I say that if we consider the individual man in isolation, true pleasure can have no other criterion than its intensity at given moments, taken in connection with its general volume and duration. But even so, there must, as we have seen, be a frequent subordination of the immediate pleasure to the remote. There must be an avoidance of excess. There must be self-denial. That last word—unless my eyes deceive me—is giving satisfaction to the ladies. Their satisfaction will, I know, be progressive; for, turn we now from biological ethics—which are merely ethics in their embryonic condition—to sociological ethics, or to ethics proper, and you will see the most distinctive, or at all events the most valuable, features of supernatural, nay, even of Christian ethics, reappear. For if it be true even of the individual in isolation, that ethical conduct implies the foregoing of many pleasures in detail, so that thus the gross amount of the pleasure of a lifetime may be increased, much truer is this of the individual as the member of a social aggregate. Consider the reason of this. The moment a man enters into co-operation with others, it is not only to his advantage to forego many kinds of actions which, though proximately pleasurable, are ultimately injurious to himself; but it also becomes necessary for him to forego many other kinds of actions which, though wholly pleasurable to himself, are painful or injurious to his neighbours. Those who are in search of self-denials and self-restraints, which are justified on scientific grounds, may find here a feast sufficient for any ordinary moral stomach. For the whole body of the

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sociological virtues are acts of this precise character. They are acts implying some restraint on egoistic pleasure. What is honesty but an abstention from securing some gain for oneself, to secure which would be wrong only because it would injure others? What is virtue, as regards the relation between the sexes, but a foregoing of relationships reported to be proximately agreeable, but inconsistent with that monogamous system which experience exhibits to us as essential to the highly evolved social organism? And of truth, justice, mercy, unselfishness, social endeavour, and so on, the same thing may be said. They are all of them modifications—not extinctions, mark you, or ascetic mortifications, but modifications—of the egoistic impulses by the altruistic; and all have for their object the welfare of that larger social organism on which, in the long run, the welfare of the lesser individual organism depends. In fact," said Mr. Brock, "the morality of the Christian Beatitudes, when translated into scientific language, coincides with the morality of science, as I have thus briefly explained it. Blessed are the poor, blessed are the merciful, because the social aggregates in which such persons are most numerous are the aggregates which secure to their members pleasures or pleasurable states, the greatest possible alike in length and breadth.

"But here," continued Mr. Brock, "another question emerges. We have seen how the facts of associated human nature give us the rules of conduct which it is desirable that the individual should follow. But at the same time the voluntary, or the ethical submission to the rules, involves self-restraint which is very frequently difficult. How then, in the absence of a supernatural sanction, is a voluntary or ethical conformity to these rules produceable? I have hinted at the answer to this question already. I have pointed out that the system of laws and punishments which societies have to frame and enforce as a condition of their continued existence is as a physical and psychological fact re-echoed or reproduced in the mind and brain of the individual, so that more or less completely

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he becomes a law to himself. The dread of punishment is converted into the sense of obligation, and the broad commands of the law into an inner sense of right and wrong. Thus arises conscience, which, by natural selection and heredity, has reached its present advanced stage of development, and there is produced that conformity to social rule which results from ethical principles, as opposed to mere legal obedience. How, and in accordance with what laws of association, the objective sociological rule is thus repeated subjectively, I need not try to explain to you in an exhaustive way, here. Let me remind you, however, that the tendency to such internal repetition is a trait of human nature, and that those individuals and races have survived and become most flourishing in whom and in which this trait has been strongest. And now I will proceed to a second and more important truth still, to which I have not yet adverted. I spoke just now of the sense of moral obligation as having its origin in the fear of external punishment. But conscience in the ethical sense, as we now have it, is partly due to a faculty other than fear. I refer to the faculty of sympathy, or the natural tendency to derive pleasure and pain, not only from the enjoyment or suffering directly experienced by ourselves, but also from the re-representation of the enjoyments and sufferings of others. Sympathy is therefore the constant ally of fear or the sense of obligation in urging on us the avoidance of anti-social and the performance of social actions. It is, moreover, an ally so powerful that its tendency is always to render the action of fear superfluous. Take we, for example, the effort and self-sacrifice which the parents of most species make for the sake of their young. The constant efforts which they make for them, though to themselves proximately painful, have become so associated in their minds with the welfare of other beings, that the altruistic pleasure which the welfare of these others causes them, completely overrides the desire for the egoistic pleasures opposed to it; and they make the requisite sacrifices without any sense of obligation.

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"Well," said Mr. Brock, gravely clearing his throat, "this is enough to show you the power of social sympathy, and the kind of results produced by it, not only in men, but in animals. But I mention it only as an introduction to certain truths, a consideration of which will advance us towards the first stage of our argument.

"The distinctive feature of ethical conduct, or of virtue—and the ladies here present will, I am sure, not quarrel with the definition—is the rejection or subordination of what is proximately pleasurable to self, for the sake of what is proximately or ultimately good for others; and of such conduct the parents' care for their offspring offers us, as I have said, a familiar and very signal example. But this prolonged parental care, though it is most instinctive amongst the higher races of mankind, was by no means natural to their more remote progenitors. The primitive male parent took no care of his offspring. He did not even recognise it as his. The whole care devolved on the female, and ceased as soon as the offspring was able to shift for itself. It was only the gradual evolution of the monogamous family that enabled parental affection, in its highest forms, to develop itself. Here, then, you have an example of the evolution of an important virtue, of the growth in man of a new ethical trait. The growth of this one has been the work of unnumbered ages; but look round you to-day, and then look back over quite a short period of history, and you will see growths of the same kind, very much more rapid, and almost equally memorable. Take, for example, the way in which war is conducted. Instead of killing the wounded, we endeavour to cure them in our hospitals. Four generations ago, to free a slave would have been applauded as an act of generosity; now, to own one is looked upon as a heinous crime. Conditions of squalor among the poor, which our fathers regarded as inevitable, excite in ourselves compassion and a strong desire to remove them.

"Well, all these developments, like that of parental affection, are plainly due to the development of the sym-

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pathetic feelings, which are constantly making more and more of the pains of others painful to ourselves as the subjects of mental re-representation, and more and more of the pleasures of others pleasurable to ourselves. And now let us consider this development of the sympathetic feelings itself. It, too, has its cause; and its cause is to be found in these rapid social changes, such as the spread of education, the growth of the newspaper press, the increased production of wealth, the rise in the standard of living, which bring prominently before us evils previously unnoticed, and at the same time provide us with the machinery by which many of these evils may be remedied."

"There are a good many," said Mrs. Vernon, "which call for remedy yet." She did not like the tone of Mr. Brock's discourse, though she could not quite tell why: so, following the example of many more practised critics, she snapped at the first statement which seemed open to easy contradiction.

"You are right," said Mr. Brock, taking the interruption placidly. "The social amelioration to which I refer is at present partial only. This is the very point I was myself about to notice: and the development of the social sympathies is similarly partial also."

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Vernon, "nobody can deny that."

"Nay," said Mr. Brock, "fortunately. For if, whilst society still remained imperfect, and contained pains and evils not for the time removable, our sympathies were developed in such wise that all the pains of others affected us as though they were actually our own, the acutest misery would in that case be the constant lot of everybody. A single toothache in Pekin would make the whole of London beside itself; and all healthy or helpful life would be possible. But in precise proportion as suffering tends to disappear, there is a widening of the area of social facts and conditions on which sympathy can dwell not with distracting pain, but with bracing pleasure: and the range, the efficacy of our sympathy, will itself be

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enlarged concurrently with this process, and again in its turn will accelerate it.

"And now," said Mr. Brock, "consider we the direction in which this change tends. Morality, let me repeat, results from the modifications that have to be imposed on desires for individual pleasures by the requirements of the pleasures and the general well-being of society: and morality is so commonly spoken of as the moral struggle, because we do as a fact become conscious of it only as a kind of conflict—a conflict between the egoistic feelings and the sympathetic or altruistic feelings. We have seen, moreover, how in some cases, such as the conduct of parents towards their offspring, the altruistic feelings have become so highly developed that they not only overbear the egoistic feelings, but absorb and completely transfigure them, so that egoism and altruism are reconciled and become one, and the consciousness of a moral struggle has practically disappeared. Well, as sympathy and altruism expand in the manner which I have just now indicated, there will gradually take place in all fields of advancement, which still exhibit a conflict between these two sets of desires, a combination similar to that which has accomplished itself in the field of parentalism. The requisite modification of the egoistic impulses will become not only pleasurable, but instructive. A partial conciliation of this kind has taken place already in the field of honesty. An ordinary man forbears from stealing not, as a rule, because he fears detection or punishment, but because, by defrauding another, he would inflict pain on himself, and would inflict pain on himself because his re-representative faculties have partially identified the other man's welfare with his own. This identification, only partial at present, is constantly tending to become more and more complete; and the same observation is applicable to moral conduct generally—to justice, to mercy, to truth-telling, and to all forms of what is now called "social endeavour." In all these a similar conciliation is in progress between those desires which are concerned with the pleasures of the individual only, and those others

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which identify such pleasures with the pleasures and the well-being of society.

"And now," continued Mr. Brock, "mark the consequences of all this. You will agree with me that when men, in respect of any one class of conduct, come gradually to follow instinctively, gladly, and without effort, what the ethical law enjoins, their conduct in that respect may be said to have been completely moralised. Is not that so?"

Several voices returned the answer, "Certainly."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Brock, "in proportion as conduct becomes moralised, morality, in the old sense of the word, which implied effort or strength, disappears. But," Mr. Brock continued, seeing that some one was about to interrupt him, "that's not all. In proportion as society advances towards that ideal state of organisation, the realisation of which is the object of all social endeavour, morality, in the old sense of the word, disappears for another reason as well. In proportion as the more fortunate succeed in relieving suffering and poverty, and bad-housing and uncertainties of employment disappear; the pity, the self-sacrifices, the lives of devoted work, which we now regard, and justly, with so much ethical admiration, will disappear also, simply because there will be no place for them. How shall pity survive when no one is any longer pitiable? When sanitary and economic conditions shall at length have been properly adjusted, what place will there be for knight-errantry on behalf of the sick and poor?"

"I'm afraid," said Lord Restormel, "we shall have to wait some time before we arrive at a state of things like that."

"Possibly," replied Mr. Brock; "I make no chronological prophecies. But whatever the time at which this ideal state of things shall be realised, or whether it will ever be entirely realised or no, does not affect what is the practical aspect of the question. The state I have described is the state towards which social evolution is tending. Scientifically, nothing can be more clear than this, as you may see if you

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will turn to a book, 'The Data of Ethics,' by my friend and colleague the illustrious Mr. Herbert Spencer. And such being the case, the main fact emerges, which Mr. Spencer, though he states it clearly, does not state with sufficient emphasis. I mean the fact that morality is not an end in itself, still less a perfection in itself, but is, on the contrary, a sign and incident of imperfection. It is the effort of a mal-adjusted mind in a mal-adjusted society to render the adjustments of both as complete as the circumstances will permit; and all the self-denials, the heroisms, the struggles, the agonisings, and so forth, out of which many foolish thinkers would endeavour to construct a religion, as if pain and struggle in themselves were ever anything else but undesirable—are in reality comparable to the pains of a child cutting its teeth. When the set of teeth is complete the pains of teething are forgotten. So it is with morality. When the moralisation of the individual is complete, or when, in other words, his desires are adapted to the needs of the social organism, morality, in the old sense, becomes a thing of the past. It is lost in something higher than itself; that is to say, in complete adjustment, by means of which the egoistic and the altruistic pleasure equally are sought in simultaneous accordance with the requirements both of self and of society.

"I do not know that on this occasion I am called upon to say more. But I trust that I have made these three points clear—first, that morality is not dependent on any supernatural injunction, but arises, like the laws of health, out of the constitution of human nature; secondly, that, thus arising, a large number of its precepts coincides with the more important of the precepts of the Christian Code; but that, thirdly, a conformity to these precepts has for the scientific thinker a value very different from that attached to it by the Christian. Instead of possessing any mystical value in itself, it is valuable only in virtue of the sociological ends which it subserves; and all those elements of struggle and self-denial involved in it, instead of deserving that superstitious worship which many great

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religion-mongers of to-day, in imitation of the Christians, would accord to it, are in themselves unmixed, though for the time unavoidable evils."

"In other words," said Lord Restormel, "if we allow ourselves to praise heroism or sanctity or self-mortification now, we praise them only because they tend to bring us nearer to a state in which their continued existence will be unnecessary, unmeaning, or impossible."

"That," said Mr. Brock, "is so. You have summed up my own meaning and that of Mr. Spencer admirably. Let me, accordingly, wind up by pointing out to the ladies that, whilst science affords a firm support to most of our current morality, it frequently alters the attitude of our minds with regard to it; replacing superstition with a rational approval, rational acquiescence, and rational experience."

"But, Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, "may I be permitted to remind you, since you so kindly direct your remarks to us poor women, that you've only kept as yet one part of your promises. You haven't given us a single word about religion."

"Religion—" said Mr. Brock, a little taken aback. "Yes —yes. Well—religion's a large subject. Would you like me to deal with its origin in dreams and the worship of ancestors, or trace the evolution of priestly castes and ceremonial?"

"No," said Lady Snowdon, "no. You promised to tell us something about religion as it affects ourselves, or doesn't affect ourselves—whichever the case may be."

"In that respect," said Mr. Brock graciously, "I have surely dealt with it already, in showing you that morality is independent of all religious belief. For the rest, religion, as it affects ourselves to-day, has doubtless a vast importance. I have stated this in not a few of my works. It consists—I hope I make myself clear—of a consciousness of two things—first, our own ignorance of the substance or the general meaning of the universe; and secondly, the profound significance of the completely evolved social organism, which, as my

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friend Mr. Spencer justly remarks, religion tells us has not arisen for nothing. The evening is too far advanced, and my throat is too much fatigued, to permit of my entering on a more detailed exposition of the matter. I will content myself with saying that religion, so long as we resolutely refuse to associate it with an assent to any moral or theological proposition, and experience it only in the form of heightened and enlarged seriousness, may to many natures do great good, and can probably do harm to none."

Mr. Brock coughed, and shifted. Mr. Hancock obligingly pushed the tumbler of water towards him, and said to him confidentially as he did so, "Is that all?" Mr. Brock replied that it was, and Mr. Hancock, with considerable alacrity, proceeded to announce that the Conference had come to its conclusion. "Of one thing," he added, "I think we may be quite sure—that whether scientific ethics constitute the last word that is to be said about the guidance of life, Mr. Brock and his friend Mr. Spencer between them have said the last word with regard to scientific ethics."

"If this were a public meeting," said Lord Restormel, leaning back in his chair, "I would get up and move a vote of thanks to the speaker; but I assure you, Mr. Brock, we pass you the vote of our feelings, quite as sincerely as we could by cheering or holding up our hands."

"My dear Mr. Brompton," said Lady Snowdon, in a voice of disapproving solicitude, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

Mr. Brompton's face, though his neighbours had not noticed the fact till now, had been acquiring during the latter part of Mr. Brock's exposition an expression in which mortification, bewildered anger, and excitement were sometimes succeeding and sometimes conflicting with one another.

"Nonsense," he was muttering to himself, "arrant, blasphemous nonsense! He makes the ethical process end in ethical suicide! Ethics—religion—why he's wiping them both out! What, Lady Snowdon? I beg your pardon. Did you ask me

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if I were ill? I am. I'm sick with disgust at what this sophist —this—this—ignorant wind-bag has been saying. Why, were these conclusions of his true, the ethical religion would be nonsense. Look at him, how self-satisfied he is!—stuffed, literally bloated, with facts which he can't digest. Let me wait till to-morrow, and then let me have it out with him."

"I gather," said Lady Snowdon, "that he'll be gone before you are likely to be up; and as he is at this moment saying good-night to our host, I fear that the dragon, for the moment, will escape the spear of Michael."

"I'll annihilate him publicly," said Mr. Brompton, "at my next service in London."

"I admire your resolution," said Lady Snowdon. "It will be easier, and also kinder, to destroy him when he is not present."

XXII

Whatever may have been the general impression produced by Mr. Brock's expositions, those whom he had addressed, when they met next morning at the breakfast-table, experienced a sense of relief on learning that the philosopher had gone; and, like the courtiers of Charles II. taking their revenge upon Puritans, they were even inclined to take refuge in an excess of trivial levity, in token of their release from the bondage of the great man's gravity. Mr. Brompton alone remained moody and brooding, like an anarchist devising a bomb which should blow up or intimidate somebody.

"I think," said Mrs. Vernon, looking up from a letter which contained a list of the co-respondents in the case of which Mrs. Majendie was the heroine, "I think that Molly's condition would satisfy Mr. Cosmo Brock. Her moralisation has become so complete that her morality has ceased to exist."

"Quite so," said Lord Restormel. "She identifies her own happiness with the happiness of the greatest number, and feels no effort in doing so—no conflict of principles."

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"If you like, you can see the list," said Mrs. Vernon, giving him the letter. Then, turning to Miss Leighton, who had just entered the room, "My dear Stephanie," she exclaimed, "what a lovely blouse! Where did you get it? What is it?—silk? And lined with what?"

Seaton himself partook of the unphilosophic spirit, and preferred to try his fortune with a rod in a pool which was not far distant. He was prepared even to be eloquent on the question of what flies would best suit his purpose; but he failed to find any one who was capable of discussing it with him, and as the conversation proceeded he was not ill content to be a listener. Mrs. Vernon, Lord Restormel and Glanville, with Mr. Hancock as chorus, insensibly strayed away from such subjects as blouses and co-respondents, and discussed the peculiarities and talents of some of the best known personages of the time.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vernon, "no doubt she was naturally witty; but she's been spoilt by living amongst a little set of admirers who, whenever she opened her mouth, said, 'Listen to Mary's last'—till the poor girl, if she could, would have tried to blow her nose with an epigram."

"It's such a pity," said Miss Leighton. "As a child she was always surprising me, without the least intending it, because she said what bubbled up in her mind. But the people who try to be original are worse than the people who can't be."

"Now there," said Lord Restormel, "was the charm of our late Ambassador at Berlin. His thoughts formed themselves into wit as salt forms itself into crystals, by a process of which he knew nothing; and his phrases crystallised in exactly the same way, except when, as they very often did, they seemed rather to sparkle as champagne does in the act of being poured out of the bottle."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hancock, anxious not to be left out in the cold. "He was spontaneous—that's what he was—like all great orators—all great debaters——"

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"Yes," said Glanville, "and like all great poets and novelists."

"I'm thinking," said Mr. Hancock dubiously, "I'm thinking how that is. Doesn't the best literature require effort and correction? At all events, philosophy does."

"It tests or distils the water thrown up by the fountain," said Glanville. "But the fountain of the philosopher's thought —so at least I would venture to say—is no less spontaneous than the imagination of the novelist."

"I don't know, my dear Rupert," said Lord Restormel, "whether this ever occurred to you—that one of the reasons why the heroes in even the greatest of novels, like the Wilhelm of Goethe, or the Waverley of Sir Walter Scott, are so apt to be wanting in any definite character, is that they are not, for the author, real people at all, but merely the points of view from which all the characters are drawn. Or we may call them, in each case, a pair of typical eyes, which every reader of the novel is invited to adopt as his own."

"I should say," replied Glanville, "that the reader is not only invited to do this, but must do this; just as a man who looks at a picture is alleged to look at it from the painter's point of perspective. Of course, some novels are not written from the hero's point of view at all. 'Don Quixote' is not; but it's written from a point of view which is so far definite that, at all events, it is not Don Quixote's."

"And women's novels," said Miss Leighton, "or, at all events, most of them, are written from the woman's point of view, as opposed deliberately to the man's. That's what makes most of them so stupid. But surely, Mr. Glanville, the best novels are not personal views of life, but impersonal reproductions of it, which each reader can look at from the point of view that suits him."

Lord Restormel, who was sitting by Miss Leighton, put his arm on her shoulder. "I'm inclined," he said, "to address you as Holofernes addressed Judith: 'Thou art both beautiful in thy countenance and witty in thy words.' Let you and me

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and Mr. Glanville continue our discussion in the garden—shall we say at twelve o'clock?—as soon as I've got through some letters that must be written. Come, Rupert, where shall we three meet again? By the fountain where the Naiad, as she bends over the brimming basin, seems to be so abashed by the beauty of her own reflection that she's always trying to obliterate it with a shower from her marble watering-pot?"

"Certainly," said Glanville, looking up as though his thoughts had been wandering. "Certainly. There's a great deal more in all this than either of you, perhaps, realise. If Miss Leighton will be ready at twelve, I'll guide her and introduce her to the Naiad; and if you're not ready to come with us, we'll wait patiently for you there, and Miss Leighton shall say to me all those charming things about your poetry which even the sincerity of her admiration won't let her say to you."

Lord Restormel, whose arrears of correspondence were really large and pressing, though not exceedingly pleased with this arrangement, was, nevertheless, obliged to submit to it; and Miss Leighton, who preferred the society of the opposite sex to her own, had, in order to avoid the possibility of any female companionship, judiciously asked Glanville's permission to come to him in his own study as soon as the time for the proposed reunion should arrive. When twelve o'clock struck the door of his study opened and there she appeared before him—a remarkably punctual vision—in a hat whose pink lining threw a flush over her pale cheeks, whilst a sparkle of expectation gave light to the soft sullenness of her eyes, and a smile hovered on her lips like a primrose presaging spring.

"Come," said Glanville, whose hat and stick were beside him. "Seaton is fishing. Your aunt and Lady Snowdon are letter-writing; but Mr. Hancock and Mr. Brompton are both at a loose end—poor Mr. Brompton, he hasn't recovered yet from the shock Mr. Brock gave him by knocking over his nine-pins—and I don't want either of these good people to come with us. If we go out of the window I think we are

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sure to escape them. How well you are looking! When I saw you last week at the station, I little thought that to-day I should be going to discuss life and death with you."

"My impression," said Miss Leighton, when they found themselves in a walk hidden by laurels, "my impression was that we were going to discuss the morals of men and women —or was it the merits and the demerits of forced wit and spontaneous wit?"

"Perhaps it was all these," said Glanville, "and life and death as well. And now, do me a favour. I'll tell you why I ask it presently. Don't say a word till we get to the Naiad and the fountain."

Miss Leighton, who always rose to any occasion, however unexpected, smiled, nodded, and walked on in silent and self-possessed abstraction. At length they arrived at a rock-walled hollow in a dell, where the marble figure of a female, whose clothes were a little moss and some weather-stains, bent over an artificial pool with her hand on an iron tap, which allowed a small volume of water either to spill itself from the lips of an urn, or rise from the bottom of the pool in a tumult of splashing bubbles.

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, as they seated themselves on the marble basin, "I'm at liberty to speak now; and I'm going to use my liberty to tell you that I think you're a very odd man."

"And I'm going to use mine," said Glanville; "to ask you what you've been thinking about. Don't answer me in a hurry. Think before you speak."

"Well," said Miss Leighton, slowly drawing off a white glove, so that she might dip a hand equally white into the water, and looking as she did so at the uprush of bubbles beneath the surface, "I thought of all sorts of things—near things—things far away. A rose-bush which we passed set me thinking of the garden of a villa near Nice; and the smell of your cigar—well, I can't tell you what that did. And then I thought of our own chapel at home, about which I told

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you, and the services and all that; and then—to tell you the truth—just now, when you spoke to me, I believe I was half thinking about a boot-shop in Bond Street. Thoughts seem to bubble up in one's mind like the bubbles in this fountain, without our knowing whence or why. Look how the bubbles rise—dancing, bursting, jostling one another! But who knows where they come from! Not this little pool of water, which they seem to fill with life."

"That," said Glanville, "is a very good illustration. I suppose you'd apply it also to the brilliancy of spontaneous wit—the charm of originality—and so on."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton, "I suppose so—yes—certainly—certainly."

"Well," said Glanville, "I have surprised you with a perception of something which any of us can see when once our attention is called to it, but which most people never notice. You have realised with regard to the ideas of the brilliant talker, and those also which occupy our minds when we are doing, as we say, nothing in particular, that they don't come to us by means of any process over which we have any control. They circulate into our consciousness like the corpuscles of a mental blood; or they gush up into it—to use your own more agreeable image—like the bubbles in this basin, from an outside source. This upshoot of sparkling water into which you are now dipping your hand had its birth far off amongst the mists and the gorse of the moorland. Many of our thoughts, too, have origins no less distant. But what I want to say is, that this, which you see to be true with regard to your own reveries, and the wit of a brilliant talker, is equally true of every process that goes on in our minds. The utmost we can imagine ourselves doing—even if we suppose ourselves to have free-will—is just what a fireman does by means of his hose and nozzle; namely, to squirt or turn in this or in that direction, the living waters whose force proceeds from our own wills no more than the force of this mill-stream proceeds from the miller who uses it. The next time you listen to any one

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who is talking brilliantly, notice the rapidity with which his various ideas connect themselves—the similes, the analogies, which have formed themselves like dew-drops which have run together, and which surprise the speaker himself almost as much as his listeners."

"You're bent," said Miss Leighton, "on leaving us very little control over ourselves. I begin to feel that my life is a mere kaleidoscope, which is only mine because I can see into it whilst something that's not me shakes it."

"Yes," said Glanville, "you grasp my meaning accurately. This is the conclusion to which all science leads us. It's the conclusion we arrived at the other night on the terrace, when the moonlight was weaving for us its garment of dreams and visions, which we, with the apparatus of reason, were all the time unweaving."

"Your science, then," said Miss Leighton, "seems a doubtful blessing after all. It finds us like Job, coming into the world naked; it watches us clothe ourselves; it then strips the clothing off us; and it leaves us at last more forlorn than we were originally, because the clothes we have worn for so long have unfitted us for life without them. It seems almost unbelievable that things really can be what you say they are."

"I agree with you," said Glanville. "But I don't myself say that things are really as science represents them. When I take into account my nature and my feelings as a whole, the scientific conception of existence seems as unbelievable as the religious conception; and I feel myself beaten to and fro by the battledore of two opposite falsehoods. But there's one thing I won't do, and there's one thing which it's idle to try to do; and this is to elude the destructive operations of science by pretending for a moment that they are less destructive than they are. Let them do their utmost; let them do their worst; and then, when we have realised how they reduce all life to an absurdity, we may be able to convince ourselves, not that they are not true, but that they're

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only one half of truth, of which the other half must be sought elsewhere."

"Like Dante and Virgil," said Miss Leighton, "having once got into Hell, we must go to the bottom of it before we can see the stars again. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," said Glanville. "Do you mind making the descent with me—with us? I don't know that I can promise to show you the stars myself, but, at all events, I can take you to the very bottom of the hopeless pit."

"You don't think, then," said Miss Leighton, laughing, "that Mr. Brompton and Mr. Brock can show us a byway out of it?"

"Wait," replied Glanville, "till I've an opportunity of saying my say about both of them. Ah! here comes our Viceroy. His letters must have been really important, since they kept him so long both from literary discussion and from you. In India, once, instead of an important despatch he very nearly sent home an essay on the Oriental drama. Now, my dear Restormel, here is a lady who is waiting to hear you resume your discourse about novels and points of view; and I'm waiting also, for a reason I'll tell you presently."

Lord Restormel turned to Miss Leighton with dreaming and inquiring eyes, and seated himself as near as he could to her without wetting his coat. "What was I saying about novels?" he asked, in a tone which seemed to unite the interesting devotion of a lover with the interesting abstraction of a genius. "Ah," he continued, "to be sure—we were talking about points of view."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton; "and I wanted to know why a novel need be written from any point of view at all. Why can't it be a reproduction of life, which any one may look at from any point of view he chooses?"

"Yes," said Glanville. "That was the question you left off with. I am anxious, Restormel, to see how you answer that."

"Every art," said Lord Restormel, "has its own special

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limitations. A sculptor, no doubt, can reproduce a human figure, so that any one can choose, as you say, the point from which he will look at it; but the sculptor can reproduce one attitude, one expression, one manner only; and his figures are torn from the surroundings which in life would naturally be theirs. The painter gives them their surroundings, but he cannot give them their solidity. He can represent them, that is to say, from one point of view only—namely, that which he occupies when he is painting them: and the same thing is true of the novelist. A woman, in writing, may—though she doesn't very often do it—make her point of view sexless, by an act of mental detachment; but she writes from a special point of view none the less; and, by all the laws of literary or mental perspective, this point of view is bound for the time to be her reader's. Let us take the simplest example—a novelist's description of a landscape: 'Far away in the distance was a line of purple hills, which sank on the left into a tract of desolate moorland, and rose on the right into mountains capped with cloud. Most of the intervening country was, however, hidden from sight by the wall which bordered the road, or some shoulders of rock beyond it.' Or take again the well-known kind of beginning common to a class of novels which were in their own day popular: 'On a dark autumn evening in the year 1730, three horsemen might have been seen emerging from a wood which seemed, in the uncertain light, to be of no inconsiderable extent.' Well, all this might have been written by a woman just as well as by a man; but in each case you have the ideal spectator, looking at what is described from some particular position. The horsemen might have been seen. Yes—by somebody who was there to see them. The wood seemed large in the twilight. Yes—to the eyes of this same somebody. The blue hills are distant. Distant from what? From somebody who stands on some given imaginary spot; and it is to the left of this somebody that they do one thing and to his right that they do another."

"I see," said Miss Leighton. "But this supposed some-

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body, in these cases you mention, is at all events not the hero or the heroine, for neither of them has been yet introduced."

"No," said Lord Restormel; "only in an autobiography is the point of perspective that of one person throughout. In a novel which has the form of letters there are as many points of perspective as there are correspondents; and in a novel whose form is that of an ordinary narrative, though the point of perspective for the most part is that of the principal character, other points also are being constantly adopted and abandoned, as occasion requires. The same thing, I believe, happens in the painting of very large pictures."

"I'm not sure," said Miss Leighton, "that I quite understand your meaning."

"I mean," said Lord Restormel, "that the novelist, in telling his story, always has to be seeing out of the eyes of some one, out of whose eyes the reader is invited to see likewise. Sometimes this some one is, as we said just now, the ideal spectator looking on in detachment; sometimes it is one of the characters of the story, sometimes another. At one moment it is Mr. Carker running away from Mr. Dombey, in another Mr. Dombey running after Mr. Carker. All the incidents and things which the novelist puts before us are past and future, pleasing or terrible, near or far, doubtful or certain, only in so far as they are related to some specified or implied person."

"Yes—yes," said Miss Leighton, "I grasp the whole thing now. Some novelists—I think Thackeray is one of them—often amuse me by speaking in one place as if they could see into the innermost minds of their characters, and then taking refuge in some vague guess at their motives, as though they had nothing to go on but an ordinary man's observation. I see now that, when they behave thus, they are jumping backwards and forwards from one point of view to another; and this seems to me an illustration of what I suppose you to mean when you say that whatever they describe—whether it be a scene, a person, or an adventure—their description implies the

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perception of a mind or a pair of eyes which views from some given position the various things described. Now, my dear Lord Restormel, this is all exceedingly interesting; but while you've been explaining it, I've been unintentionally committing an infidelity. My thoughts have been wandering from you to another man, and to something which that man told me."

"Who," said Lord Restormel, "is my rival? Let me know at once, that I may kill him."

"There he is," said Miss Leighton, pointing to Glanville. "But spare him for my sake—at least till he's satisfied my curiosity; for he told me that this charming discussion about the art of the novelist would somehow help us to unriddle the mystery of life and death. He will have to save his head by a new Arabian Night."

"Well," said Glanville, "the moral of what you two have been saying is this: It is impossible for a novelist to describe anything, unless he describes it in terms of the impression which it makes on some particular person, occupying a particular position in point of time and place. Distant hills, an advancing figure, hidden or visible features, an unknown road, a person with an unknown past, apart from an ideal spectator's view, none of this means anything. And now, my dear Restormel, what I want to point out to Miss Leighton is that this which is true of novel-writing is equally true of life. Apart from ourselves as spectators of the universe round us, the universe would be nothing but an indescribable and unthinkable mystery."

"It's a mystery as it is," said Lord Restormel, "and our own minds are part of it. Yes, Rupert, you're right, though I'd not thought of this before; and this, with its necessary limitations, gives us a working model of our own relation to this cosmos which we know only through its effects on our consciences——"

"And out of which," said Glanville, "as I was telling Miss Leighton just now, all our thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and energies bubble up into our consciousness like the water of the

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bubbling spring—our consciousness which, so far as science can tell us anything, is nothing but a bubble itself. I thought it might not be amiss to go over once more the lesson which we learnt together the other night—a lesson," muttered Glanville, rising and beginning to walk about, " which, if we really accept it, and can find no means of getting round it, makes a clean sweep of everything which men have ever found valuable. We've heard two sages—Mr. Brompton and Mr. Brock—who think they can get round science by the aid of science itself. Mr. Brock with sublime equanimity has rubbed out the speculations of Mr. Brompton. Mr. Brompton is burning for revenge on this quite unexpected enemy; and Hancock has arranged that by-and-by I shall have my say about both."

(*To be continued.*)

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A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST, IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF THE LOWER CHURCH AT ASSISI

THE Italian painting of the early Renaissance excites increasing interest every year, and in proportion to this interest increases and will increase the value for serious students of the monumental works preserved in the church of St. Francis at Assisi. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle recognised long ago that its frescoes "concealed the early history of Florentine painting." Unfortunately they conceal it still, and must continue to conceal it, until the critics come to closer quarters with their work. Suggestions are offered, sometimes of more, sometimes of less ingenuity; impressions are recorded, imposing treatises appear; but in no instance within my knowledge has the attempt been made to collect and weigh in its totality the evidences which a given picture or series of pictures can afford, and there is thus no possibility of inevitable conclusions, because no theory is ever supported by an exhaustive exposition of the observations on which it is based. But, without such exhaustive treatment, critics can never hope to understand one another; they will merely continue to drift farther and farther from their subject.

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This principle is clear to me, although I possess no experience whatever as a critic; so clear that, in spite of this inexperience, I have endeavoured to apply it in the following article. I have tried to set out the evidences, external and internal, which bear upon the authorship of a single series of frescoes, the famous scenes from the early life of Christ in the North Transept; limiting the inquiry, however, to the negative aspect of the subject. These frescoes are now generally accepted as Giotto's, and as Giotto's inordinately admired; but critics and public have certainly accepted them too easily. The evidences, so far as I understand them, point in a different direction; at the least, they deserve more careful consideration than hitherto they have received.

Neither Vasari, nor any ancient authority that has come under my notice, ascribes them to Giotto (Rumohr, indeed, claims Vasari's authority for their attribution to Giovanni da Milano), and they were not even recognised as Giotto's by the common tradition of the convent,—so much, in spite of Papini, seems deducible from their attribution, in Bovet's [1] absolutely uncritical little work, to Taddeo Gaddi—until Crowe and Cavalcaselle, judging by purely internal evidence, decided that they were not only authentic works of Giotto, but represented the culmination of his power and genius as exhibited at Assisi. It would be an impertinence to dwell here on the care and deliberation underlying all the opinions which these learned critics express; and the special attention which they devoted to Giotto, as well as their enthusiastic admiration of his work, entitles their decision here to more than ordinary respect. Their error, if error it be, can only be explained in view of the immense range and complexity of the subject with which they undertook, almost for the first time, to deal. Dr. Thode corroborates their view, only so far differing as to consider the Life of Christ an earlier work than the Allegories. Ruskin, indeed, speaks of it without hesitation as Taddeo Gaddi's, only hinting that it may be found to belong to the later Giottesque

[1] Published in 1882. A devotional guide.

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succession, the work, possibly, of his son, Agnolo. Unfortunately this opinion is expressed in a book where critic and tourist are treated with a levity somewhat lacking in discrimination, and offensive to the dignity of both, and thus, though it belongs to Ruskin's maturest period, it is passed over by all subsequent writers, not excluding those who profess the profoundest admiration for his essay on the Arena Chapel, a crude work undertaken before his study of Giotto had begun. Even Mr. Fry accepts the series as Giotto's, and finally, Mr. Berenson, finding voice in Miss Duff Gordon's guide-book to Assisi, proclaims them to be the first independent work which was entrusted to him in the church; places them, that is, before the celebrated Francis series, in the upper church, which has always hitherto been regarded as his earliest serious effort. So startling a reversal of previous decisions merits attention. Mr. Berenson has an established reputation as a critic, and if he seems sometimes a mere impressionist, too prone to trust the dictates of instinct to the exclusion of less obvious and yet more serviceable methods, his unexampled contact with all the works of the Italian masters, from the earliest to the latest times, gives him a peculiar right thus to dogmatise. We may assume, therefore, that Mr. Berenson's opinion has a definite basis of fact; that these pictures possess qualities by which they can be distinguished from Giotto's mature work; but the question naturally arises—and this Mr. Berenson seems not to have anticipated—do they not also possess qualities by which they can be distinguished from his early work? Such qualities undoubtedly they do possess, and the result is a dilemma, in which the mind recurs inevitably to the authority of tradition. Considered as Giotto's work, this series presents, I believe, an insoluble problem; but, if the work is attributed to a pupil, the problems disappear; and as the most important traditional authority lends support to such an attribution, its acceptance seems inevitable.

I refer, of course, to Vasari. Ghiberti's so-called Lives are valuable only because of their early date: they are mere

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jottings the accuracy of which is presumable because correct information must have been common property in Ghiberti's time. But Ghiberti had never visited Assisi, and his notes on Giotto make but one reference to the works there. "Dipinse nella chiesa d'Asciesi nell' ordine dei frati minori quasi tutta la parte di sotto" ("He painted in the church of Assisi in the order of the brothers minor pretty well all the part below"). These words are clearly too vague to be of value. Mr. Fry assumes that they refer to the legend of St. Francis, which occupies the lower part of the walls of the nave of the upper church. But this is obviously a bold interpretation. They might as reasonably be understood of the decoration of the lower church entire. In neither case are they helpful to us in our present investigation. Passing to Vasari, we find him inaccurate in his references to Giotto's work in the lower church. Giotto, he says, "painted the upper parts of the walls beside the high altar, and all four angels of the vaulting over the spot where the body of St. Francis lies. . . . and over the door of the sacristy is a fresco by his hand of St. Francis receiving the stigmata, so full of tenderness and devotion that it seems to me to be the most excellent painting which Giotto has produced here." These statements are not wholly without value, though Vasari has trusted to memory and has not retained a clear impression of what he saw. There is no painting of the stigmatisation over the sacristy door: the painting to which he refers is on the "upper side of the *left* wall beside the high altar"; close beside, reached by a flight of steps, is a door, leading into the quadrangle of the convent, and this Vasari may have confused with the door of the sacristy. The picture is now admitted to be a copy of Giotto's famous composition of the subject by a Sienese admirer; he would naturally give just that touch of exaggeration to the pose and sentimentality to the feeling which would appeal irresistibly to the commonplace mind when backed by Giotto's reputation. There can be little doubt, then, that this is the work to which Vasari is referring. On the upper part of the right wall, in a position corresponding

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exactly to that occupied by this stigmatisation on the left, is an authentic work of Giotto's, a work, that is, whose authenticity has never yet been questioned—the resuscitation of the Spini child, who was killed by falling from a tower. Vasari's idea has thus an intelligible relation to reality; he attributes the paintings in the angles of the vaulting (the Allegories) to Giotto, and a fresco on the upper part of the wall on either side, adding to these a stigmatisation, because he has forgotten that this stigmatisation is the painting on the upper part of the wall on the left. Except for these frescoes, then, of which all but one are accepted as Giotto's to-day, the authority of Vasari cannot be claimed for any painting in the lower church.

The chief object to be gained by thus examining Vasari's statement appears, when we relate it to a principle so obvious as to need no comment, that the tendency of tradition universally is, not to assign to the pupil works executed by the master, but, contrariwise, to cover the pupil's deficiencies under the master's reputation. This holds to a superlative degree in the case of a man of reputation so overwhelming as Giotto's, and the tendency amply shows itself in Vasari's life of him considered as a whole. Of course, Vasari's value as a critic is less than zero; he probably made the round of the church with a guide, much like a modern tourist, and was more interested in his note-book than in the works he believed himself to be studying; but this is in some degree a redeeming feature in his work; we can be fairly certain that on the whole his records represent the floating tradition of his day, absolutely certain that in this case his Franciscan guide would seek reflected glory for the patron saint in an exaggerated estimate of the service of Giotto, the only early painter whose reputation was still intact. Yet the general impression to be derived from Vasari is unmistakable; clearly, he believed the lower church to have been decorated by a large number of different painters; he exercises, it is true, little discrimination in the use of their names, though surprising his reader now and then with a touch of accuracy on a delicate point; his jottings, in short, are muddled, and his attempt to

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sort them vain; but there can be no doubt as to the idea which remains uppermost in his mind—diversity of authorship. He mentions ten names at the least, and yet does not give an exhaustive enumeration of the frescoes in the lower church; and this evidence is the more surprising when contrasted with his wholesale attribution of everything in the upper church to Giotto and Cimabue.

But the question naturally arises, Does he, or does he not, make any direct reference to our series? It is my conviction that he does, though again in loose and inaccurate terms. Rumohr, as I have mentioned, assumes Vasari's authority for their attribution to Giovanni da Milano, but as he makes no effort to justify his assumption he partly merits the sharp reprimand which he receives from Crowe and Cavalcaselle; but the question is not susceptible of a summary dismissal. Of course, it is obvious enough that Vasari's words misplace the series: "He made for the tribune of the high altar a Crucifixion, Our Lady and St. Clare, and on the faces and at the sides stories of Our Lady." The pictures are in the transept, not the tribune. But if Crowe and Cavalcaselle are right in thus translating "Crocifisso," the subjects named become, except in a single point, identical with those which the transept now contains. Excluding the four scenes relative to the life of St. Francis, probably to be conceived as continuing the legend of the upper church, ascribed by Vasari to Giotto, but in any case no part of the series under discussion, and apparently by a different hand, we find the remaining frescoes to represent a Crucifixion, a Madonna with St. Francis, and ten "scenes."

These scenes belong, and were recognised as belonging, to the Virgin's life at least as closely as to Christ's, and the subordinate part given in them to St. Joseph may have been intended to emphasise their dedication to her honour. The Madonna is Cimabue's, it is true; but Vasari nowhere mentions it in Cimabue's life: perhaps he noticed that its frame matched theirs, and assumed it to be the work of the same artist, and

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when his guide made reference to the figure of St. Clare, which had stood once on the Virgin's right, he misunderstood and noted down her name instead of the name of St. Francis. It is clear he never looked at these pictures, for they are such as he would most have admired: the vagueness of the words by which he describes their position suggests in itself the error of an inattentive listener, but his words can refer to nothing, if not to our series; it seems, therefore, only reasonable to suppose that it is to our series that they refer.

Vasari thus contributes direct and indirect evidences, which, taken together, are by no means without weight. Passing now to a closer consideration of our subject, let us determine what are the qualities in them which have attracted the attention of modern critical observers. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, on whom the burden of their attribution to Giotto chiefly lies, believe these works to have been executed after the Allegories and to exhibit the development and perfection of his manner. They find in them presumably the same treatment of form and colour, the same technical qualities, of which they believe the Allegories to represent the first attainment; they notice, however, a certain tendency to elongate the figures, which they connect with the style of Taddeo Gaddi; and though, in spite of a certain indecision, they clearly conceive the series to belong to Giotto's early period, they suggest that it was probably Gaddi[1] who helped Giotto to paint it. I emphasise this inconsistency only because I feel it to be significant. Taddeo was a painter of the younger generation, and the idea that his influence, or an influence like his is discernible in the series, is to me explicable enough. Finally, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle dwell with an emphasis unusual with them on the emotional quality of these works: "The 'Adoration of the Magi' was never painted with more feeling, more naturally, or more beautifully composed than here." "The salutation is marked with a religious sentiment akin to the 'Angelico.'" Dr. Thode's

[1] Born, according to Vasari, in 1300, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle show reason for believing that he was still working in 1366.

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criticism is a development of this idea; after referring to the contrast between our series and the identical subjects, as treated by Giotto at Padua, he writes:

> Giotto approaches his theme with a tender reserve; he strives to withdraw the holy figures from our touch, to show them as it were glorified, to endow them with a certain remoteness, whereas at Padua he demands of us the keenest, closest sympathy.

Continuing, Dr. Thode suggests a comparison between the atmosphere which pervades these works and that found in the religious poetry of the ecstatic Umbrian school, and shows how even in their colouring, which he compares to that of a flowering meadow in spring, the same impression is subtly reinforced.

A trace of suspicion must surely begin already to tinge the mind of every reader who knows Giotto's work at Padua, or has in any other way come into close touch with his mind. Certain qualities are incompatible with greatness, and of these "zarte Scheu" is probably one; moreover, different men are great in different ways; and Giotto's was not the greatness of the religious visionary; it was a superb development of practical common sense. Surely the critics are working on too easy an hypothesis; without making due effort to conceive distinctly wherein Giotto's pre-eminence consists, what qualities it excludes, they simply assume that, because a work is of the highest technical merit, and has the characteristics of his style and manner, it is necessarily his.

This suspicion inevitably gains ground as we discover that the rapture and enthusiasm which these works excite tend to vary inversely with the critical capacity of their admirer. In a handbook which lately appeared upon the subject, we find them introduced as "if not the most perfect, certainly to be classed among the most poetic and charming of all Giotto's creations"; superlative praise is showered upon their excellence in all its aspects, and the reader is finally instructed that, "to all who are in the least acquainted with Giotto's style, or in any measure gifted with critical sense, it must remain a matter of no small surprise that the authenticity of these works, deeply stamped

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as they are with the most characteristic qualities of the master's manner, should ever have been questioned."

The words "poetic and charming" corroborate Dr. Thode's impressions, and are an important contribution[1] to the subject. Miss Duff Gordon, in her description of the frescoes, reiterates the same idea: "They stand at the entrance of a dainty house." "He painted the Annunciation with such charm." "The Nativity composition . . . full of charm and beauty." It leaves behind it an irremediable sting, because there can be no doubt about its applicability here. But Giotto never charms. The majority of his authentic works strike the casual observer with surprise and disappointment: he finds them awkward and unreal, where he expected a faithful reproduction of Nature; cold and passionless, where he hoped to be moved spontaneously to laughter and to tears. The glowing words of the critics appear in his eyes to have little bearing on their subject, and he finally accords them his admiration because duty, or fashion, seems to require it of him. The truth, indeed, is that the power of Giotto's handling eludes superficial observation; he dispenses with the artificial setting which a lesser mind requires: his work touches reality so closely as to challenge immediate comparison with it, and thus the careless observer, misled by its obvious imperfections, often in the heart of him suspects that it is commonplace. But in these frescoes of the Life of Christ he finds, at last, something of which he can definitely take hold. That "remoteness," to which the critics draw attention, is precisely the quality which enables him to approach them: here at last is poetry and imagination, common life transformed by a celestial touch, surrounded by the glamour and entrancement of a tale of faery.

But I am treading, perhaps with ill-considered assurance, on dangerous ground. Fortunately, the problem, which till now I have only approached, as it were, by inference, that is, by considering, the effect which these pictures produce on the

[1] But not original, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle already give them their place.

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minds of various observers, presents itself, when approached directly, in a far more tangible form. All subjects except one in the series under examination occur also at Padua, and if both sets are the work of the same artist, it is of interest to decide which he painted first, and on this point critics are all agreed. The Assisi series antedates the Paduan; considered by some as the maturest of Giotto's work at Assisi, by others as his earliest effort there, it is felt universally to show a certain inferiority to the Paduan work, an inferiority not well defined by those who recognise it, but connected somewhat vaguely with their idea of Giotto's developing power. This view becomes untenable when the series is attentively examined, and it is my conviction that a comparison of it with Giotto's Paduan work makes it as impossible that he should have painted it after the Paduan series as before it. If the reader[1] turns to the reproductions of the two frescoes here given, he can have little difficulty in determining which is the more accomplished of the two. (And here let me beg my reader to bear in mind that the more accomplished is not necessarily the greater work.) He will recognise at once that in one of the pictures the various shapes of earth maintain in some degree their due place and proportion: figures, houses, hill, sky are satisfactorily related; in the other he finds these obvious relations wholly disregarded. Passing to more detailed observation, he sees in this an awkward baby slipping off his mother's lap, and kneeling before him a man dressed to all appearance in a sack and looking as if he had never been on his knees before; in that a graceful child, securely and yet delicately poised, bending forward to stroke the head of a worshipper, whose very cloak seems in sympathy with his devotions, as it sweeps before him to the ground, or folds itself like a breaking wave about his feet. He finds the same contrast pervading every detail of the two pictures. In the one an ill-drawn shed, and the figures under it sitting askew; in the other "a dainty house inlaid with mosaic," completely satisfying in its perspective to

[1] Remembering that the Assisan photograph, one of Messrs. Anderson's excellent reproductions, does far more justice to its original.

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The Adoration of the Magi, Lower Church, fresco

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all but the most critical observer; in the one a pair of camels that might have come out of a Noah's ark; in the other, three creatures which, if not like camels, are a good representation enough of what a camel might be supposed to look like. I am attempting to express the difference between the two representations in the way in which it presents itself inevitably to the practical observer of unbiased mind: how can he avoid the conclusion that the clumsier picture was the first produced, imagining, as he must, that drawing is an accomplishment which, like swimming or walking, is not easily forgotten, especially by a professional artist, when once securely learned?

The conclusion to which these observations point, so far as it is met at all, is met by supposing that Giotto's work at Padua was largely entrusted to pupils, and that its clumsiness can be further accounted for by the restorations to which the frescoes have been subjected. Whatever value this judgment may possess so far as the drawing is concerned, it is absolutely without bearing on the difference of pictorial treatment to which I have already alluded; and if we turn to the "composition," which would in any case be the master's work, and could not be changed by a restorer, the evidence points the same way still. There is little doubt that the better drawn picture is also the better "composed"; its figures are divided into opposing groups, the house balances the hill, the heads of the camels are scientifically interrelated; in a word, the ordinary æsthetic demands are fully met and satisfied. Clearly, if both are works of the same artist, there can be no doubt which is the more mature: it is impossible that a painter, who had once represented the scene as we see it at Assisi, should afterwards treat it as Giotto treats it at Padua.

But the converse of this proposition is equally inevitable; nor is it without reason that the critics, conceiving both to be Giotto's, fix upon the Assisan as the earlier version of the two. Forget drawing and "composition," the mere technicalities of art, and you see at once that the Paduan representation is

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immensely the more forcible and significant. Compared with the intensity and concentration with which the event is realised at Padua, the Assisi fresco has an appearance of affectation, almost of trifling: it is the work of a man of inferior intellect, who has seen Giotto's composition without comprehending it, and who, by introducing variations and embellishments, has spoiled its force, who is even not afraid to toy with his subject. Begin with the camels, and note at Assisi the elegant swing of their heads and various attitudes of their drivers, the whole a playful elaboration of Giotto's theme, who makes his gaunt beast gape under the heavy hand which his driver lifts to keep him in his place. Consider next the standing kings: the elder, at Assisi, looks like a recollection from Padua; but the artist has reproduced nothing more than the pose of the heads; for whereas the reverence and adoration in Giotto's only heighten the sense of kingly power, his counterpart at Assisi has nothing of the king except his crown; he is, in fact, a model of incapacity and empty-headedness, qualities in both of which he is rivalled by his companion.

The same truth may be discerned, though less obviously, in the two renderings of the kneeling king. Had Giotto been more intent upon the appearance of his draperies, no doubt he could have disposed them less awkwardly; but other considerations are with him of greater weight; he is occupied with the act and with its meaning, and perhaps intends directly to suggest that the worshipper, engrossed in his worship, did not mind either his clothes or his attitude, but let himself and them fall as they would; and though it is in this figure and the child's that his more primitive manner shows him to least advantage, even here the effect he produces is by far the more serious, the more permanently satisfying of the two.[1] I shrink from

[1] I am conscious that Giotto produces these effects by means of drawing and composition, and that in a final sense his successor is not even here a match for him. In my previous references to composition I have set the word in inverted commas to suggest that I was using it in a sense I should not myself recognise.

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The Adoration of the Magi — Jean Clouet, Paris

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applying the comparison to the three remaining figures, because, speaking accurately, there is no comparison between them. I feel that already I have done an injury to the Assisi master by placing him in company to which he would never himself have aspired: his work is full of tenderness and beauty, and its faults need never have been noticed, had not the critics, by placing it upon a pinnacle, challenged the world to lay them bare.

The contrast to which I have called attention holds with equal force, whatever pair of pictures may be taken. Nor is there one of the Assisi series which, considered as Giotto's, would not be found to contain some characteristic startling if not unique. Moreover, the series as a whole is peculiar, as I have said, in the slight attention paid to St. Joseph, a character whom Giotto treats with splendid impressiveness. In the "Nativity" he is subordinate to the washing of the Child—an episode with which Giotto dispenses altogether; in the "Adoration" he completely disappears; in the "Presentation" his face is divided by one of the pillars of the architecture. Passing to the last-named composition, we find in it a Gothic interior of a complexity to which Giotto neither approached nor aspired, and the real proportion of figures and architecture is suggested here, as throughout the series, with an appearance of truth, not realised more than once by Giotto in the whole of his extant work. The prominence of architecture in the series is one of its most striking features. "The Return of the Holy Family to their Home" is hardly more than a study in architecture; but the pretty little town it shows us is unlike anything of Giotto's that remains. "The Flight into Egypt," besides containing a more elaborate landscape than any he has left us, is distinguished by the introduction of two rose-coloured castles "to balance the composition"; a trait which, characteristic enough of the younger generation, would be in him a piece of gratuitous falsehood unparalleled in his work. It is popular, indeed, to suppose that Giotto made use of fresco-painting as a means of experiment in architectural design, and that the accessories in

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his pictures vary according to the influence, Roman, Gothic, or Byzantine, which at the moment happens to be uppermost in his mind; but I have not found these notions corroborated in my study of his works. The fact is, that he varies his architecture and other accessories according to the demands of his subject. Examples of this principle can be adduced until his extant works are exhausted: thus he regards the temple as a Byzantine structure, the Christian church as Gothic, the palace of pope or sultan classical; throughout it is his object to make his setting, however slight, suggestive of real conditions, or at least harmonious with ideal associations.

Four compositions remain: the "Crucifixion," the "Nativity," the "Child Christ in the Temple," and the "Massacre of the Innocents." In the last we find precisely that effort to emphasise the agonies of the scene, to realise its "magnificent artistic possibilities," which Giotto at Padua deliberately refuses to undertake. "The Nativity," dissociated from Giotto's name, assumes an unmistakable childishness; its figures and animals are seen to be the inmates of a doll's house; the "Child Christ in the Temple" (note again the Gothic architecture), judged by his standard, appears no less distinctly weak and sentimental, and even a little lacking in charm. Finally, the "Crucifixion" bears internal evidences which make its attribution to Giotto particularly daring.

In the first place, the introduction of the four followers of St. Francis, and their definite participation in the scene, would involve, at the early date to which the fresco is commonly referred, a very bold innovation. It is true that already, by Cimabue, St. Francis had been set at the foot of the Crucified, but prostrate and alone; so treated he offers by his presence no violence to dramatic truth; but when, as here, he heads a small procession, he cannot be so easily overlooked; the dramatic unity of the scene is destroyed by an episode which is obviously opposed to the spirit of Giotto's realism. Two treatments of the crucifixion were recognised in his day—dramatic and contemplative; and the latter was, I believe, confined to the

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crucifix. In any case, this fresco represents an unsuccessful effort to fuse them.

But the treatment of the figure of Christ offers evidence which, if delicate, is not the less convincing. In every recognised crucifix or crucifixion of Giotto's (of which no less than five exist) he adheres to a design in which the same idea infallibly repeats itself. He always represents Christ leaning slightly towards the right, the side, that is, on which the Virgin stands. This treatment was abandoned by Taddeo Gaddi and his school, and the custom introduced of setting the body upright on the cross. Now it is the upright design which is followed here, and, so far as my experience goes, Gaddi adheres to it as invariably as Giotto to his. To assume that here it is Giotto's is, therefore, obviously difficult. Evidence is further afforded by the design for the legs, sufficient in itself to place this series after the Paduan period. It is clear that in the "Crucifixion" at Padua Giotto has not wholly succeeded in realising his idea. Lord Lindsay even supposes that the feet are separately nailed; but I think it was not Giotto's intention so to arrange them. He wishes to set the right foot over the left, having in mind already those subtle curves of the leg without which he could not have realised in the body as a whole the harmonious expression to which he finally attains. A glance at any of his crucifixes will suffice to reveal the development I refer to, and to show that the painter of the Assisi "Crucifixion" has been able to profit by it. Far from being Giotto's first crucifixion, this is a variation of his mature design, and a variation which, if we may judge by the constant adherence in his crucifixes to a single type, he would not have been likely himself to make.

I have as yet made little reference to the colouring of the series, and in approaching this aspect of the problem must speak with the greatest diffidence, being wholly ignorant of its technicalities. Yet I must confess that the resemblance found between the colouring of this series and of the Allegories seems to me superficial, explicable enough when it is remembered that, with the exception of the Allegories, it is the only important

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work of Giotto or his school which still retains a reasonable proportion of its original surface. Not only so, but, placed as they are side by side in the same building, the two works have been subjected through centuries to the same atmospheric conditions, and time, with its mellowing influence, may have contributed to give them an appearance of harmony which at first they did not possess. This juxtaposition, while thus it may explain their similarity, assists the observer to a recognition of their difference. Considered as decoration, the Life of Christ is unquestionably a failure. The paintings in their general effect are cloying, they lack fresh air; delightful at first, they soon become oppressive, and end by arousing an almost active distaste. Now in the Allegories, Giotto, always sublime as a decorative artist, even where decoration is a subsidiary issue, is working under conditions where it necessarily becomes of first importance. With this end in view, he not only adopts a studied balance in his composition which, as Mr. Fry has well observed, is foreign to his early manner in dramatic work, but extends this balance with great care into his colour-scheme. The Allegories are, indeed, a symphony in colour, and thus, though no less rich and tender than the inferior work beside them, they have a permanent power to entrance and to delight. In short, Giotto anticipates the danger, before which the painter of our series has succumbed, and subtly counteracts the richness of his colouring by the adoption of a strictly symmetrical arrangement of it. But there seems further to be a certain difference of quality in the actual tints employed. Unfortunately I cannot express this in technical terms of colour: I can only suggest the different effect produced by the two works on me. I find the radiance and freshness of Giotto's work passing in the Life of Christ into a cloying and almost sickly sweetness; the wholly different quality in the blues may perhaps be taken as an example—in the one like the sultry sky of summer, in the other cool and exhilarating as on the first fine day of spring. Painting the Allegories upon a gold ground, Giotto loses the opportunity of insisting, as notably he insists at Padua, on the

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decorative value of broad spaces of blue, but finds a substitute for sky in the draperies of a pair of angels, who in three of the compositions float (or kneel) above the rest. In the Life of Christ series, the decorative value of sky background is not keenly felt, a trait which separates it sharply from Giotto's work, who, to the end of his life, brings down the sky to the very foreground of his pictures, and even never paints an interior without artificially lowering its roof, so as to show the sky above it, if only in a strip.

A final argument remains, of value wholly sentimental, and yet to my mind as forcible as any of the rest. The orderly disposition of the series is interrupted, as we have seen, by the presence of Cimabue's famous "Madonna with Angels and St. Francis." A careful examination of that picture shows that it has been subjected to barbarous treatment by the Giottesque painter. In the first place, its symmetry has been destroyed: there can be little doubt that St. Clare stood originally on the Virgin's right, so balancing the figure of St. Francis, who is still to be seen on her left. But the picture has suffered further. Its frame is one in pattern and design with that of the Life of Christ: that is, it no longer possesses the frame Cimabue gave it; and there can be no doubt that the later painter, desiring to arrange the series to his own advantage, has encroached on Cimabue's background from every side. The wings of the angels on the left are obviously mutilated: we must be thankful that he has subordinated his framework to the shape of the Madonna's head. But there is reason for believing that he took still greater liberties. In an old print, kindly lent me by M. Paul Sabatier, in which the general effect of the interior and its decoration was given as it appeared in the early years of the nineteenth century, I found St. Francis encased in a little framework of his own; when I returned to the fresco the blurred semi-erased appearance of the angels' wings, over which this framework must have passed, left me convinced that it was not a creation of the engraver's fancy; and the natural inference is that the original painter, after

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destroying Cimabue's St. Clare, thought to restore symmetry to his Madonna by setting St. Francis in a separate panel.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to produce arguments for believing Giotto innocent of thus defacing his master's work: the evidence will vary in its appeal, as sentimental evidence always must, depending in this case on the reader's estimate of Giotto's character and of his artistic sense.

Let me offer, in conclusion, a short summary of my leading arguments. I have endeavoured to show that tradition offers no authority for the attribution of these works to Giotto, that the impression they create in the mind of modern observers suggests the presence in them of qualities uncharacteristic of his genius, and that, compared with the Paduan series, they show a technical advance only matched by their intellectual inferiority. I have also called attention to a number of traits that distinguish them from the whole of Giotto's extant work: disappearance, in particular, of the sense of the requirements of historical truth, loss of decorative effect, and a new pictorial treatment.

They seem, finally, to contain traits by which they can be connected with the main line of the Giottesque succession. I have called attention to one of these, and hope to be able to produce corroborative evidence at a later date.

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

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BANKERS AND BROKERS IN ANCIENT ROME[1]

THE recent discovery of the place which was once the Bourse and the Exchange of ancient Rome, and the laying bare of the pavement of the adjoining "Street of Janus," which may be called the Wall Street of the old city, have brought once more into prominence the question as to whether in those days the fluctuations of the money-market, the ways of borrowing and lending, the spirit of thrift, of saving, and of investing in securities, were subject to, or actuated by, the same principles of economy which we consider to be the foundation of our modern public and private prosperity.

First as to the discovery of this business-centre of classic Rome.

A row of banking premises on the north or sunny side of the Forum, where brokers, money-lenders, and usurers received their clients, is known to have existed since the fourth century B.C. The offices were called *Tabernae Argentariae.* On the day of the triumph of Lucius Papirius, dictator, gilt shields of the conquered Samnites were lent to the bankers for the decoration of their shop-fronts.

The shops were destroyed in the great fire of 210 B.C., and when they were reconstructed five years later they changed

[1] Copyright 1903 in the United States of America by the Perry, Mason Company.

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their old name of *Argentariae* into that of *Novae*—the New Shops. When Lucius Æmilius Paulus built on the same side of the Forum his famous court-house (the Basilica Æmilia), the bankers' shops were amalgamated in the new structure, on the side facing the public square, from the area of which they were separated by the "Street of Janus."

Money-dealers congregated in this street to transact their affairs, just as the *mercanti-di-campagna*, or cattle- and grain-dealers of modern Rome, meet for the same purpose in the Piazza Colonna. And as these last seek shelter from the inclemency of weather under the portico built by Pope Gregory XVI. on the west side of the Piazza, so the *argentarii* of classic times used to repair to the colonnade of the Æmilian court-house, whenever rain, wind, frost, or heat made the meeting in the open disagreeable or unendurable.

For these reasons Janus, in the sense of a street (and especially its middle section, called the Janus Medius), appears in the writings of Cicero and Horace as the Wall Street of the Metropolis, where fortunes were made and lost with equal facility.

Cicero refers his clients who seek for an increase of fortune to the worthies sitting at the Middle Janus; Horace also speaks of the lessons to be learned in this place concerning the value of money; and Damasippus, in one of Horace's satires, mourns over his fortune lost in the same neighbourhood.

We may picture these shrewd old Harpagons sitting at their desks, upon which piles of foreign and colonial coins were set up under the protection of a wire netting, in roomy but ill-lighted and chilly offices. These offices opened on a portico supporting a piazza, which was used as a stand, whence the processions, or games, or shows, celebrated in the area below, could be viewed.

The shops were distinguished by a number, marked on the corresponding pillar of the portico. Catullus mentions the ninth, counting from the corner by Castor's temple.

The front wall was used occasionally for the exhibition of

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pictures, representing the latest events of war. One of these battle-pieces was painted on the occasion of the triumph of Caius Marius over the Cimbrians. Among the Barbarians, making their last stand on the battlefield, there was one whose ugly and repulsive face was always taken as a term of comparison by the lawyers arguing their cases in the Forum whenever they wanted to ridicule their opponents.

We cannot enter these newly rediscovered offices, we cannot tread their marble floors, worn by the feet of the bulls and bears of classic times, without feeling a strong sense of actuality, especially as that pavement, as well as that of the Basilica of which the offices formed part, has been found covered with loose coins.

This abnormal dispersion of money all over the place was either contemporary with, or soon followed by, a raging fire; many coins, therefore, have been melted and welded together into a shapeless mass of metal. These masses, as well as single coins, have also been cemented against the marble slabs of the pavement, which appears all marked with spots of verdigris.

Many thousand specimens of this currency (of the end of the fourth century) have been put aside in these last excavations, and many hundred are still to be seen cemented to the flooring; but great as their number may be they represent only a small fraction of what the *cinquecento* excavators were able to carry off when they first looted the Basilica Æmilia in 1531.

An eye-witness of this event, Bartolomeo Marliano, mentions "magnam aereorum nummorum copiam"—a great mass of copper coins—among the spoils gathered on that occasion.

The existence of bankers (*argentarii*) at Rome can be proved as early as 309 B.C., although silver (*argentum*) was not coined in Roman mints before 268; but their name can easily be explained if we consider them as simple changers of foreign silver into Roman bronze currency, or *vice versâ*.

Later on the money-changing business was handed over to an inferior class of agents, called *nummularii*, while pure

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banking operations, such as the opening of current accounts, the receiving of deposits and the making of loans, was reserved to the *argentarii*. They also drew bills of exchange payable by their correspondents abroad, and delivered letters of credit, an operation which made it imperative for the banker to be acquainted with the current value of the same coin in different countries and at different times.

Judging by the great and various facilities offered to Roman citizens for the safe keeping and the safe investment of the sums of money which constituted the surplus of their yearly balance and the savings of their life, we must come to the conclusion that the spirit of thrift and the economisation of money must have been prevalent in those days.

Although we have no evidence as to the existence of regular savings-banks, we know that money could be put at interest or laid by for future emergencies in three ways: by trusting it to bankers; by trusting it to priests; and by depositing it in safes guaranteed by the State.

As regards the first case: if the money was deposited by the owner as a *depositum*, that is, to save himself the trouble or danger of keeping it and making payments at home, then the banker paid no interest, but simply honoured the cheques of the client as long as there was a balance in his favour; but when the money was deposited as a *creditum*, that is, at interest for a specified period of time, the banker was allowed to use and invest it to the best of his judgment.

There were less risks, perhaps, to be incurred in ancient times in these dealings than there are now; because the bankers were considered public functionaries, and placed under the supervision of the Prefect of the city; for which purpose they were obliged to keep their accounts in books called *codices*, or *tabulae*, or *rationes*, open to official inspection. The only danger incurred in dealing with them was that, in case of failure, the law enacted that the claims of the *depositarii* should be satisfied before those of creditors who had money at interest in the bank.

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The interest on money (*fenus, foenus*) was, as a rule, much higher in the early days of Rome than under the late Republic or the Empire. A high rate of interest is characteristic of the infancy of industry and trade, especially in agricultural countries; the natural tendency of small cultivators being to sink into debt, and to mortgage future crops for the sake of immediate subsistence.

Hence in early Latium the rate of interest was originally unlimited, and the grievances of debtors—liable to personal slavery by the law of *addictio*—fill a large space in the struggles between the patricians and the plebeians.

The first restriction upon usury was imposed by the law of the Twelve Tables, which established one ounce in the pound as the nominal rate of interest, viz., the twelfth part of the principal, or eight and one-third per cent. annually. Neibuhr, Huschke and Mommsen, however, believe that the legal year for money-lending transactions was not of twelve but of ten months; in which case the interest, sanctioned by the law of the Twelve Tables, would really amount to ten per cent. instead of eight and one-third.

In the time of Sulla the Dictator the interest on loans became due on the kalends, viz., on the first of every month, and this is the reason why the name of calendar (*kalendarium*) was attributed to memoranda of debts or to account-books.

It is evident that towards the end of the Republic creditors had become more cautious in lending money, and more exacting as to the payment of interest due upon it, which amounted then to twelve per cent. This very high rate of one *as* in the hundred per month, was known among the clients of the "Janus" as the *centesimae usurae;* because a sum equal to the whole principal would thus be paid back in a hundred months.

Under the early Empire we find used the now familiar expression "a modest five per cent.," while higher rates of interest were considered to savour of "sweating." In the time of Trajan we find money invested on mortgage at the wonderfully small rate of two and one-half per cent.

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Savings, as I remarked above, could be deposited not only with bankers but also with priests, who used the innermost sanctuary of their temples for a safe. Herodianus, describing the appalling fire of A.D. 191, by which the Forum and the Temple of Peace were reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins, mentions the loss of an untold amount of private property, in money, in jewels, and in securities, which had been confided to the care of the local clergy.

In the temple of Vulcan at Ostia there were two safes, one for small valuables right under the altar; the other, formed of three ample strong-rooms, under the pavement of the *cella*. These strong-rooms were entered through a back door, the folds of which were made of heavy sheets of bronze.

A very fine collection of silver plate, including richly decorated cups, saucers, vases, statuettes, &c., was discovered in 1880 under the remains of the temple of Mercury at Bernay, in the Department of the Eure, France. The collection is now preserved in the National Library at Paris.

My opinion is that the priests not only did not allow any interest on the money confided to their care, but that they must have exacted a percentage from the depositors in return for their guarantee.

The Roman institution, however, which comes nearest to our modern repositories, or safe deposit vaults, is that of the *horrea*, or storage-houses, of which there were two kinds: the *horrea frumentaria*, in which a plentiful supply of corn was kept at the expense of the State to be distributed among the lower classes, or sold at a moderate price in seasons of scarcity or of famine; and the *horrea* repositories in which the citizens were allowed to deposit such goods or such valuables as they could find no safe place for in their own houses.

These establishments covered an immense area in the plains of Monte Testuccio, between the Aventine and the Tiber, and it was precisely in this district that the official advertisement for leasing a repository belonging to the Emperor Hadrian was discovered in the spring of 1885. I have given the text of this

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remarkable and unique document in "Pagan and Christian Rome," pp. 45–46. It begins with the words:

"To be let from to-day, and hereafter annually, beginning on December 18th, these warehouses, together with their granaries, wine-cellars, strong-boxes, and repositories. The watching of the place by a body of special officers is included in the lease." Then follow several stipulations as to the length of lease, payment of rent, prohibition of sub-letting, obligations of giving to the keeper-in-chief an assignment of the goods stored, etc., worded in straightforward, honest, businesslike language, that would do credit to many modern parallel institutions.

Putting together all these facts and considerations we gain the certainty that the spirit of economy, frugality and thriftiness was widespread among the Romans, wealthy as well as of moderate means, patricians as well as toilers in the field of labour.

However, the only section of this last class which has left for us a certain amount of information about the laying-by of earnings is that of the jockeys, or racers, of the circus (*agitatores circenses*), of whom there were four squadrons in Rome, the Whites, the Greens, the Reds, and the Blues. Juvenal, the satirist, assures us that one of these low, vulgar fellows could make in a short season one hundred-fold the income of a celebrated lawyer.

I discovered on May 20, 1878, near the barracks of the Greens, by S. Lorenzo in Damaso, the eulogy of a young rider of African extraction, named Crescens, engraved on a fine marble pedestal. This fellow of barely twenty-two had already gained—if not put aside—one million and a half of *sestertii*, a sum corresponding to thirteen thousand pounds.

The great Diocles, the prince of Roman jockeys, the Archer of classic times, left to his son a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This is, manifestly, a remarkable case of thrift in a man belonging to a circle which had greediness, prodigality and debauchery for its characteristics.

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A third rider, Ælius Gutta Calpurnianus, must also have laid by a colossal fortune, judging from the magnificence of his mausoleum, the remains of which, discovered in 1878 on the Via Flaminia, form one of the best ornaments of the Municipal Museum on the Cœlian Hill.

One of the greatest impediments to the spreading of the spirit of thrift must be found in the disgraceful institution of ancient times, by which the lower half of the population of Rome was fed at the expense of the State for purely political reasons. The celebrated Grain Laws, originated at the time of Caius Gracchus, were amplified and perfected in subsequent times by Clodius, Pompey, Sulpicius, Galba, Sejanus, and various emperors to such an extent that sixty-nine millions of hectolitres had to be imported every year from Egypt, and double that figure from Sicily, Numidia, Sardinia, Grenada, and the lower valley of the Danube.

In 312 A.D. there were in Rome alone two hundred and ninety public granaries! Now, when a population feels that—no matter how much money is thrown away and sunk in debauchery—the daily allowance of bread is, at all events, insured, and not only the bread, but also a good share in public entertainments (*panem et circenses!*) why should they trouble themselves about the future and make provision against contingencies from which, really, they had nothing to fear? The fable of the ant and the cricket had no meaning whatever in the mind of a Roman plebeian!

Let us now turn our attention from single individuals to companies, from single labourers to trade unions, from private to collegiate interests. The spirit of association, which generally carries with it a spirit of thrift and of mutual assistance and co-operation, and also the institution of a social fund, was greatly developed in ancient times.

Twenty-six such guilds are registered in connection with the harbour of Rome alone, viz., those of masters of river-barges; of masters of sea-going vessels; of masters and seamen from Numidia, Sardinia, the Adriatic, Carthage and

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Terrasina; of bargemen and longshoremen, of ship-builders, caulkers, and naval architects; of timber and iron merchants; of metal-founders; of ferrymen; of measurers of grain; of fishermen, divers, underwriters, bakers, carpenters; of importers of wheat, firewood, wine and leather; of the salt-carriers, &c.

The organisation of these trade unions has been closely investigated by Mommsen, De Rossi, Rodocanachi, Waltzing, &c., but, alas! no trace has been found of a fund set apart to help the members in case of need, of sickness, and of bodily disablement, and to insure them a pension when they could work or co-operate no more.

The purpose of these associations was essentially *funeraticium*; they had a social *arca*, or chest, made up of entrance fees and yearly contributions, or from the revenues of collegiate property; but the money could only be spent in providing the deceased members with a decent funeral, a decent resting-place, and a decent periodical commemoration.

Considering all these things, we must come to the conclusion that the spirit of thrift and saving was fairly well developed *individually* in ancient times among the upper and the middle classes; in a much lesser degree among the plebeians, fed and amused as they were at the expense of the State.

Their only anxiety in life was to secure a proper entombment, and to avoid the much-dreaded *puticula* or common pits of the Esquiline; and for this purpose alone they joined together in guilds and companies, and contributed to the social chest. No institutions which can bear resemblance to our savings-banks or prudential institutions can be found in ancient times; there was no public spirit of economy, just as there was no public spirit of charity.

The hospital, even in its rudimentary shape, was not known to the Romans before the third century of the Christian Era. Noblemen were not in need of public medical help, as they counted a family doctor among their own freedmen (*liberti*),

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while slaves, of whom the manufacturing and trading classes were composed, had to be nursed at the expense of their masters in case of illness.

Whatever feelings of charity may have developed in private individuals, they were counteracted to a certain extent by the maintenance of slavery, and by the passion for bloody gladiatorial fights, which rendered Roman hearts and souls insensible to the sufferings of their neighbours.

The only institution which savours of a true benevolent and charitable feeling is that of the *pueri et puellae alimentarii* dating from the time of Trajan. It consisted of distributions of corn, oil, and money to be made every month to orphans and to the children of destitute parents, to whom also an elementary education was imparted gratuitously.

Two records of this institution, engraved on bronze tablets, have already been found, one at Veleia near Piacenza in 1747, one at Campolattaro near Benevento in 1832. According to these documents the emperor had lent large sums at low interest to both municipalities, on the security of landed estates, the interest of which was paid to the municipal chest for the support of needy children of both sexes.

In conjunction with the official charities many private charities sprang up at the same time, such as that founded by Pliny the younger at Como, and by Helvius Basila at Atina.

Other records of kindred foundations have been discovered at Terrasina, at Sicca and at Hierapolis. We learn from a decree of Hadrian that boys enjoyed the benefits of this charity up to their eighteenth, and girls up to the fourteenth year; we learn also, from an inscription published by Fabretti, that a boy four years and seven months old had already received nine times the monthly distribution of corn.

At Sicca Veneria, a modest township of Numidia (the site of which is marked by the present hamlet of Kaff), three hundred boys, between three and fifteen, and two hundred girls between three and thirteen, received the benefits of the foundation.

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Trajan's benevolent plans were carried on on a larger scale by Hadrian, and brought to perfection by the Antonines, who established additional foundations in memory of the two Faustinas. In fact, the merit of having organised a service of public medical assistance—gratuitous in case of the poor—belongs to Antoninus Pius, who acted, I am sure, under the indirect influence of Christian charity, for the new Faith had made great progress in Rome under his wise and temperate rule.

RODOLFO LANCIANI.

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THE OLD CONTROVERSY

ABOUT the body and practice of any art is for ever waged an intermittent war of the practitioners. These, with their divergent theories which they must ardently defend, see causes of affront on all hands, set up their banners, and by alarms and excursions protract campaigns and shed much innocent blood on stricken fields. In the sphere of paint, impressionism takes the scalp of the "anecdotic" school; or in music, Wagnerites make raids upon the orthodox; or again in literature, romance and naturalism are still at odds. This last antagonism, indeed, seems permanent. It has existed from time immemorial, and shows no signs of dying with the progress of history and the race. Now the one and now the other cause has emerged triumphant from the dust and (one must admit) also the mud of the conflict; but the effect is in the end null, as the see-saw of successes and failures cannot very well result in a definite conclusion, and the most that can happen is that each party may complacently claim a victory when its interests are uppermost and most popular. At the moment it seems pretty clear that we are emerging rapidly from a romantic movement into a critical atmosphere which is making for realism. Romance may very well be said to have had "its innings," and some people will account that an unreasonably lengthy innings, if not one which was only contrived by the heretical deeds and false doctrines of Robert Louis Stevenson and his friends.

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Yet it is difficult to see why Mr. Stevenson's version of the art of fiction, or Sir Walter Scott's, should be more heretical than Mr. Anthony Trollope's or Balzac's. The scope and range of fiction is broad, as broad as human nature, and as hospitable as human interest. One should not seek to pen fiction within limits—that would be retrograde—but rather to develop its branches into as highly specialised arts as may be possible. In this house are many mansions, and it would ill become the inhabitant of any particular flat to cry out that he was the only legitimate tenant. The history of the novel gives no authority to those who would so narrow its definition. Its origin is not lost in the mists of remote antiquity, but is yet of respectable age. Undoubtedly the first form of the novel was merely the art of story-telling: an admirable art at its best. But this is precisely what a certain class of critic would nowadays rule out of the game. The story, to the "naturalist," is anathema, as such; and I am inclined to believe that a devoted disciple of the realistic school would consider a novel, which otherwise fell in exactly with his views, at fault if it boasted the meretricious attractions of a good plot. In the same way the fanatic painter has been known to condemn in a picture, otherwise admirable in his eyes, a regrettable leaning to anecdote. It is unreasonable that we should be asked to look coldly on all sections of the art save one, seeing that there is no special excuse for establishing any one as the proper standard. I am bound to say that this is not so much a fault of the romanticists as of the realists. It is the latter who display the stronger feeling, perhaps because they have been so long in the cold, but, I think (and I hope not unkindly), more from a virtuous feeling of self-righteousness. But self-righteousness oversteps the boundaries of arrogance and injustice not seldom, and the "naturalists" do not spare their enemy. They can see nothing in Bret Harte, and approve of Mark Twain because he wrote "Huckleberry Finn." They have a feeling of superior contempt for Stevenson, except perhaps for his "Will o' the Mill" or "Markheim," they will tell you. They rush for their spear

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and armour at once, on the merest sight of an historical novel. "Esmond" and "The Virginians" are to them pitiable failures. Their gods are Balzac, George Eliot, Trollope, Zola, and Mr. George Moore. Considering these tastes and distastes, which are taken at random, it is not difficult to come at the state of mind which dictates them; and the "naturalist" would probably prefer to dignify his criterion of criticism in the word Sincerity. I have no objection to his claim, for it is, I admit, sincerity, or truth to human life, at which he aims. As a consequence Bret Harte, who built a delectable fairy world of romance for himself and his readers, comes under the ban of the critic; and Stevenson, who wrote of things which, the "naturalist" bitterly complains, "do not happen nowadays," is also condemned, except for his essays or such pieces of fiction as are obviously allegories. The historical novel, again, including "Esmond," is rejected, on the frank ground that no one can write sincerely of a past age, since that age must necessarily be foreign to him.

The narrowness of this point of view is obvious, but is it right and proper? The broad way leads, we know, sometimes to destruction, and the narrow way may be the only path to salvation. Historically, it is clear that the view is *not* right. Perhaps, then, we have so improved on the original, or let us say aboriginal, view, that we are justified in discarding it, as grown people have discarded the pinafores and bibs of childhood. Undoubtedly our elementary need is a definition, although possibly we should all be quarrelling over that also. But there is a point in the discrimination made by the realists between Stevenson's stories and Stevenson's allegories which is interesting, if only because it discovers to us that even in their stern eyes all fiction is not homogeneous. To condemn "Olalla" on the ground of unreality and "shamness," and to excuse "Markheim" because it is an allegory seems to me to give the case bodily away; inasmuch as it goes to show that there are legitimate categories in fiction. "Markheim" and "Will o' the Mill" are allegories. The

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realist will allow you allegories. But will he not, therefore, also allow you parables and fairy-tales? And if not, why not? Why is the line drawn and where? If he reply that fiction (or the novel) is a term which must mean specifically one thing, we, who are not devotees, but fair and open-minded readers, we hope, would like to ask, why? Historically there is no warrant for the limitation, nor is there etymologically. At what precise time, then, and by what authority did the words take on that restricted meaning? As a matter of fact, it is not very easy to see how the most obstinate and obdurate of men could deny the existence of the fairy-tale. It has laws of its own and a character. So, too, has the naturalistic novel which is "sincere" and deals frankly with naked life. So, too, has the novel of adventure, and so, too, with all respect, has the historical novel. Fiction, starting out from story-telling pure and simple, has, in accordance with the law of evolution, split into several branches and specialised each. Of its very last specialisation I shall have something to say presently.

When you plead for some favourite romance the realist will meet you in argument with the statement, bald and abrupt, that there are no "physical adventures now—only emotional." You may not write historical romances because you are out of the contemporary atmosphere; and you are debarred from modern romances of plot or incident because there are no longer any "physical adventures." The novel of to-day, he declares stoutly, must be written in emotions and frames of mind. You are allowed a fair field, and can choose between emotions of sex, of religion, of business, philoprogenitive or pious emotions, or any other you may find relating to human life and conduct. It is an excellent, liberal scope, I will admit at once, but—you may not coquette with that false goddess, Romance, by the way. Otherwise you are "insincere," you are heretical. "People don't do these things," as Judge Brack says in "Hedda Gabler." Unhappily for the argument it is demonstrable that people *do*. The growth of law and order, the increase of industrialism, the abolition, at

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least in part, of the duello, and the merging of the unknown wildernesses in modern civilisation—all these things, characteristic as they are of life to-day, avail in no wise to eliminate "physical adventure" from the facts of that life. The attitude of these protestants against romance reminds one not a little of the admirable Peace Society, which would have us disarm all over the globe, from Pole to Pole, because in England or in America a certain pitch of civilisation which abhors war has been reached. Outside that advance guard of Occidental progress there is no distaste or disapprobation of war. There swords clank and rifles reverberate continually, and over a large part of the world sacrifices for ever go up to the God of War and human life is accounted nothing. Until the nations are in line and accord there is no possibility of general disarmament. And because in America or in England we have got rid of many sources of "physical adventure," therefore it does not follow that the same is true of the world in general. Indeed, we know it to be wholly untrue. And, after all, how much have we eliminated? No highwaymen ply longer on Hounslow or on Finchley, it is true; Sir George and Sir James do not pink each other any longer at Chalk Farm; but these are forms of adventure merely characteristic of another century, which in its turn differed from preceding centuries. As well might the people of the seventeenth century have boasted that there were no "physical adventures" in their time, inasmuch as no longer did pious warriors march to storm Acre or wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Saladin. The accidents and incidents of life are innumerable, and it is mere blindness which cannot see them everywhere. There is war, there is death, there is suicide, there are a hundred violences which are evident every day. If we have no longer the duello, we have replaced it by the wounds and fatalities of the factory, the engine-house or the railway train. Life is proportionately as insecure now as it was then, allowing for the advance of medical and surgical skill. But then disease was never the subject-matter of romance.

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These remarks apply more especially to Great Britain. In the whirl of the world across the channel the reign of incident, and the factors that make for incident, is quite as powerful as in the middle ages. You may still practise the duello there to your heart's content, and kings, kingdoms, princes, potentates, and petty powers are as innumerable as ever. Save for drains and sewers, and macadamised roads and the police, I can picture another adventurous progress across Middle Europe, as full and as exciting as that related in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Princes might be offended, Court regulations violated, prisons endured, and encounters with high-mettled German officers arranged to suit any taste. One might even add to these passports and railway officials. I am not an Alpine expert, but, so far as I know, there was no mountaineering in the golden times of "physical adventure." Our century, therefore, is at an advantage here, for we have an extra form of violent end to the good. No mediæval chronicler of imagination would have been fool enough to make one of his characters tumble into a crevasse or fall from a lofty peak. Current public opinion would not have stood the insanity. The novelist to-day is under no such restrictions. No physical adventures! Why, they are immensely increased by the complexities of modern life. One may die in battle, one may starve on wastes as in old time, and to these picturesque fates may be added the uncertainties of the railway train and the vicissitudes of the motor-car. It seems to me that we are for ever adding to the possibilities of this frail and casual life.

Oddly enough, it is from America that the most sounding protest against romance has reached us. America seems to thrust upon us most of her fashions and practices, even down to Christian Science and quack medicines. A certain reaction has broken out of late years, and the public will no longer sway to the piping of Mr. Howells and those who battle with him for the genuine thing. This dates, as a distinguished American critic has pointed out to me, from the invention of the second-rate American novel. But the first-rate American

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novel still remains faithful to its naturalistic ideal, and Mr. Howells is its prophet and priest. Yet one would suppose that in the United States, above all countries, the claims of "incident" would have been acknowledged. It is the land of physical wonders, in which such things may happen as to amaze the comparatively staid and conservative peoples of the Old World. If I am to judge by what I have read, it should be impossible to live in any part of America a week without some adventure. I don't know what Mr. Howells does or where he can hide himself to avoid them. As for me, I am persuaded that the west is like the east, and that between the Atlantic and the Pacific lies a paradise of adventure even wilder and more unexpected than any Orient gardens. That strenuous civilisation is always bewildering us with its strange accidents, its colossal strikes, and its revolutionary changes of fortune. We do not now poison our political enemies in Europe, so far as I know, as once was common enough. Yet I would hesitate to say that we had not some compensation for that extinct custom. I am sure there is as much romance in Tammany as there was in any secret society of Venice and the Medicis. Of course on this side of the ocean we are dependent upon New York newspapers for our information as to American affairs. But if these are credible a study of Tammany would well repay a Wilkie Collins or the author of "The Leavenworth Case." I can imagine no more congenial task for either of these ingenious writers than the adaptation of elements such as emerged into the smothered light of day in connection with the recent police scandal in New York City. In France, where I believe this controversy, proper to more serious natures, is not of quite so large a shape as with us, there is plenty of evidence to refute naturalistic pretensions. One need go no further than the Panama case in politics, or the Humbert scandal in Society. And still Boulangers in every country shoot themselves on their ladies' graves. The futility of the argument which I have been dealing with is, indeed, clear to any one who stops to consider the constitution of the human

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creature. It is possible that some day we may eliminate "incident" and confine ourselves to "emotional adventures," but I confess I see no sign of it. Everything makes for an enlarged area of chances, and, though the kind of "physical adventure" alters, the vicissitudes themselves increase rather than fall off. It is among the Ainus, if I remember rightly, that Mr. Herbert Spencer finds the most perfect ethical system, because the Ainus have not known martial conditions for many hundred years. Well, possibly when we are like the hairy Ainus, we, too, may eliminate the accidents which make up our present unhappy and unjust life—but it will not be till then.

The truth is that the realist doctrinaire is fighting for a dogma, not a creed, and fighting, too, against a broader view. It is more generous as well as more just to acknowledge the wide embrace of fiction, to keep one's own preferences may-be, but to contemn and to deny no one's authority. The world is big enough for us all, whatever be our tastes and habits; and no one compels us to read any particular kind of book or to admire it. I may have no feeling for the particular "ism" dear to Mr. George Moore or to Mr. Andrew Lang, but I must not dispute their right to exist and enjoy their own opinions. Yet it was Mr. Moore who, shortly after Stevenson's death, delivered a savage attack upon the modern master of romance. It was unmannerly, and it also had the additional demerit of being untrue. For the qualities that go to make fiction are the mental properties of the writer, and, provided a certain form is adhered to, as to which, indeed, there is plenty of liberty, nothing is demanded except the manifestation of those qualities in print. Form, plot, character, style, philosophy, wit, humour, pathos—all these are properties which should combine in the perfect novel. There is no reason in the world why they should not be seen in combination in an historical novel or in a novel of adventure. One may agree that they are not often seen in such works, but then they are not always seen in the psychological novel either. Second-rate

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and third-rate work is always in excess in any class of art. And if the historical novel tends to lack one or more of these properties—character, say, or humour—the psychological novel is usually weak in form and plot, if in nothing else. Because I admire Mr. George Moore's novel, "Sister Theresa," as a remarkable study of a certain class of muliebrity, and admire it despite its formlessness and its lack of humour, may I not also admire Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers" as a radiant piece of fancy, which has invested itself with a fairy atmosphere of its own? To speak vulgarly, I do not care two buttons whether Mr. Hewlett's tale is true to whatever century it is pitched in. What appeal to me are the properties resident in the author by which this work is accomplished, and which are reflected in it. The "Forest Lovers" is a fairy-tale, excellent in its class, but no one would deny that, *ceteris paribus*, a tale of character might be better work. In "Esmond" are to be found all the qualities that compose good fiction, but "Esmond" is regarded by our friends, the psychologists, as a comparative failure. Thackeray, they say, should have written about his own time. He did write about his own time, and wonderfully; but what hinders it that he should write also about another time, in which he has depicted characters true to their atmosphere and condition? Is Thackeray to be condemned solely because "Esmond" is not concerned with modern times? It seems so. On the *ipse dixit* of our critic, the realist, we are to be torn from our idols. The work is not "sincere"; but nude studies from Whitechapel or the Bowery in the year of grace 1908, or photographs from Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue, or phonograms from rustic hillsides and valleys—these, being faithful and true—are to be preferred to works which employ the eye of the imagination. There is an amazing amount of characterisation in "Treasure Island," but it is a bloody piece of adventure, and it has form and plot and style, and moreover it is "historical." Away with it to the school library! But to do them justice, mere blood and riot are not objected to by the

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realists, when they are considered necessary. I have read recently quite a remarkable book, written unfortunately too much under the influence of Zola, by Mr. Frank Norris. "The Octopus" is a patient, "sincere," and at times tedious study of wheat-growing in Western America. Blood and violence find place in it, and it achieves an effect by the imaginative power of realisation possessed by its author. The thought, however, on laying the book down takes the form of regret that Mr. Norris was so negligent of form. The possession of that would have reduced the material to a shapely size, and have eliminated and emphasised and minimised to the advantage of the work as a piece of art.

It is art, indeed, which the critics I am discussing will hardly admit into their consideration. The plain and self-evident fact that all art must be regarded in the light of the rules of art does not seem to be borne in on them. That which makes the widest appeal by reason of its general recognition by the public must in their view be more important than that which is appreciable only by the few. The great truth that art makes certain demands of those who would appreciate it, and therefore must always be aristocratic rather than democratic, is not accepted by such critics. The motto of art for art's sake has, therefore, been considered a reproach, just as if you should preferably have art for commerce's sake, or even art for morality's sake. I cannot imagine even the staunchest psychologist going forth to do battle under such banners. It is not objected against mediæval painters that they did not get the proper atmosphere of their religious pictures. The great masters depicted Christ, Virgin, and Apostles in Florentine or Paduan guise and costume; but the pictures remain for all that among the priceless possessions of to-day. The people of "Ivanhoe" or "Salambô" are the people of nineteenth-century England or France, but that does not prevent both romances from being valuable works of art. But art is no longer an acceptable term in certain quarters; Truth, with a capital, has taken its place, and *en revanche*, the

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motto is truth for truth's sake. Art has nothing whatever to do with truth *per se*, but merely with the exhibition or materialisation of certain human mental gifts. The school which inscribes truth on its flag is under the obsession, in short, of *choses vues*, the blessed phrase derived from a writer who was of quite another complexion. According to this theory it becomes the aim of every good writer of fiction to transcribe faithfully from life and life alone. Who gave leave, one would ask, to limit the novel to this meticulous transcript? A novel may very well be that, and be a very excellent novel, but it is not necessary. The point of view, as I have said, appears to me intolerant, shallow, exiguous and ungenerous. The broad brush must, then, give way to the photograph, and the dramatic to the commonplace! A criticism which I have heard offered upon the striking finish of a novel is, that life does not necessarily bring such effects, indeed that life is sparing of them. It is true, but no writer is bound to reckon up chances by the laws of probability and select his episodes with mathematical fidelity. Art is not composed of *choses vues*, but of *choses choisies*, and there, in a phrase, is the flaw that vitiates the whole position of this school. For the acceptance of the *choses vues* tradition involves the sacrifice of form, the neglect of style, and the complete disregard of plot. It is, indeed, an abnegation of the principles of art, or, at least, what has been art for these two or three thousand years.

At its best the naturalistic conception of the novel—perhaps I should write limitation of the novel—involves a faithful realisation of the emotions, but asks nothing much else. At its worst (and it usually is at its worst, for masters are rare) it becomes merely photography, the accumulation of detail, the tedious iteration of life in a hundred phases of no consequence. It is not facts which matter, but the human emotions derivative from facts; and all things that happen are by no means of equal importance. Some, indeed, are of no importance in the world. Of course the "naturalist" who is also an artist will recognise this fact, and shape and hew at

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his pleasure: but for the most part it is understood by that school that any observations are as useful or as vital as any others. There is no value from the point of view of art in the photography which shows the legs of a galloping horse in ridiculous attitudes. It serves, no doubt, an excellent purpose in science, but science is not art. The sooner, indeed, that it is recognised that truth has nothing to do with art (and that a beautiful work of art may be one colossal lie), the sooner will the errors and heresies of criticism pass.

The qualities which go to make a good plot or story are not inconsiderable, provided the story is well told. It is true that invention is a lower faculty than imagination, being dependent as it is on factual memory, and not on emotional memory. Yet who can separate invention from imagination in any specific work of the human mind? The properties are inseparably united in almost every performance. But this same invention, so greatly despised, seems to be held in contempt because of its limitations. The hands go up, with shoulders and eyebrows, in expressive scorn of the poor spirit which is content to reproduce for the thousandth time some feature of nature or some common human act. What hurts the realist is to come upon a man hanging from a cliff or a handsome young gentleman stopping a runaway carriage. I have no objection in the least, myself, to these incidents, provided they are handled properly; for, although I have come across them before, the emotional value to me is represented by the treatment, and, besides, such things do happen, not once but frequently. People *do* hang from cliffs—I have a distinct recollection of doing so myself once—and people do save others from accidents of various kinds. The only objection I would take to the current tales of adventure is that they do not introduce half the amazing things that might and do happen. Is it, then, because these incidents are outworn that our realistic friends object to them? If that be so we shall have a right to complain that the emotions also are outworn, and we may be excused for turning the pages impatiently when

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we come upon instances of love, jealousy, fear or filial affection. These things have been used ten thousand times. We are sick of them. Really if the "naturalists" cannot do anything fresher they had better put up the shutters. And one may note, too, that it is surprisingly odd that the same people who object to "incident" on the score of its hackneyed character, should be content to pass their time in transcribing *clichés* from life. There are, in short, if we confess and be candid, more *facts* in the world than there are *emotions*, and yet the value to a human reader is the influence of facts upon the emotions, by which means, according to the laws of permutation, we get an almost infinite variety of interest rendered possible to the novelist. And I, for one, would not confine him within the stone walls of any special theory.

I have referred above to a new form of specialisation which is the last to be assumed by the novel. This, to me, is a most interesting development, interesting none the less because of the arrogance of its claims to wipe out all previous elderly respectable specialisations. Age should have rendered these immune from attack, but the "naturalist" will not consent to spare them. In developing its theories logically, naturalism has developed along with them its style, or lack of style, if you will. The old idea of literature was that it was a refined and more comprehensive form of language daily heard in the markets and on 'Change. By degrees this stock of words, phrases and ideas enlarged its borders, specialised its functions, and grew aristocratic. From it was derived the *litera scripta*, as distinct from the *litera dicta*. Therefore when a writer sat down to pen his thoughts he did not put them down in the few hundred words which he used in the course of his communications with his fellow men, but employed a far greater variety, choice and taste in writing *literature*. All writing, in the same way as all talk, is an attempt to adjust ideas current in the mind to the counters which we call words. These counters represent values, but the written language has a greater variety of

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values than the spoken. Hence it is a finer instrument. Also, it is clear from this that a certain disparity between written and spoken tongues must disclose itself and enlarge with the growth of the language. The gap must of necessity widen. There must be an increasing divorce between *litera scripta* and *litera dicta*. As a consequence it has always been the tendency of literature to idealise in phrasing spoken language. Conversations tend not to be written precisely as they occur, but to be interpreted into a slightly different medium. It is the essence that is requisite, not the detail, and as long as the departure from reality is not so gross or shocking as to be ridiculous, the idealisation is justifiable and, sometimes, even desirable. It is so, of course, with the whole body of poetry. No one speaks, or spoke, as Homer represents Achilles to have spoken, or Scott, Marmion, or even Mrs. Barrett Browning, Aurora Leigh. It is not necessary to be utterly faithful—to be literal, in fact, is not to be literary. Otherwise we should reproduce the stammers, stutters, coughs and interjections with which ordinary speech is interlarded. Art may not only select, but may idealise so long as the offspring of her ideals fulfils her purpose. And the bearing of these remarks on the subject is just this: that the naturalistic school in following up fanatically its narrow cult, tends to decline upon the *litera dicta*. If you have once made up your mind that sincerity to life is the only thing to live for, why then to be consistent you must away with all these trappings and graces called literary style. Documents, facts, details from life are what are not wanted in that case, and there is no use for *milieu*, or manner, or exactness of interpretation into words. That way, of course, lies, as is evident, the decay of literature. Yet to those who have no particular "isms" in fiction, and who are content to enjoy good work of any sort, the phenomenon is only interesting as being another development in the history of fiction. As history was evolved from the epic, and prose from verse, so in these latter days we are evolving out of literature a new form which shall deal with

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the *litera dicta*, and have nothing to do with what we have always known before as literature. It will be able to possess all the qualities of literature save one, that it has no relation to *writing*. This seems to me both important and interesting. There is no special reason why many novels written nowadays should not be cast into the shape of dialogue, possibly with written italic instructions in brackets to aid the reader. Such books may combine all excellent qualities, but we must recognise that they are distinct from what we know as novels. It might be possible to find another name for them, and I have no doubt that when the movement is fully developed and fully recognised some suitable nomenclature will be invented, or perhaps grow up naturally. Anyhow, they are certainly not novels as we know them, and perhaps if we give them another name the realists will not quarrel with us so much, but will let the poor romancer alone to practise his miserable art in peace.

The school of criticism which I have been endeavouring to deal with as fairly as possible in this article starts with imposing definite limitations on fiction. The process of definition can become amazingly arrogant, for it is always a temptation to exclude from your definition your opponent's views—from which, as a premiss, you get naturally a triumphant conclusion. To damn by definitions is a sort of divine privilege, which perhaps ordinary mortals should in their humility avoid. Yet if one party assumes the privilege, there is really no good reason for refusing it to the other. Therefore, I can conceive some embittered romancer refusing admission within the usually hospitable bounds of "literature" to this new-fangled use of language. If in this new development language is to be divorced from what we have immemorially known as literature, it must look out for a new name and a new classification. Sculpture is not painting, but both are forms of art; so (will claim my incensed romancer) literature is not this *dictature*, though both these also are forms of art. It is not possible to deny that such a medium as the latter, even although it despise and reject the "art of words" is within

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the province of art. Every *mental* quality which goes to make a good novel may be exhibited in the work of a man who is contemptuous of the old rules of form and style. A man may have imagination, fancy, wit and everything else, and yet ignore the ancient claims of language. It is becoming increasingly easier to do so with the growing separation between literary language and oral language. We use far fewer words in common talk than our fathers (if we put aside mere technical terms), and there are many books of fiction published yearly which make no pretence to do more than use the vulgar oral tongue. This, I maintain, is to invent a new medium of art, and I cannot see what is to prevent it from further developments on its own lines. It will not threaten literature when it is consciously marked off from it, but in the meantime we should frankly recognise that a new off-shoot has arisen. It will simplify matters for all concerned, and (I am even in hopes) may make peace between the two antagonistic schools. It is not, of course, necessary for the "naturalist" to write *dictature*, if I may be pardoned the unholy phrase; but he will tend to do so more than the pure romancer to whom words are the counters by which he must skilfully mark emotions. The two branches of art will be mixed oftentimes, and will cross probably more often than not; there is even such a thing as coloured sculpture, and even the Greeks invented the chryselephantine art.

If these modest efforts to throw light on a vexed subject and to mediate between two admirable and opposing wings of a great art have any success, I shall be rewarded by the peace which will ensue. But if, on the other hand, I have merely thrust myself between two angry disputants, and must get the blows of both, speaking personally but humbly, I beg to say that I have, after my own fashion, made trial not of one form of fiction only, but of both, and shall continue to do so; and that, having no prejudices, or prepossessions, I hope I may claim the indulgence of either side.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

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CHAPTER VI

BATEESE

NEXT morning Barboux and Menehwehna held a long colloquy aft, but in tones so low that John could not catch a word. By and by Muskingon was called into council, and lastly le Chameau.

The two Indians were arguing against some proposal of the Sergeant's, while by the way they pointed and traced imaginary maps with their fingers, spreading their palms apart to indicate distances, plainly turned on a point of geography. Le Chameau's opinion seemed to settle the dispute in the Sergeant's favour. Coming that afternoon to the mouth of a tributary stream on the left bank he headed the canoe for it without a word, and at once the paddles were busy, forcing her against the rapid current.

Then followed days during which, though reason might prove that in the river he held an infallible clue, John's senses lost themselves in the forest maze. It overlapped and closed upon him, folding him deeper and illimitably deeper. On the *Richelieu* he had played with thoughts of escape, noting how the canoe lagged behind its convoy, and speculating on the Indian's goodwill—faint speculations, since (without reckoning his own raw wound) McQuarters was almost too weak to stir as yet, and to abandon him would be a scurvy trick. So he had put aside his unformed plans, which at the best had been

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little better than hopes; and now the wilderness oppressed and smothered and buried them out of recollection.

The *voyageurs* made tedious progress; for almost at once they came to a chain of rapids around which the canoe had to be ported. The Indians toiled steadily, and le Chameau too, stripped to the waist and sweating; and by the second afternoon each man carried a dark red weal on one shoulder sunk in the flesh by the canoe's weight. John could walk, but was powerless to help, and McQuarters had to be lifted and carried with the baggage. Barboux confined himself to swearing and jeering at le Chameau's naked back—*diable de torse*, as he proclaimed it. The man was getting past endurance.

On the third day he called a halt, left le Chameau in charge of the camp and the prisoners, and went off with the Indians in search of a moose, whose lowing call had twice echoed through the woods during the night, and been answered by Menehwehna on his birch-horn. The forest swallowed them, and a blessed relief fell on the camp—no more oaths and gibes for a while, but rest and green shade and the murmur of the rapids below.

After the noon-day meal le Chameau stretched himself luxuriously and began to converse. He was explaining the situation with the help of three twigs, which he laid in the form of a triangle—two long sides and a short base.

"*Voyons*, this long one will be the *Richelieu* and that other the St. Lawrence; and here"—he put his finger near the base—"here is Montreal. The Sergeant knows what he is about. Those other boats, look you, will go around so——." He traced their course around the apex very slowly. "Whereas *we*——!" A quick stroke of the finger across the base filled up the sentence, and the little man smiled triumphantly.

"I see," said John, picking up the short twig and bending it into an arch, "we are now climbing up this side of the slope, eh? And on the other there will likewise be a river?"

The boatman nodded. "A hard way to find, monsieur, but have no fear. I have travelled it."

"Assuredly I should have no fear with you, M. ——."

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"Guyon, m'sieur—Jean Bateese Guyon. This M. Barboux is a merry fellow—'il ne peut pas se passer de ses enjouments.' But I was not born like this." And here he touched his shoulder very simply and gravely.

"It was an accident then, M. Guyon?"

"An accident—oh, yes, be assured it was an accident." A flush showed on the little man's cheek, and his speech, on a sudden, became very rapid. "But as we were saying, I know the tracks across yonder; and my brother Dominique he knows them even better. I wish we may see Dominique, monsieur; there is no such *voyageur* from Quebec up to Michilimackinac, aye or beyond! He has been down the Cascades by night, himself only; it was when I had my—my accident, and he must go to fetch a surgeon. All along the river it is talked of yet. But it is nothing to boast of, for the hand of God must have been upon him. And as good as he is brave!"

"And where is your brother Dominique just now?"

"He will be at home, monsieur; for soon they will be carrying the harvest at Boisveyrac, and he is now the seigneur's farmer. He will be worrying himself over the harvest, for Dominique takes things to heart, both of this world and the next; whereas—I am a good Catholic, I hope—but these things do not trouble me. It seems there is no time to be troubled." Bateese looked up shyly, with a blush like a girl's. "Monsieur may be able to tell me—or, may be, he will think it foolish. This love of women, now?"

"Proceed, M. Guyon."

"Ah, you believe in it! When the Sergeant begins his talk—*c'est bien sale*, is it not? But that is not the sort I mean. Well, Dominique is in love, and it brings him no happiness. He can never have what he wants, nor would it be right, and he knows it; but nevertheless he goes on craving for it and takes no pleasure in life for the want of it. I look at him, wondering. Then I say to myself, 'Bateese, when *le bon Dieu* broke you in pieces He was not unkind. Your heart is cracked and cannot hold love, like your brother's; but what of that,

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while God is pouring love into it all day long and never ceases? You are ugly, and no maid will ever want you for a husband; therefore, you are lucky who cannot store away desire for this or that one, like poor Dominique, who goes about aching and fit to burst. You go singing *À la claire fontaine*, which is full of unhappiness and longing, but all the while you are happy enough.' Indeed, that is the truth, monsieur. I study this love of Dominique's, which makes him miserable; but I cannot judge it. I see that it brings pain to men."

"But delight also, my friend."

"And delight also—that is understood. Monsieur is, perhaps, in love? Or has been?"

"No, Bateese; not yet."

"But you will; with that face it is certain. Now shall I tell you?—to my guessing this love of women is like an untried rapid. Something smiles ahead for you, and you push for it and *voyez!* In a moment down you go, fifteen miles an hour and the world spinning; and at the bottom of the fall, if the woman be good, sweet is the journey and you wonder, looking back from smooth water, down what shelves you were swept to her. That, I say, is what I suppose this love to be; but for myself I shall never try it. Since *le bon Dieu* broke the pitcher its pieces are scattered all over me, within; they hold nothing, but there they lie shining in their useless fashion."

"Not useless, perhaps, Bateese."

"In their useless fashion," he persisted. "They will smile and be gay at the sight of a pretty girl, or at the wild creatures in the woods yonder, or at the thoughts in a song, or for no better reason than that the day is bright and the air warm. But they can store nothing. It is the same with religion, monsieur, and with affairs of State; neither troubles my head. Dominique is devout, for example; and Father Launoy comes to talk with him, which makes him gloomy. The reverend father just hears my sins and lets me go; he knows well enough that Jean Bateese does not count. And then he and

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Dominique sit and talk politics by the hour. The father declares that all the English are devils, and that any one who fights for the Holy Church and is killed by them will rise again the third day."

John laughed aloud this time.

"I too think the reverend Father must be making some mistake," said Bateese gravely. "No doubt he has been misinformed."

"No doubt. For suppose now that I were a devil——"

"Oh, m'sieur," Bateese expostulated. "*Ça serait bien dommage!* But I hope, in any case, God would pardon me for talking with you, seeing that to hold anything, even hatred, is beyond me."

"Shall I tell you what I think, Bateese? I think we are all pitchers and perhaps made to be broken. Ten days ago I was brimful of ambitions; some one—le bon Dieu, or General Abercromby—has toppled me over and spilt them all; and here I lie on my side, not broken, but full of emptiness."

"Heh, heh—'full of emptiness!'" chuckled Bateese, to whom the phrase was new.

"It may be that in time some one will set me up again and pour into me wine of another sort. I hope for this, because it is painful to lie upset and empty; and I do not wish to be broken, for that must be even more painful—at the time, eh?"

Bateese glanced up, with a twitch of remembered pain.

"Indeed, m'sieur, it hurt—at the time."

"But afterwards—when the pieces have no more trouble, being released from pride—the pride of being a pitcher? Is it useless they are as they lie upturned, reflecting—what? My friend, if we only knew this we might discover that now, when it can no longer store up wine for itself, the pitcher is at last serving the end it was made for."

The little hunchback glanced up again quickly. "You are talking for my sake, monsieur, not for yourself. At your age I, too, could be melancholy for amusement. Ah, pardon,"

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for John had blushed hotly. "Do I not know why you said it? Am I not grateful?"

He held out a hand. His eyes were shining.

CHAPTER VII

THE WATCHER IN THE PASS

THENCEFORWARD as the forest folded them deeper John found a wonderful solace in Bateese's company, although the two seldom exchanged a word unless alone together, and, after a day or two Barboux took a whim to carry off the little boatman on his expeditions and leave Muskingon in charge of the camp. He pretended that he, as John mended of his wound, needed a stalwart fellow for sentry; but the real reason was malice. For some reason he hated Muskingon, and knowing Muskingon's delight in every form of the chase carefully thwarted it. On the other hand, it was fun to drag off le Chameau, who loved to sit by his boat and hated the killing of animals.

"If I give him my parole," suggested John, "he will have no excuse, and Muskingon can go in your place."

But to this Bateese would not listen. So the wounded were left, on hunting days, in Muskingon's charge; and with him, too, John contrived to make friends. The young Indian had a marvellous gift of silence, and would sit brooding for hours. Perhaps he nursed his hatred of Barboux; perhaps he distrusted the journey—for he and Menehwehna, Ojibways both, were hundreds of miles from their own country, which lay at the back of Lake Huron. Now and again, however, he would unbend and teach John a few words of the Ojibway language; or would allow John, as a fellow sportsman, to sit on a rock beside him and watch his tricks of fishing.

There was one in particular which fairly amazed John. He had crawled after Muskingon on his belly—though not understanding the need of this caution—to the edge of a rock

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overhanging a deep pool. The Indian peered over, unloosed his waist-belt, and drew off his scarlet breeches as if for a bathe. But no, he did not intend this—at least, not just yet. He wound the breeches about his right arm and dipped it cautiously, bending over the ledge until his whole body from the waist overhung the water, and it was a wonder how his thighs kept their grip. Then, in a moment, up flew his heels and over he soused. John, peering down as the swirl cleared, saw only a red-brown back heaving below; and as the seconds dragged by, and the back appeared to heave more and more faintly, was plucking off his own clothes to dive and rescue Muskingon from the rocks, when a pair of hands shot up, holding aloft an enormous, bleeding cat-fish, and hitched him deftly on the gaff which John hurried to lower. But the fish had scarcely a kick left in him, Muskingon having smashed his head against the crevices of the rock.

Indeed Barboux had this excuse for leaving Muskingon in camp by the river—that there was always a string of fish ready before nightfall when he and Menehwehna returned. John, stupefied through the daylight hours, always seemed to awake with the lighting of the camp-fire; or this, at any rate, was the one scene he afterwards saw most clearly, in health and in the delirium of fever—the fire; the ring of faces; beyond the faces a sapling, strung with fish like short broad swords, reflecting the flames' glint: a stouter sapling laid across two forked boughs, and from it a dead deer suspended, with white filmed eyes, and the firelight warm on its dun flank; behind, the black forest, its depth fathomed, if at all, by the cry of a lonely wolf. These sights he recalled, with the scent of green fir burning and the smart of it on his lashes.

But by day he went with senses lulled, having forgotten all desire of escape or return. These five companions were all his world. Was he a prisoner? Was Barboux his enemy? The words had no meaning. They were all in the same boat, and "France" and "England" had become idle names. If he considered Barboux's gun it was as a provider of game, or a

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protector against any possible foe from the woods. But the woods kept their sinister silence.

Once, indeed, at the head of a portage they came upon a still reach of water with a strip of clearing on its farther bank—*bois brulé* Bateese called it; but the fire, due to lightning no doubt, must have happened many years before, for spruces of fair growth rose behind the alders on the swampy shore, and tall wickup plants and tussocks of the blueberry choked the interspaces. A cool breeze blew down the waterway, as through a funnel, from the mountains ahead, and the falls below sang deafeningly in the *voyageurs'* ears as they launched their boat.

Suddenly Menehwehna touched Barboux by the elbow. His ear had caught the crackling of a twig amid the uproar. John, glancing up as the Sergeant lifted his piece, spied the antlers of a bull-moose spreading above an alder-clump across the stream. The tall brute had come down through the *bois brulé* to drink or to browse on the young spruce-buds which there grew tenderer than in the thick forest, and for a moment moose and men gazed full at each other in equal astonishment.

Barboux would have fired at once had not Menehwehna checked him with a few rapid words. With a snort of disgust the moose turned slowly, presenting its flank, and crashed away through the undergrowth as the shot rang after it. Bateese and Muskingon had the canoe launched in a second, and the whole party clambered in and paddled across, but before they reached the bank the moose's hoofs could be heard drumming away on the ridge beyond the swamp and the branches snapping as he parted them.

Barboux cursed his luck; but both Indians maintained that the beast had been hit. At length Muskingon, who had crossed the swamp, found a splash of blood among the mosses and again another on the leaves of a wickup plant a rod or two farther on the trail. The Sergeant, hurrying to inspect these traces, plunged into liquid mud up to his knees, and was dragged out in the worst of tempers by John, who had chosen to follow

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without leave. Bateese and McQuarters remained with the canoe.

Each in his own fashion, then, the trackers crossed the swamp, and soon were hunting among a network of moose-trails, which criss-crossed one another through the burnt wood. John, aware of his incompetence, contented himself with watching the Indians as they picked up a new trail, followed it for a while, then patiently harked back to the last spot of blood and worked off on a new line. Barboux had theories of his own, which they received with a galling silence. It galled him at length to fury, and he was lashing them with curses which made John wonder at their forbearance, when a call from the river silenced him.

It came from Bateese. Bateese, who cared nothing for sport, had paddled up stream to inspect the next reach of the river, and there, at the first ford, had found the moose lying dead and warm, with the ripple running over his body and his gigantic horns high out of the water like a snag.

From oaths Barboux now turned incontinently to boasting. This was his first moose, but he—he, Joachim Barboux, was a sportsman from his birth. He still contended, but complacently and without rancour, that had the Indians taken up the trail he had advised from the first it would have led them straight to the ford. They heard him and went on skinning the moose, standing knee deep in the bloody water, for the body was too heavy to be dragged ashore without infinite labour. Menehwehna found and handed him the bullet, which had glanced across and under the shoulder-blade, and flattened itself against one of the ribs on the other side. Barboux pocketed it in high good humour, and when their work was done—an ugly work, from which Bateese kept his eyes turned—a steak or two cut out, with the tongue, and the carcase left behind to rot in the stream, he praised them for brave fellows. They listened as indifferently as they had listened to his revilings.

Now this shot which slew the moose was the last fired on the upward journey. They had followed the stream up to the

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hill ridges, where rapid succeeded rapid; and two days of all but incessant portage brought them out above the forest, close beneath the naked ridges where but a few pines struggled.

Bateese pointed out a path beyond which, as he promised, they would find a river to carry them down into the St. Lawrence. He unfolded a scheme also. There were trees beside that farther stream—elm trees, for example—blown down and needing only to be stripped; his own eyes had seen them. Portage up and over the ridge would be back-breaking work. Let the canoe, therefore, be abandoned—hidden somewhere by the head waters—and let the Indians hurry ahead and rig up a light craft to carry the party down stream. They had axes to strip the bark and thongs to close it at bow and stern. What more was needed? As for the loss of his canoe, he understood the Sergeant's to be State business, requiring dispatch; and if so, M. the Intendant at Montreal would recompense him. Nay, he might be travelling back this way before long, and then how handy to pick up a canoe on this side of the mountains!

The Sergeant *bravo*-ed and clapped the little man on his back, drawing tears of pain. The canoe was hauled up and stowed in a damp corner of the undergrowth under a mat of pine-branches, well screened from the sun's rays, and the travellers began to trudge on foot, in two divisions. The Indians led with John and Barboux, the latter being minded to survey the country with them from the top of the ridge and afterwards allow them to push on alone. He took John to keep him company after their departure, and because the two prisoners could not well be left in charge of Bateese, who besides had his hands full with the baggage. So Bateese and McQuarters toiled behind, the little man grunting and shifting his load from time to time with a glance to assure himself that McQuarters was holding out; now and then slackening the pace, but still, as he plodded, measuring the slopes ahead with his eye, comparing progress with the sun's march, and timing himself to reach the ridge at nightfall. Barboux had proposed

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to camp there, on the summit. The Indians were to push forward through the darkness.

Meanwhile John stepped ahead with Barboux and the Indians. His spirits rose as he climbed above the forest; the shadows which had lain on them slipped away and melted in the clear air. Here and there he stumbled, his knees reminding him suddenly of his weakness; but health was coming back to him, and he drank in long pure draughts of it. It was good, after all, to be alive and young. A sudden throbbing in the air brought him to a halt; it came from a tiny humming-bird poising itself over a bush-tufted rock on his right. As it sang on, careless of his presence, John watched the music bubbling and trembling within its flame-coloured throat. He, too, felt ready to sing for no other reason than pure delight. He understood the ancient gods and their laughter; he smiled down with them upon the fret of the world and mortal fate. Father Jove, *optimus maximus*, was a grand fellow, a good Catholic in spite of misconception, and certainly immortal; god and gentleman both, large, lusty, superlative, tolerant, debonair. As for misconception, from this height Father Jove could overlook centuries of it at ease—the Middle Ages, for instance. Every one had been more or less cracked in the Middle Ages—cracked as fiddles. Likely enough Jove had made the Middle Ages to amuse himself. . . . .

As the climb lulled his brain John played with these idle fancies. Barboux, being out of condition and scant of breath, conversed very little. The Indians kept silence as usual.

The sun was dropping behind the cleft of the pass as they reached it, and the rocky walls opened in the haze of its yellow beams. So once more John came to the gate of a new world.

Menehwehna led, Barboux followed, with John close behind, and Muskingon bringing up the rear. They were treading the actual pass, and Menehwehna, rounding an angle of the cliff had been lost to sight for a moment, when John heard

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a low guttural cry—whether of surprise or warning he could not tell.

He ran forward at Barboux's heels. A dozen paces ahead of the Indian, reclining against the rock-face on a heap of *scree*, in the very issue of the pass, with leagues of sunlight behind him and the basin of the plain at his feet, sat a man.

He did not move; and at first this puzzled them, for he lay dark against the sun, and its rays shone in their eyes.

But Menehwehna stepped close up to him and pointed. Then they saw, and understood.

The man was dead; dead and scalped—a horrible sight.

CHAPTER VII

THE FARTHER SLOPE

Barboux's complexion had turned to a sick yellow beneath its mottles. He had been walking hard and was out of condition; no doubt, too, the sunset light painted his colour deeper. But the man fairly twittered.

Menehwehna muttered an Indian name.

"Eh? Speak low, for the love of God!" The Sergeant swept the cliffs above and around with a shuddering glance.

"Les Agniers, as you call them—but Iroquois for certain. The man, you see, is Canayen——" Menehwehna began coolly to handle the corpse. "He has been dead for hours, but not many hours." He lifted an arm and let it fall, after trying the rigidity of the muscles. "Not many hours," he repeated, and signed to Muskingon, who began to crawl forward and, from the gap of the pass, to reconnoitre the slope below.

"And in the interval they have been tracking *us*, belike?"

"They may, indeed, have spied us coming from the cliffs above," answered Menehwehna imperturbed. "If so they are watching us at this moment, and there is no escaping; but this we shall learn within twenty paces, since between the rocks

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here they have us at their will. You, O illustrious, they might suffer to promenade yourself for a while in the open, for the sake of better sport; with us, who are Ojibways, they would deal while yet they could be sure."

He said it without any show of vanity, nor did he trouble himself to glance around or above for signs of the foe. "We had best make trial of this without delay," he added; "for if they fire the noise may yet reach the other two and warn Bateese, who is clever and may yet save himself."

"What the devil care I for Bateese?" snarled Barboux. "If they have tracked us they have tracked all. I run no risks for a *bossu* and a useless prisoner."

"I did not say that they have tracked us. *Him* they tracked beyond a doubt; and at the end he knew they were after him. See——" Again he lifted the arm of the corpse, and invited the Sergeant to feel its shirt along the ribs and under the armpits. "See you how stiff it is; that is where the sweat has dried, and men sweat so when they are in a great hurry. Perhaps he was the last of his company, and they overtook him here. Now, see again—I tell you they have not been tracking us, and I will prove it. In the first place I am no fool, and if one—two—three men have tracked me close (it cannot be far) a day long without my knowing, it will be the first time in Menehwehna's life. But let that pass. See these marks; they overtook him here, and they did with him—so. But where is any mark on the path behind us? Look well; there is only one path and no trail in it at all, else I had not cried out as I did. No man has passed within less time than it takes the moss to grow. Very good; then whoever killed him followed him up from yonder, and here stopped and turned back—I think, in a hurry. To place the body so—that is an Iroquois trick when few and in a hurry; otherwise they take him away and do worse."

"Iroquois? But *que diable!* The Six Nations are at peace with us! Why on earth should the Iroquois meddle with this man, by the dress of him a *coureur de bois?*"

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"And unarmed, too!" pursued Menehwehna with fine irony, "since they have taken away his gun. Ask me riddles that I can read. The Six Nations are never at peace; there were five hundred of them back at Ticonderoga seated on a hill opposite and only waiting. Yes, and in peace they have never less reasons than fingers and toes for killing a man. Your questions are for a child; but *I* say that the Iroquois have been here and killed this man, and in a hurry. Now answer me; if, after killing him, they wished to spy down upon our coming, and were in a hurry, why did they not take the short way through the pass?"

"That is simple. Any fresh track of men at the entrance, or close within it, would warn us back; therefore they would say, 'Let us climb to the ridge and watch, though it take longer.'"

"Good; now you talk with a clear head, and I have less fear for you. They may be aloft there, as you say, having drawn us into their trap. Yet I do not think it, for why should they be expecting us? It is now three days since you killed the moose. They could not have been near in a body to hear that shot fired, for it is hours since they overtook this man, following him up from the other slope. But a scout might have heard it and climbed across to warn them; yes, that is possible."

But here Muskingon came crawling back. He had inspected the ground by the lip of the descent, and in his belief the dead man's pursuers were three or four at the most, and had hurried down the hill again when their work was done.

Menehwehna nodded gravely. "It is as I thought, and for the moment we need not fear; but we cannot spend the night in this trap—for trap it is, whether watched or not. Do we go forward then, or back?"

Barboux cursed. "How in the name of twenty devils can I go back! Back to the *Richelieu?*—it would be wasting weeks!" His hand went up to his breast, then he seemed to

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recollect himself and turned upon John roughly. "Step back, you, and find if the others are in sight. We, here, have private matters to discuss."

John obeyed. The first turn of the cliff shut off the warm westerly glow, and he went back through twilight. He knew now why Barboux had lagged behind on the *Richelieu*, in scorn of discipline. The man must be entrusted with some secret missive of Montcalm's, and, being puffed up with it, had in a luckless hour struck out a line of his own. To turn back now would mean his ruin; might end in his standing up to be shot with his back to a wall. . . .

Between the narrow walls of the pass night was closing down rapidly. John lifted his face towards the strip of sky aloft, greenish-blue and tranquil. . . .

He fell back—his heart, after one leap, freezing—slowly freezing to a standstill, his hands spreading themselves against the face of the rock.

What voice was that, screaming? . . . one—two—three—horrible human screams, rending the twilight, beating down on his ears, echoing from wall to wall. . . .

The third and last scream died out in a low, bubbling wail. Close upon it rose a sound which John could not mistake—the whoop of Indians. He plucked his hands from the rock, and ran; but, as he turned to run, in the sudden silence a body thudded down upon the path behind him.

In twenty strides he was back again at the issue of the pass. The two Indians had vanished. Barboux's gross body alone blocked the pale daylight there. Barboux lingered a moment, stooping over the murdered man; but he too ran at the sound of John's footsteps, and the corpse, as John came abreast of it, slid over in a silly heap, almost rolling against his legs.

He leaped aside and cleared it, and in a moment was pelting down the slope after the Sergeant, who flung back an agonised doubtful glance, and recognising his pursuer grunted with relief. At their feet, and far below, spread a wide plain—

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a sea of forest rolling, wave upon wave, with a gleam of water between. The river, then—Bateese's river—was near at hand.

Fifty yards down the slope, which was bare of cover, he saw the two Indians. Muskingon led by a few strides, and the pair seemed to be moving noiselessly; yet, by the play of their shoulders, both were running for their lives. John raced past the lumbering Sergeant and put forth all his strength to catch up with Menehwehna. The descent jarred his knees horribly, and still, as he plunged deeper into the shadow of the plain, the stones and bushes beneath his feet grew dimmer and the pitfalls harder to avoid. His ears were straining for the Indian war-whoop behind him; he wondered more and more as the seconds grew into minutes and yet brought no sounds but the trickle and slide of stones dislodged by Barboux thundering in the rear.

They were close upon the outskirts of the forest. He had caught up with Menewehna and was running at his heels, stride for stride.

In the first dark shadow of the trees Menehwehna checked himself, came to a sudden halt, and swung round, panting. Somehow, although unable to see his face, John knew him to be furiously angry—with the cold fury of an Indian.

"Englishman, you are a fool!"

"But why?" panted John innocently. "Is it the noise I made? I cannot run as you Indians can."

Menehwehna grunted. "What matters noise, more or less, when *he* is anywhere near?"

"They have not seen us!" gasped Barboux, blundering up at this moment and almost into John's arms.

"To be sure," answered Menehwehna sardonically, "they have not seen us. It may even be that the great Manitou has smitten them with deafness and they have not heard you, O illustrious!—and with blindness, that they cannot trace your foot-marks; yes, and perchance with folly, too, so that returning to a dead man whom they left they may wonder not at all that he has tumbled himself about!"

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"*Peste!* It was this Englishman's fault. He came running behind and hurried me. But you Indians do not know everything. I found——" but here Barboux checked himself on the edge of a boast.

The Indian had sunk on one knee and laid his ear to the ground. "It will be of great price," said he, "if what you found will take us out of this. They are not following as yet, and the river is near."

(*To be continued.*)

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WRITERS IN THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

FROM OCTOBER 1900 TO OCTOBER 1903

Abdur-Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan
Adams, Arthur H.
Ady, Mrs. (Julia Cartwright)
Archer, William
Arthur, Sir George, Bart.
Atkins, J. B.
Atkinson, A.R., M.H.R. (*New Zealand*)
Atteridge, A. Hilliard

Bailey, John C.
Baillie-Grohman, W. A.
Bain, R. Nisbet
Balfour, Reginald
Banffy, Count N. (*Austria-Hungary*)
Barnes, George S.
Beeching, The Rev. Canon H. C.
Bell, Miss Gertrude Lowthian
Bell, Hugh
Bell, Mrs. Hugh
Bellairs, Lieut. Carlyon, R.N.
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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

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Nov. 1901 GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY—Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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MR. BALFOUR'S ECONOMIC NOTES[1]

THE simple fact of the publicity given by Mr. Balfour to his *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade* destroys one of the arguments there set forth. To justify the suppression of Free Trade he cites the fact that the example of England has failed to convert the greater part of the other nations of the world. But have these other nations been converted to the English Government's method of wide publicity? Have they adopted the freedom of English procedure? Have even those among them which have tried to imitate the English parliamentary system carried it out under all its essential conditions? Do not the majority of governments still maintain the principle that the electorate ought not to know everything, and that no government ought to be without some methods of secrecy?

Is England then, because other nations have not all risen to the same height in the sphere of politics, to abandon her system of publicity? Mr. Balfour, at any rate, is so far from thinking so that he has taken a fresh step in the old direction; he has communicated to the public the explanations which he found it desirable to offer to his colleagues. He thus shows clearly that he considers the system of government in England

[1] The French original of M. Guyot's paper, of which a translation is here given, will be found on p. 9, and a postscript on p. 16.

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to be based on discussion, and he calls upon the whole country to take part in it.

Cobden was under the same illusion as the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and the members of the French National Assembly of 1789. They thought that to make the truth known was the only step necessary for ensuring the conversion of mankind. They imagined that the mere proclamation of the Rights of Man would secure the triumph of their doctrine everywhere. The majority of the nations of the world have not even yet accepted it in its entirety; but is that any reason why France should now renounce it? Is she to abandon her republican constitution because she alone among the great nations of the old world possesses that form of government?

It is not open to Mr. Balfour's partisans to reply that the two cases are not equally singular. Those bred in the school of Metternich have always held that diplomacy must be secret, that a Minister for Foreign Affairs compelled to answer indiscreet questions in public must find himself at a disadvantage compared with one who has the power of silence; yet the English Government deals with these questions openly in Parliament, and makes public such documents as the Report of the War Commission. Similarly the French Republic is undoubtedly at a disadvantage compared with other nations in this respect, that her representative Head belongs neither by birth nor by social intercourse to the circle of the European Sovereigns.

But to proceed. What is it that Mr. Balfour actually proposes? Because other nations have shown themselves more or less refractory to the lesson of Free Trade, he proposes to his fellow countrymen that they should inflict a fine upon themselves every time they make a purchase—an odd method surely of fostering their powers of production and expansion! Because other nations have burdened themselves with duties which add to the labour of every piece of work they attempt, Mr. Balfour invites his countrymen to give up a policy whose object is the economy of labour. Because other

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nations have adopted a fiscal system which runs counter to the whole progress of science, industry, commerce, and finance—for these all tend to lower prices, to facilitate the circulation of commodities, money, and labour, and have, in fact, by lowering prices, as, for instance, in the case of chemical products, succeeded in penetrating frontiers and nullifying tariffs—because, in short, of the unscientific folly of others England is to renounce her own economical system, calculated as it is to promote the industrial evolution of the world!

It is the more curious that such a proposal should come from Mr. Balfour, because, in the earlier paragraphs of his pamphlet, he has himself stated correctly one of the difficulties of the subject. The contents of the economical world, he says, do not at once adjust their level as water does in properly connected vessels, because that world happens to be divided by partitions. Capital is "viscous" to an extent which prevents it from flowing easily to the place of profitable employment. The law of demand and supply does not set a current in motion so spontaneously as the law of gravity does in the case of liquids.

Very true. But all the progress of the last half-century has gone to increase this fluidity. It is the function of Exchanges to make capital less viscous; and labour is no longer bound to the soil as in the good old days. The transportation of commodities, of money, and of men is accomplished to-day with a speed and facility which could never have been dreamt of even in 1880. For a Government to oppose a system of tariff walls to this continuous and ever-growing movement would be to lay up for itself an unending series of disappointments; it would be to undertake a struggle as hopeless as that of the old-world theology against modern science. To find against Cobden at this time of day would be simply to repeat the condemnation of Galileo.

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Does Mr. Balfour seriously wish to increase the "viscosity" of trade, capital, and labour? It is open to M. Méline and other logical protectionists to take the slug as their ideal; but knowing as Mr. Balfour does that England can never be self-sufficing, that she must always import at any rate corn and meat, that her industrial classes cannot live on internal trade alone, however brisk, it is impossible for him to believe that the future can belong to the more stagnant forms of civilisation. No; it belongs to the more fluid forms, those in which the human molecules roll unceasingly over one another. Caste has disappeared; it is no exaggeration to say that England herself is a democracy.

Stripped of its rather pedantic dogmatism Mr. Balfour's proposition amounts to this: "Other nations close their doors; let us close ours, so that the others may have to knock if they want to bring their goods in." It is the policy of the closed door, the converse of the policy of "the open door." I could understand this argument from a man who sees only one side of the question, but I cannot understand it from one who sets up to be a philosopher, that is, to be able in considering questions to take points of view which are beyond the sight of others.

No doubt, when a trader is in need of a market, it makes him angry to find his wares confronted by duties which in the case of Russia are as high as 180 per cent., in the United States 72 per cent., in Austria-Hungary 32 per cent., in France 30 per cent., in Italy 27 per cent., in Germany 25 per cent., in Canada 16 per cent., and in Belgium 13 per cent. I can understand his saying, "Oh! they refuse to let me in, do they! Let us treat them in the same way." This is "hitting back when I am hit"—the policy of the pavement.

But consider: before this trader is in a position to sell any of his products he has already been a consumer; a consumer

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of tools and raw material, a consumer, through his work-people, of all necessaries of life; and the larger his business, the more he has consumed. Now every restrictive duty at the port of entry raises the price of a certain number of commodities of which the trader is directly or indirectly in need; consequently he finds the cost of his own production increased, and since dearness restricts a market even if it does not close it altogether, it comes to this, that in order to punish other countries for not opening their doors to his products, he begins by being himself the cause of a diminution of his export business.

Of course the tariff duties imposed by other nations, largely for the purpose of defending themselves against English products, have not facilitated the export of those products; but Mr. Balfour has not shown that if England renounced Free Trade she would thereby increase her power of production and develop her foreign markets.

Suppose she were to try this policy, say against the United States. What class of commodities could she attack? The cotton, of which she absorbed $117,000,000 worth in 1902? Or the $86,000,000 worth of American corn and flour which she consumed in the same year? Or the cattle, which, alive and dead, reached the total of $120,000,000? Or the petroleum —$22,000,000? The copper—$11,000,000? Or the leather—$16,000,000?

But Mr. Chamberlain has resigned. It has been found advisable to abandon his policy of taxing first food and eventually raw materials. Mr. Balfour's proposal then would be to attack manufactures in order to obtain from the countries which produce them a general reduction of duties. In the case of the United States he would select, for instance, the shoes imported by England to the value of $2,088,000!

His meaning and Lord Lansdowne's are the same, though he speaks the language of a pedagogue where his colleague prefers one of those bellicose metaphors which we are accustomed to hear from protectionists. He wants to have a

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revolver levelled at all nations who do not in future open their doors wide to trade. This weapon may turn out to be not exactly the right one for the occasion.

Mr. Balfour, however, does not take it in hand or threaten any one; he says: "What is necessary is that the countries to which we wish to send our goods should have something to ask of us. At present no nation, except the one or two who want a reduction in the wine duty, has any thing for which they need ask us. We have nothing to offer them in exchange for a reduction of their duties. They can raise their tariffs as they please and say to themselves that England is powerless against them."

Mr. Balfour accordingly calls for a tariff, that he may be in a position to make concessions. He is like the fishwife in the story, who over-charges at first in order that she may afterwards come down in price and seem to be treating her customer handsomely. His proposition is just on a par with the ideas of the continental protectionists. Their respect for other nations is exactly proportioned to the retaliatory tariffs which the latter bring to bear against them. But tariff wars are dangerous—dangerous above all to those nations whose commerce and shipping are most fully developed.

The best way for England to ensure "that the produce of the wheat-growing areas available for exportation should be kept at the highest possible level" (*Economic Notes*, § 46) is to leave her own door open. A closed door is just as much of an impediment to out-going as it is to in-coming; the open door gives passage not for imports only but for exports too. Locks, bolts, and other apparatus of the gaol cannot be applied to commerce with any hope of developing its activity.

Mr. Balfour is under a singular delusion as to the felicity of the manufacturer in a protectionist country (§ 52). He pictures him sleeping peacefully behind the tariff wall, not only secure against foreign competition, but delivered from all fears of over-production. If he had but studied the facts, instead of confining himself to *à priori* deductions, he would have had to

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tell us that protectionism actually begets over-production. People in these countries who, like Mr. Balfour, see only one side of the question, calculate that a duty of so much per cent. will secure to them an advantage of that amount over the products of the competing foreigner; but this same little sum is done and acted upon by tens, hundreds, and thousands of manufacturers simultaneously, and the consequence is an amount of over-production far more serious than that which results from the short-sightedness of producers who do look at the practical possibilities of their market instead of basing their calculations on the bounty offered by their tariff.

Mr. Balfour takes us to three imaginary islands, beginning with St. Vincent and ending with the British Isles. He himself recognises that Great Britain does not actually suffer from all the hypothetical ills to which, according to his argument, she ought to be a prey. His logic, in short, does not here work out to anything like the facts. If to-morrow he puts protective duties on food, to enable him to bargain with the foreigner, is it any more reasonable to infer that his fellow countrymen will be better fed in consequence?

He goes on to tell us that England, with her colonial possessions, has now reached the limit of her territorial expansion. His fear is that certain other countries in Africa and Asia may be occupied by protectionist nations and compelled to adopt the policy of the closed door. Possibly; but the door can never be so closely shut as it was in the days before Europeans had explored Africa and succeeded in breaching the Great Wall of China.

Again he apparently finds it regrettable that English capital goes oversea. He seems to think that for the inhabitants of any country "it is better that the capital they own should be earning a profit at home" than abroad, "for its expatriation is *pro tanto* a loss to the labourer and the nation." He says, truly enough, that "this expatriation is encouraged by foreign protective tariffs." But he forgets to mention here (though he admits it a little further on) that the profits earned,

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for instance, by English capital employed in French cotton-mills or Italian metal-works go to increase the wealth of individuals in England. He also considers that the export of coal, machinery, and ships should be deducted from the English trade returns, because these things contribute to the productivity of other nations. Would he propose to go back to the system in force before 1842, under which the export of machinery was forbidden? To be logical, he would have to forbid equally any export of capital, for this is a far more powerful element in the economical development of other countries than coal, ships, or machinery.

Mr. Balfour, however, with a singular want of logical sense, remarks (§ 29) that "We may, however, reasonably hope that the great bulk of our investments abroad are not of this character; but have been on the whole of advantage both to foreigners and to ourselves." He adds (in § 57) "I can find no evidence that we are living on our capital." No, indeed! thanks largely to the fact that not a day passes without Lombard Street sending capital oversea, to come home again in the form of fat dividends!

In reading these *Economic Notes* I have been moved to admiration by the art with which their author has placed his deductions in a sequence which has every appearance of being logical. In reality they have no binding force whatever. They are a mere house of cards and prove nothing but the powers of illusion possessed by the builder. If he believes this a solid structure, perhaps he also believes that ever since the 15th of May he has been at the head of a substantial Cabinet, while all the time he has been in a state of sophistical isolation, with Mr. Chamberlain on one side, Mr. Ritchie on the other, and the ruins of the Unionist party around him.

Mr. Balfour once championed bi-metallism with arguments of the same kind as those by which he now seeks to advocate protection. The recollection of his last economic campaign is not calculated to add much weight to the authority of his *Notes on Insular Free Trade.*

YVES GUYOT.

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LA THÈSE DE M. BALFOUR

LE seul fait de la publicité donnée aux *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade*, par M. Balfour, détruit un des arguments de sa thèse.

Il invoque pour la suppression du *free trade* le fait que l'exemple de l'Angleterre n'y a pas converti la plupart des autres peuples. Mais est-ce que tous les autres peuples sont convertis aux habitudes de large publicité du gouvernement anglais ? Est-ce que tous les autres peuples ont adopté ses mœurs de liberté ? Est-ce que même ceux qui ont essayé d'imiter son régime parlementaire en ont pris toutes les conditions ? Est-ce que la plupart des gouvernements n'ont pas encore pour principe que les électeurs ne doivent pas tout savoir et que tout gouvernement doit avoir des pratiques ésotériques ?

M. Balfour, loin de croire que parce que toutes les nations ne se sont pas élevées au niveau politique de l'Angleterre, elle doive renoncer à ses mœurs publiques, fait une nouvelle innovation : il saisit le public des explications qu'il a données à ses collègues. Il montre ainsi qu'il considère que le gouvernement anglais est fondé sur la discussion, et il appelle tout le monde à y prendre part.

Cobden a eu l'illusion qu'avaient les philosophes du XVIII[e] siècle et que partagèrent les hommes de l'Assemblée Nationale de 1789. Ils croyaient qu'il suffisait de faire connaître la vérité pour que tous y fussent convertis. Ils s'imaginaient que la

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proclamation des Droits de l'Homme en assurerait le triomphe chez tous les peuples. Parce que la plupart des peuples ne les ont pas admis encore complètement, est-ce une raison pour la France d'y renoncer ; et parce qu'il n'y a sur le vieux continent qu'une seule grande nation en république, la France doit-elle renoncer à cette forme de gouvernement ?

Que les partisans de M. Balfour ne disent pas que le cas est différent, car tous les hommes de l'école de Metternich ont considéré que la diplomatie devait être silencieuse, qu'un ministre des affaires étrangères obligé de répondre en public à des questions indiscrètes se trouvait dans une position inférieure à celui qui était maître de son silence ; et cependant la gouvernement anglais traite ces questions en plein parlement ; il publie le rapport sur la guerre du Transvaal ; et, à coup sûr, la république française a cette infériorité à l'égard des autres nations que son chef n'appartient ni à la famille ni au monde privilégié des autres souverains.

Que propose M. Balfour ? Parce que les autres peuples se sont montrés plus ou moins réfractaires au libre échange, M. Balfour propose à ses compatriotes de se mettre à l'amende quand ils achèteront quelque chose. Croit-il donc ainsi faciliter leur puissance de production et d'expansion ?

Parce que les autres peuples se sont surchargés de droits qui augmentent leur effort, chaque fois qu'ils font quelque chose, M. Balfour engage ses compatriotes à renoncer la politique de l'économie de l'effort.

Parce que les autres peuples ont mis leur politique douanière en opposition avec tous les progrès de la science, de l'industrie, du commerce et de la banque, qui n'ont cessé de diminuer le prix des marchandises, de faciliter la circulation des choses, des valeurs et des personnes, qui ont percé les frontières et écrasé les tarifs de douanes par des abaissements de prix, tels que ceux des produits chimiques, pour ne citer qu'un exemple, l'Angleterre devrait renoncer à sa politique économique, adéquate à l'évolution industrielle du monde !

Il est d'autant plus curieux que M. Balfour fasse cette

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proposition que, dans les premiers paragraphes de sa brochure, il a parfaitement déterminé une des difficultés de la question. Le niveau économique ne s'établit pas comme le niveau de l'eau dans des vases communicants, parce qu'il y a des cloisons qui séparent les divers cours économiques. Le capital a une viscosité qui l'empêche de couler là où il est utile. La loi de l'offre et de la demande ne provoque pas des courants aussi spontanés que la loi de la pesanteur en provoque pour les liquides.

C'est exact. Mais tous les progrès réalisés depuis un demi-siècle ont augmenté cette fluidité. Les Bourses de valeurs dégagent la viscosité du capital, et l'homme n'est plus attaché à la glèbe comme dans le bon vieux temps. Le déplacement des choses, des valeurs et des personnes se fait aujourd'hui avec une aisance et une vitesse que n'auraient pu soupçonner les hommes qui vivaient seulement en 1880.

Opposer à ce mouvement continu, et de plus en plus réitéré des tarifs de douanes, c'est se condamner à de perpétuelles déceptions ; car c'est engager une lutte semblable à celle que la vieille théologie engagea contre la science. Condamner Cobden aujourd'hui, c'est recommencer le procès de Galilée.

II

M. Balfour veut-il augmenter la " viscosité " des capitaux, des marchandises et des personnes ? M. Méline et les protectionnistes logiques pourraient prendre la limace pour idéal ; mais M. Balfour, qui se proclame libre échangiste, qui sait fort bien que l'Angleterre ne peut se suffire à elle-même, ne serait-ce qu'en blé et en bétail, que ses industriels ne peuvent se contenter de son marché intérieur, si actif qu'il soit, ne peut croire que l'avenir appartienne aux civilisations stagnantes. Il appartient aux civilisations fluides dans lesquelles les molécules humaines roulent sans cesse les unes sur les autres. La

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caste a disparu, et on peut même dire de l'Angleterre qu'elle est une démocratie.

Dépouillée de son dogmatisme un peu pédant, la thèse de M. Balfour revient à ceci: Les autres peuples ferment leur porte. Fermons la nôtre, afin que les autres peuples soient forcés d'y frapper, s'ils veulent y faire entrer leurs marchandises.

C'est la politique de la porte fermée opposée à la politique de l' "open door."

Je comprends très bien cet argument de la part d'un homme qui ne voit qu'un côté de la question; mais je ne le comprends pas de la part de M. Balfour, qui a la prétention d'être un philosophe, sachant découvrir dans les questions des côtés que les autres n'y voient pas.

Sans doute, un industriel qui a besoin de vendre doit voir avec une certaine colère ses produits refoulés par des droits s'élevant à 130 % en Russie, à 72 % dans les Etats-Unis, à 32 % en Autriche-Hongrie, à 30 % en France, à 27 % en Italie, à 25 % en Allemagne, à 16 % dans le Canada, à 18 % en Belgique. Je comprends qu'il dise: "Ah! il nous refuse d'entrer; qu'on rende la pareille à ses produits."

C'est la politique da la rue, du coup pour coup.

Mais avant que cet industriel puisse vendre un de ses produits, il a d'abord été un consommateur; il a été consommateur d'outillage, de matières premières; il a été consommateur, par l'intermédiaire de ses ouvriers, d'objets de consommation, et plus son usine est importante, plus il a consommé.

Or, tout tourniquet établi à la frontière rehausse le prix d'un certain nombre des marchandises dont il a besoin, soit directement, soit indirectement; par conséquent ses frais de production sont augmentés; et comme la cherté restreint les débouchés, quand elle ne les ferme pas, il en résulte que, pour punir les autres pays, de ne pas ouvrir la porte à ses produits, il commence par en diminuer lui-même l'écoulement.

Il est évident que les droits de douanes, imposés par les autres nations, en grande partie pour se défendre contre les

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produits anglais, n'en ont pas facilité l'écoulement. Mais M. Balfour n'a pas montré que la renonciation au libre échange de la part des Anglais augmenterait leur puissance de production et développerait leurs débouchés.

Que les Anglais essaient cette politique à l'égard des Etats-Unis ? Quels objets peuvent-ils frapper ? Est-ce le coton en laine dont l'Angleterre a absorbé pour 117 millions de dollars en 1902 ? Est-ce les 86 millions de dollars de blés et de farines qu'elle a consommés en 1902 ? Est-ce les 120 millions de dollars qui représentent les bœufs, envoyés en Angleterre par les Etats-Unis ? Est-ce les 22 millions de dollars qu'elle prend comme pétrole ? Est-ce les 11 millions de dollars qu'elle reçoit en cuivre ? Est-ce les 16 millions de dollars qu'elle reçoit en cuirs ?

Mais M. Chamberlain a donné sa démission. On a dû abandonner sa politique de taxer les objets d alimentation et éventuellement les matières premières. Alors le projet de M. Balfour consisterait à frapper les objets fabriqués afin d'obtenir des abaissements de droits de la part des nations qui les produisent. Il frapperait les 2,088,000 dollars que l'Angleterre reçoit en chaussures des Etats-Unis !

M. Balfour dit doctoralement ce que Lord Lansdowne avait dit en prenant une de ces métaphores belliqueuses à l'usage des protectionnistes. Il veut avoir un revolver braqué sur toutes les nations qui n'ouvriront pas largement leurs portes. Cet instrument est peut-être assez mal adapté à cet usage.

Sans le prendre en main et sans en menacer personne, M. Balfour dit : " Il faut que les nations chez lesquelles nous voulons envoyer des marchandises aient quelque chose à nous demander. Sauf les nations qui ont une réduction à nous demander sur les vins, toutes les autres n'ont rien à réclamer de nous. Nous n'avons rien à leur offrir en échange d'abaissements de leurs droits. Elles peuvent donc élever leurs tarifs en se disant que l'Angleterre ne peut rien contre elles."

M. Balfour demande des tarifs de douanes pour avoir des

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concessions à faire. Il est comme la poissonnière classique qui surfait sa marchandise pour avoir occasion d'en abaisser le prix afin le paraître de faire une gracieuseté à son acheteur.

La thèse est tout à fait à la hauteur des conceptions des protectionnistes du Continent.

Les protectionnistes du Continent ont d'autant plus de respect pour les autres nations qu'elles leur imposent des tarifs de représailles. Mais les guerres de tarifs sont dangereuses surtout pour celles des nations dont le commerce et la marine sont le plus développés.

La meilleure manière pour l'Angleterre de "garder le produit des aires valables pour l'exportation" (paragraphe 46) est de laisser sa porte ouverte. Une porte fermée empêche aussi bien de sortir que d'entrer; et si une porte ouverte permet d'entrer, elle permet aussi de sortir. Des cadenas, des verroux, l'appareil des geôles appliqués au commerce n'en développent point l'activité.

M. Balfour se fait de singulières illusions sur le bonheur du manufacturier dans un pays de protection (paragraphe 52). Il se figure que, somnolent, tranquille à l'abri des droits de douanes, il est non seulement à l'abri de la concurrence étrangère, mais encore qu'il est dégagé de la préoccupation de la surproduction.

Si M. Balfour avait étudié les faits, au lieu de se borner à des déductions logiques, il aurait constaté que le protectionnisme engendre la surproduction. Des gens qui ne voient qu'un côté de la question, comme M. Balfour, calculent qu'un droit de douanes d'un chiffre x leur assure un bénéfice égal sur les produits de l'étranger; mais ils sont dix, cent, mille qui font cette simple opération mathématique, et il en résulte une surproduction autrement grave que celle qui résulte de l'imprévoyance d'industriels qui envisagent leurs débouchés possibles au lieu de baser leurs calculs sur des avantages douaniers.

M. Balfour a fait l'hypothèse de trois îles; depuis Saint-Vincent jusqu'aux îles Britanniques. Il reconnait lui-même que la Grande-Bretagne ne souffre pas de toutes les maladies hypothétiques dont, suivant sa logique, elle devrait être atteinte.

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Donc son hypothèse est en contradiction avec la réalité. Que M. Balfour mette demain des tarifs protecteurs sur les objets d'alimentation, pour lui permettre de marchander avec les nations étrangères, les Anglais en seront-ils mieux nourris ?

M. Balfour dit que l'Angleterre a atteint avec ses colonies les limites territoriales auxquelles elle doit se restreindre. Soit. M. Balfour craint que les autres pays de l'Afrique, de l'Asie, occupés par d'autres nations, ne pratiquent la politique de la porte fermée. Soit ; mais la porte ne sera jamais aussi fermée qu'elle l'était avant que les Européens n'eussent traversé l'Afrique et qu'ils n'eussent fait brèche à la Muraille de la Chine.

M. Balfour semble regretter que les capitaux anglais traversent le Canal. Il paraît croire que " les placements en Angleterre sont meilleurs qu'à l'étranger, car leur expatriation est une perte pour l'ouvrier." Il dit avec raison que le régime protectionniste en fait employer une partie à l'étranger. Mais il oublie de dire ici, ce qu'il admet un peu plus tard, que les bénéfices que recueillent les capitaux anglais engagés dans des filatures en France ou dans des industries métallurgiques en Italie augmentent la richesse privée des Anglais. Il considère aussi que l'exportation de la houille, des machines, des navires, doit être déduite des exportations anglaises, parce qu'ils contribuent à la productivité des autres nations. M. Balfour veut-il en revenir au régime antérieur à 1842, qui interdisait l'exportation des machines ? Logiquement, il faudrait interdire également l'exportation des capitaux, autrement puissante pour le développement économique des autres peuples que celle de la houille, des navires et des machines.

Et cependant M. Balfour, avec un singulier illogisme, dit (paragraphe 29) : " Nous devons espérer que la grande masse de nos placements à l'étranger ont bénéficié à la fois à l'étranger et à nous-mêmes." Il ajoute (paragraphe 57) : " Je ne puis trouver la preuve que nous vivons sur notre capital." Eh ! non, grâce en grande partie à ce que chaque

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matin Lombard Street embarque des capitaux à l'étranger qui reviennent sous la forme de bons revenus!

En lisant ces *Economic Notes*, j'admirais l'art avec lequel M. Balfour juxtaposait les unes aux autres des déductions à apparence logique. En réalité, elles ne se tiennent pas. C'est un château de cartes qui montre la puissance d'illusion de son bâtisseur. S'il le croit solide, croyait-il donc, depuis le 15 mai, qu'il était président d'un conseil des ministres existant? Il était isolé dans son sophisme, entre M. Chamberlain d'un côté, M. Ritchie de l'autre, tandis que le parti unioniste s'effondrait.

M. Balfour a soutenu le bimétallisme par des arguments du genre de ceux dont il soutient aujourd'hui le protectionnisme. Cette première campagne économique n'augmente pas l'autorité des *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade.*

YVES GUYOT.

NOTE.—We have received from M. Guyot, too late for incorporation in his article, the following significant comment on the tariff figures quoted (on pp. 4 and 12) from Mr. Balfour's pamphlet. "These figures are not the actual ones. English exports to France in 1902 were valued by the English Customs at £15,587,000, and by the French at 567 million francs. The duty paid was 36,349,000 francs—*i.e.*, 9 per cent. on the English valuation and less than 6½ per cent. on the French, instead of 30 per cent. as Mr. Balfour says. This discrepancy arises from the fact that England, thanks to her 'open door' policy, enjoys the most-favoured-nation treatment. Mr. Balfour, in his haste, has taken for the actual tariff the *maximum* tariff to which England *would be* exposed if she were to adopt his retaliatory plan of campaign!"—EDITOR.

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SHEFFIELD AND ITS SHADOW

I

WHEN the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of the discussion on the Finance Bill, read out to an astonished House of Commons the declaration which the Cabinet had allowed him to make of his unswerving support of Free Trade principles, a distinguished member of the Conservative party, old and experienced in parliamentary usage, exclaimed in my hearing: "I shall go home and write my election address."

Few, indeed, would have believed on that hot summer afternoon that, under the pretext of "Inquiry," a Cabinet so fiercely divided on a vital issue could have endured week after week refusing to pronounce, to explain, or to deny, and with nothing but the inconvenience of procedure between them and a ruinous debate. It must nevertheless be admitted that "Inquiry" staved off disaster for a time. Whether it would have succeeded if Mr. Gladstone or even Mr. Chamberlain had faced the Prime Minister across the table; whether its success added to the reputation of the House of Commons; whether the dexterity which Mr. Balfour displayed be considered admirable in after days, are questions at once interesting and futile. The fact of success remains, and Mr. Balfour was justly entitled to view his achievements with satisfaction, if not with pride. No one could have done it but he. Scarcely

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any of the distinguished statesmen of the past would ever have attempted to do it at all.

How great is the authority and prescription centred in these modern days in the First Minister of the Crown! Sorely battered and harassed with criticism and query, with no clear answer to make, with no decisive line of policy to propose, admitting a lack of conviction upon a vast and imminent subject of paramount importance, abandoned by his principal colleagues and counsellors, with his Cabinet divided, his Government distracted and his party marching all ways at once, Mr. Balfour still remained master of the situation. His control of the party machinery was unweakened, the loyalty of his agents knew neither sense nor fear; and when he stepped forward to the handrail which guarded the platform at Sheffield, and surveyed the immense concourse who waited on his word, the supreme issues of English politics were still within his grasp. The speech proceeded amid the growing disappointment of all sections of his audience. The Protectionist multitude before him hailed language with which they were familiar, but waited in vain for the conclusions which should logically follow. The Free Trade members grouped on the platform and the Free Trade delegates scattered throughout the Hall listened to arguments and expressions to them profoundly distasteful, and vainly hoped against hope for some declaration which should assign definite limits to the new departure. Party politicians eagerly waiting to champion one cause or the other grew gloomy as they learned that they had to champion both; and the ordinary citizen, puzzled and bewildered, departed no wiser than he came. The Prime Minister was perhaps the only person whose satisfaction was complete.

What is this policy of "Retaliation?" It may mean everything, it may mean nothing. It may mean an uncompromising policy of "tit-for-tat"—a fiscal eye for a fiscal eye and a tariff tooth for a tariff tooth. It may mean merely the occasional readjustment of Customs duties for bargaining purposes with foreign nations, or the right which every Govern-

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ment possesses of resorting to unusual remedies to cure unusual evils. But, however vague and indefinite the policy of retaliation, Mr. Balfour's motives in proclaiming it are plain. As "inquiry" was to keep the Cabinet together, so "retaliation" is to keep the party together. As the first device was for a while successful, so the second may be for a while successful, and as the first came in the end to utter collapse and confusion so—except for great good fortune—will it be with the second. Let us, however, examine it with patience.

II

In theory and upon its merits there is much to be said for "Retaliation." Foreign nations do not consider us in their tariff arrangements—not because they wish to hurt us, but because we are not accustomed to rap their knuckles when we are offended or jog their elbows when duties are being rearranged. And although they freely extend to us the benefits of the most favoured nation we do not obtain that special consideration adapted to our own peculiar circumstances for which we might fairly ask. Too often Jack Sprat looks in vain for a piece of lean, where nothing but the fat he cannot eat is offered: and no consistent Free Trader could object to such leverage as the necessary Customs duties afford being employed to secure more advantageous treatment. We have in these already an instrument which might easily be used as Mr. Cobden used it. The duty upon sugar gives us counters to play with the German. The tobacco tax touches the American. The tariff against wines and spirits is a matter of importance to the French. There is something to be said for an occasional policy of commercial pin-pricks.

But we must not imagine we shall get very much, for we have already secured almost all that foreign countries are ready to give. They are not going to expose their protected industries to our hardy out-of-door competition. Their vested interests will fight like tigers to retain the monopoly of their

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home market. Here and there a little more courteous attention may be procured, but the idea that we shall succeed in persuading them to abandon that system of Protection we propose to pay them the compliment of imitating, is a chimera wild and vain. Nor is it in most cases in the power of foreign Governments to make substantial concessions. In France, for instance, the logical genius of the French mind has developed perhaps the most perfect instrument of Protection in the world. There is a shockingly high fighting tariff for fiscal foes and a lower but still sufficiently high protective tariff for fiscal friends. So long as the minimum tariff necessary to protect the home producer is not infringed, the Government may at discretion bargain with other Powers. But nothing further may be conceded without appeal to the Chambers—and once the matter is there the vested interests will see that it comes to no great harm. All the advantages of the minimum tariff France already freely gives us. Nothing but prolonged and ruinous tariff warfare is likely to secure more. The case of the United States is different but not dissimilar. A reciprocity clause in the Dingley Tariff Act authorises the President to negotiate commercial treaties within certain limits. The President has accordingly negotiated no fewer than eleven. But hitherto the Senate has not found it convenient to consider one. The truth must be swallowed that the main object of foreign Protection is to protect. The Protectionist countries are agreeably tickled by the growth of their export trade, even when it is unprofitable; but what they really love is the monopoly of their home market. Retaliation upon their export trade, which is all that we can reach, may possibly gain small concessions, will more probably provoke reprisals, but will not in any case break down that minimum tariff which their statesmen approve and their capitalists demand.

There is another set of considerations not to be overlooked. "Retaliation" under the limitations aforesaid may be attractive in principle. How is it going to be put into practice?

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Mr. Balfour has declared against a general tariff from which reductions may be made according to favours received. It would, he declares, be too great a disturbance of our industries and commerce. So that each separate case is to be dealt with on its merits. By whom? Is Parliament seriously to be asked to surrender the power to tax or untax to a party Cabinet? It is not possible to conceive a greater constitutional change. On the other hand, imagine a succession of Sugar Convention bills fought out on the floor of the House of Commons amid the clamour of conflicting interests! Conceive, moreover, the quadruple uncertainty of the trades involved, first, at the threat of Retaliation; secondly, if the threat proves ineffective, at the actual Retaliation; thirdly, if the actual Retaliation proves effective at the expectation that the new duties will be removed; and fourthly, at the actual removal of the duties. Remembering, on the one hand, the small advantages to be gained, and on the other the risks and difficulties to be encountered, it does not appear that the Sheffield policy of Retaliation is likely to be very popular or very dangerous. But what stands behind it?

III

And now a word or two on what I will call "The Retaliations of Free Trade." Are we really so defenceless? Is there no retribution for fiscal aggression on a Free Trade neighbour? Do we always lose and do our rivals always gain? Let us examine the whole operation. The German manufacturer, having obtained high tariff protection, enters into a syndicate and secures the monopoly of the German market. Nothing can injure him but a fall in prices in that market; and where the article he makes is a necessity hardly anything but its abundance can lower prices. Therefore he has only to make scarcity constant to prosper. Therefore, when he produces more than the German market can swallow without a fall in prices, he respects his preserved area and "dumps" his excess product

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elsewhere for what it will fetch. Sometimes he is aided by a State bounty on the export; sometimes his fellow manufacturers subscribe among themselves to get the stuff out of the country. The manufacturer enjoys himself all round, and every German in the land is placed under levy through the taxes out of which the Government pays the bounty, and much more through the enhanced price of commodities. Individuals make fortunes; syndicates flourish; trade is distorted; and the home market starved. And all these conditions tend progressively to aggravate.

We are the recipients of the dumped commodity; and those who make it over here often suffer. I agree with Mr. Balfour's pamphlet that they suffer injustice. Other industries gain and gain—as can be proved—more than the sufferers lose. But that is not an answer. There is truth in the doctrine that true economic advantage cannot be founded on injustice. I admit the dislocation of particular trades. I admit that the injury of the affected trade is real, though often exaggerated. Some Englishmen face unnatural loss; others gain unnatural profits. And though the profit may, and usually does, exceed the loss, the injury and the injustice remain. What is our answer? Swiftly and surely, directed and impelled not by a muddled Government and a harassed Legislature, through the agency of stupid and expensive Customs officials, but by the steady workings of inexorable laws come the Retaliations of Free Trade. Consider bountied sugar. Sugar becomes cheap in England and dear in Germany. Manufactures in England requiring sugar thrive; manufactures in Germany requiring sugar starve. The raw material is thrust upon us below cost price; we retort by sending back the finished article. The German dumps sugar at a loss. We return higher-grade manufactures of sugar at a profit. Our reply to the sugar-dumper is "Jam and pickles"; despised, profitable "jam and pickles," and much else besides. The German dumps ship-plates at a price which cannot remunerate him; we retort him ships at a price with which he cannot compete. He "dumps" his steel, and

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we answer him with machinery. At every step our business is a paying transaction ; at every step his business is a losing transaction. At every step our industries move forward into those higher grades where labour is more skilled, more varied, more generously rewarded, and by proficiency in which an old country can alone maintain that "leadership" in respect to quality, vital to her industrial strength.

So much for the injury and its reprisals. What of the injustice? We do not live in a perfect world of abstract equity. It is not sensible or practical to condemn our systems and conditions because they do not attain to our ideals. But when we contrast our system with our neighbours', on whose population does the balance of injustice fall? In Germany the injustice is to the many, the gain to the few; in England the few suffer and the many gain. The greater German injustice arises from the deliberate action of the German Government, the smaller English injustice arises from circumstances beyond our control; and the English injustice, however it may be regretted, leaves us substantially the better off, while the German injustice causes to Germany nothing but ruin and waste. Our profit in the matter is not founded on the injustice, such as it is, caused to our own people, but to the fact that, in spite of that injustice, the conditions prevailing in England are comparatively so much more equitable. I do not assert that our chance of maintaining "commercial leadership" depends on foreign dumping. Compared to the total volume of our wealth and trade, the quantity of goods deposited below cost price or at unremunerative rates in our country is inconsiderable. Yet, in so far as the practice prevails, it undoubtedly stimulates the movement of British labour to the higher grades of employment and industry, and to a much greater extent retards that movement in rival countries. Upon the whole—and it is upon the whole that these things must be considered—dumping does us more good than harm, and retaliation would do us more harm than good.

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IV

I have tried to consider Mr. Balfour's Sheffield proposal as if it stood by itself, as if it were a policy reluctantly assented to by a government of Free Traders, as if there had been no Protectionist multitude before him, as if there were no "raging, tearing propaganda," no Birmingham Tariff Committee, and on Mr. Chamberlain. Yet these are the deciding factors. Powers of retaliation which would be comparatively innocuous and sometimes positively beneficial in the hands of a Free Trade Government might easily become, in the face of existing circumstances, a mere stalking-horse for Protection. The very strength and enthusiasm of the Tariff Reform Movement, far more than the scruples of Unionist Free Traders, will be fatal to the half-hearted Tariff reformers; and the controversy so wantonly provoked must go forward to an issue. If the Protectionists win the victory, Mr. Balfour will either have to toe their line or stand aside, and when he resumed his seat at Sheffield the main conduct of the battle had passed from his hands.

The truth is that these great dividing questions cannot be settled by clever manipulation of men and phrases. The differences of Free Trader and Protectionist strike down to the roots of thought. Their controversy is abiding, and while the question is alive they must always fight. Not all the arts, amiable or adroit, with which Mr. Balfour has so often smoothed over difficulties in the past can separate the combatants, still less make them dwell together in peace. The dividing-line is not one of intellect only, but of sentiment and aspiration. Every march affords a field of decisive battle. Behind the skirmish lines of dialecticians advance the dense columns of antagonistic interests; and if the first dispute is about the multiplication table, the last is upon the destiny of man.

The victory of the Free Traders in the 'forties was so complete, so crowned with triumph and smiling days, that the

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strength of the Protectionist army had been forgotten. The last sullen commandos were never subdued. They survived in holes and corners. Faithful sentinels watched from mountain caves the long heyday of prosperity in the valleys below them. They never bowed the knee to new ideas. The Duke of Rutland, the Lowthers, the Chaplins, the Howard Vincents, each in their own way and at their own time, kept the old flag flying; and all waited patiently for their hour to come.

And not only had we forgotten the strength of the beaten army, but the strength of the beaten argument. For at least a generation Protection has been ridiculed rather than repudiated. Elaborate propositions of Fair Trade, backed with thought and courage, were brushed aside easily and serenely among educated people. So decisive had been the battle that for fifty years the simple terror of the old war-cries was enough to scatter the insurgent bands. And yet there was one considerable movement which made its impression on those who encountered it. No one acquainted with the influence exerted upon the Lancashire electorate during the trade depression of 1885 by Mr. Farrar Ecroyd should have failed to understand how strongly the sophisms of Protection appeal to working men. But, while we must not underrate our enemy, there is no need to fear him.

V

We are at the outset confronted with a remarkable proposition. "All Free Trade arguments," it is said, "have been used before. They are old-fashioned; they are the theories of doctrinaires. It is absurd to apply them to twentieth century conditions. Therefore we wipe them all out." Now Free Traders are perfectly ready to admit that the lapse of years has modified old conditions. The battle of 1908 cannot be won with the weapons of 1846. In so far as conditions have

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changed new arguments must be used, and new formations adopted to meet new attacks. But Mr. Chamberlain's policy is not new, and still less is it original. The principles on which it rests were tried in the world in all the ages from Adam to Adam Smith. The arguments by which it is advocated are to be found with their refutations in every library. The proposals themselves are substantially and almost exactly the same as those of the Fair Trade League of the eighties. Mr. Chamberlain has adopted with scarcely any alteration the programme of Mr. Farrar Ecroyd. Is it not remarkable that he and his supporters should think themselves entitled to use all the arguments of the Fair Trade League, and at the same time should try to rule out of court all the arguments by which the Fair Trade League were refuted and discredited. Any one who chooses to read Lord Farrer's book, "Free Trade *v.* Fair Trade," can see every single argument used by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour to-day—that we are being excluded from neutral markets; that Mr. Cobden's theories were adapted only to a Free Trade world; that retaliation is a paying game; that colonial custom would compensate for foreign custom; that we are paying America out of our accumulated capital; and that a stream of securities is flowing from our shores across the Atlantic—every single argument was dealt with in the controversy of that day, and we are calmly told that the answers to these old assertions are not worth considering because the circumstances of the world have changed. It is quite true that the circumstances of the world have changed, but if they still justify the assertion, they still justify the reply; and in so far as they have changed since 1885, they have changed very much to the disadvantage of Fair Traders. It is quite true that Mr. Farrar Ecroyd could not then appeal to Anti-German prejudice, nor could he point to the purchase by Mr. Pierpont Morgan of a number of old ships at twice their market value; nor had he the powerful support of Mr. Chamberlain; but he had one tremendous argument on his side. In days of light taxation and thrifty finance, after many

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years of peace, a wave of severe commercial depression was passing over the country. Factories were closed, hands were idle, capitalists and manufacturers were everywhere losing money. And it must have taken no little faith and courage on the part of political economists to stand by their theories in the face of what seemed such a contrary and contradictory result. The contrast was effective: on the one hand, pedants and philosophers pursuing abstract argument; on the other practical men dealing with the realities of commerce. Of all this the Fair Traders took the utmost advantage. We have on record the gloomy prophecies they made. We were going from bad to worse. We were living on our capital. We should be soon ruined. Our working classes would be forced to emigrate or starve. Our colonies would most certainly abandon us—unless we abandoned our quixotic fiscal practice and adopted the platform of the Fair Trade League.

What happened? Argument triumphed; reason was vindicated. Although the Conservative party which contained the Fair Traders obtained supreme power, England remained a Free Trade country.

And what is the position to-day?

The Free Traders possess the economic arguments which in 1846 were effective to overthrow the most enlightened, most powerful, most honourable set of monopolists ever known in this country; and which again in 1885 withstood the apparent teachings of hard facts and all the excitement based thereon. We have them still. Is it likely we are going to deprive ourselves of them because the Prime Minister calls them moth-eaten and the *Times* calls them musty? Discussion! We welcome it.

But we have something more. We have the evidence of undoubted commercial prosperity. We have as proved facts the absurd predictions of the Fair Traders of 1885. It is a matter of experience that while they were preaching the swift and imminent ruin of the land, its brightest and most generous years were approaching. We progressed from bad trade into

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good trade; and from good trade into better. Our Customs returns mounted steadily, though the hours of labour were reduced; pauperism and crime diminished, though charity was more bountiful and justice less exacting. Wages went steadily forward. The price of food came steadily down. The marvellous progression of the Income Tax unfolded like an Arabian tale. And in the stern hour of war those colonies —whose support and affection we were to lose for ever—were found by no means wanting.

And yet these false prophets are croaking again to-day the same old croaking tune. Like the Bourbons they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and unabashed by their own exposure they presume to mock and magnify such miscalculations as the scrutiny of sixty years has revealed in the teachings of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright.

VI

The position which many moderate reasonable people occupy to-day is one of great difficulty. They lie between the party organisations. They take a sincere pride and pleasure in the development and consolidation of the Empire, but they are not prepared to see Imperialism exploited as a mere electioneering dodge. They would not support a Government prepared only to deal with delicate and momentous questions of Colonial and inter-Colonial administration on the narrow principles and extensive prejudices of Exeter Hall. But they recoil from that preaching which reduces all the noblest sentiments of the British race to planks in the platform of a party leader. They do not admit that the war emotions and disturbances may rightly be used to alter the systems of government and finance under which England has prospered so long. They do not understand why advantage should have been taken of these unusual circumstances to incur charges and propose departures which would never have been contemplated in the piping times of

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peace. They honour the Imperialism of the camp. They loathe the Imperialism of the caucus. Mafeking is splendid. "Mafficking" is mean. Are they visionary, are they dishonest, are they illogical to recoil from both extremes? Is there no middle course. Is the only alternative, "Let 'em all come," or "Let it all go"? I am not so sure.

The great question is—are political organisations made for men or men for political organisations? Do we not submit too readily to a process of reciprocal coercion? Are politics in England to-day to be ruled by men or by machinery? The Press is a mighty engine of discipline and authority. Whosoever holds the handles of power him they succour and sustain. Old Liberal speculators of the past used to say in their dreams: "Give us a free Press and a wide franchise, and there will be no more wars or tyrannies." How vain and shortsighted are the wisest prophets! The Liberals entertained high hopes of newspapers and of large electorates. The Tories feared and resisted both. Yet both have helped the Tories and hurt the Liberals. Great newspapers are owned by wealthy men. Wealthy men are decidedly on the side of the "Haves" and decidedly against the "Have-nots." Thus, a vast electorate receives its information. How is it brought to the poll? The ten-pounder had to be persuaded. Nowadays it is organisation that counts; and organisation is a matter of money.

This growth of the importance of machinery squashes individuals alike in politics and journalism. Fifty years ago there were a score of private members in the House of Commons whose word weighed in the councils of the nation not less than the word of distinguished Ministers. Now the private member is an antic. If he is silent he is a fool. If he lifts his voice he is a knave—disappointed because his pretensions are ignored. A hundred years ago the Press was weak, but its writers were strong. Individual pamphleteers shaped the policies and shook the stability of powerful Governments Nowadays the letters of Junius would sell for a penny-a-line. The politician jumps at a bone. The journalist becomes a

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cynic. Never was there an age when man was so small and social machinery so large.

If on all this be superimposed a vast incubus of protected interests, shall we ever stand erect in health and honesty again?

The first set of tariffs may indeed be framed to serve the trade of the country. The second set will be arranged to suit the fortunes of a party. This to catch the iron vote, that to collar the cotton; this other, again, to rope in the woollens. Every dirty little monopolist in the island will have his own "society" to push his special trade; and for each and all the watchword will be, "Scratch my back," and the countersign, "I'll scratch yours." Every election will turn on Tariff. Something for Newcastle! Something for Birmingham! Something for Glasgow! See already how Mr. Chamberlain has advanced. Protection for the English miller. Offal for the Irish pig. Here we conciliate the country party. There we appeal to the artisan. All who will organise effectively shall share the spoils. All who cannot organise will pay the costs. Every Member of Parliament will be a dockyard member. Apart from all the bribery—direct and indirect—which cannot fail to creep in, who will dare to set himself above the needs of his own constituency? Others are having their share. Why should any stand out? "Favours for all in front, and the devil take the hindmost."

Let those who think this overdrawn look to the experience of high protected countries where there exists a vigorous commercial life. Let them study the proceedings in Germany, in the United States—nay, our own colony of Canada—when a tariff revision is impending. Let them inquire what has poisoned the early days of the Australian commonwealth. Let them think—from their own experience—what would happen here if the House of Commons—hitherto chaste because unsolicited—were to have the fate of every industry periodically placed in the hollow of its hand. Mr. Austen Chamberlain would not allow it to decide the wages of the Post Office

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servants—because that would be an "invidious" task. Mr. Balfour did not think it fit to arbitrate upon the claims of Trade Unions—because of the "pressure" which would be applied. And yet these very Ministers who have urged these arguments now are eager to expose it to temptations and perils beside which these duties cannot even be considered. Why is our Legislature the purest in the world? Is it because we are the only incorruptible race?

Out of all these changed conditions and unmeasured forces the new party will emerge. Not the old historic Conservatism, with its traditions, its beliefs, and its dreams, but a blatant thing of "caucuses" and "platforms," acting through a tributary House of Commons, sustained by a strong confederation of capitalists and combinations, and founded on special classes of organised and privileged labour. The slave of great interests. The master of a great people. Over all, like a red robe flung about the shoulders of a sturdy beggar, an extravagant and aggressive militarism; and at the top, installed in splendour, a party leader, half German Chancellor, half American boss.

It is no wonder that Free Traders are cautious in accepting the modest proposals of Mr. Balfour.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

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BRITISH POLICY AND THE BALKANS

II

THE Sultan does not seem disposed to accept the proposals of Austria and Russia, the countries now adopted as leaders by his Majesty's Government, who have thereby forsaken the engagements that this country undertook in the Treaties of Paris and Berlin.

By Article 7 of the Treaty of Paris the Powers of Europe "declared the Sublime Porte to be admitted to participate in the advantages of the Public Law and System of Europe." Their Sovereigns "engaged each on his part to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, guaranteeing in common the strict observance of that engagement, and will, in consequence, consider any act tending to its violation as a question of general interest."

This Treaty was followed by the tripartite Treaty between Great Britain, Austria and France, dated April 15, of the same year, 1856. By this Treaty the three Powers guaranteed, jointly and severally, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and declared that "any infraction of the stipulations of the said Treaty will be considered by the Powers signing the said Treaty as a *casus belli*." It was not then contemplated that England would become a retainer of Austria and Russia.

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By the Treaty of Berlin, Article 63, the Treaty of Paris, as well as the Treaty of London, of March 18, 1871, were declared to be maintained. Such was the policy in the first place of Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, and, after an interval of twenty-two years, of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, four statesmen not less capable than our present governors.

It may be urged that circumstances have altered. This is not so. Circumstances can never alter in Turkey; and whenever the Palace perceives that the European Powers are not absolutely united, it takes the opportunity of playing one off against the other. If England is contented with merely the right of suggestion, the Palace knows that other Powers may or may not be satisfied with the same obscure function, and contrives accordingly.

A Sultan once declared that Constantinople would always be safe, protected in the same way as a beautiful woman in the hands of brigands all contending for her. The continuous policy of Turkey is a playing off of certain Powers against others; and whether the councillors of the Sultan be Turks, Afghans, Arabs, Greeks or Armenians, all fighting against each other, his diplomacy is always limited to the possibility of procuring dissensions amongst his ill-assorted allies. As the case is now, so it was in 1878. This will be seen from the following information given to me at that period by certain persons who had peculiar means of obtaining solid information.

Suleiman Pasha—best and most unjustly abused man in Europe. His history gives the best insight into the history of Turkey for the last year. He was early marked out for destruction by the Palace. Sent off to Montenegro; brought back only at a critical moment; kept at Schipka to lose his army and his popularity; sent off to Rustchuk when too late to do any good, time having been given for Russian reinforcements; ordered to go from Rustchuk to Adrianople overland, and when he disobeyed and came by sea to Constantinople, alleging that the routes were impassable, met by *aides-de-camp* of the Palace, and conducted to the railway station; hardly a week at Adrianople when ordered to go to Kamarli in command of Shakir's army; cut off from Adrianople by the treacherous surrender of the Schipka Pass; obliged to

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retreat across Rhodope Mountains, and arriving at Enos with a broken army and a broken reputation, the policy of the Palace was at last successful, and Suleiman Pasha became a discredited general. The moment this was accomplished he was arrested and thrown into a fortress in the Dardanelles, and will now probably be shot. The reason for all this is twofold :

(1) Suleiman is by far the ablest man in the Turkish Empire as a soldier and a statesman, and a supporter of Midhat's[1] constitution.

(2) Still more, it was he, even more than Hussein Avni, whose unbending determination and actual hand executed the deposal of Abdul Aziz.

"It is nae so easy flitting kings." Every man connected with this deposition has had to pay the penalty, not to speak of the murder of Hussein Avni, possibly accidental. Midhat was exiled by an unprecedentedly despotic act; old Abdul Kerim is a prisoner at Lemnos; Suleiman has been the object of an absolute policy of destruction. At Schipka, after his victory at Kesanlik he wished to join either Osman or Mahmoud Ali, and he was ordered by a telegram in his possession to attack the Schipka Pass. He then sent a sketch of Fort St. Nicholas to the Palace, showing the impregnability of Fort St. Nicholas. The Sultan looked at the sketch, said he saw nothing impregnable in it, and that Suleiman must obey orders. To give an indication of how he was always viewed in the Palace, when Midhat Pasha asked for the bâton of maréchal for him from the Sultan it was refused, but the next day Mahmoud Damed told Midhat that the Sultan would accord the rank on the condition that Suleiman left Constantinople the next day. The destruction of Suleiman was always the principal object at the Palace, the destruction of the Russian armies being quite subsidiary. There is probably not a Turk in the whole Turkish Empire, with the exception of the Palace clique of fawning and corrupt courtiers, who is not convinced of Suleiman's incorruptibility and patriotism. The history of Suleiman is the key of all that has taken place within the last year in Turkey.

Baker Pasha says Suleiman's movements were inexplicable, except from treason.

The movement to which he refers was a forty-eight hours' halt at Otlokeui, on retreat from Kamarli to Enos. This halt was in consequence of a despatch, now in Suleiman's possession, ordering him to halt on the ground that an armistice had been signed. The whole misunderstanding, concerning the armistice in which the Porte alleged itself to be deceived by Russia and England (as to principle and conditions) was a deliberate plan and policy of the Palace.

Negotiations between Russia and the Palace had been going on for

[1] See *The Life of Midhat Pasha: a record of his services, political reforms, banishment and judicial murder.* By his son Ali Haydar Midhat Bey. Murray, 1903.

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months through a person whose name I know. The *basis* of a secret arrangement had then been agreed upon.

The Palace knew, while the Porte was ignorant of this basis. The key of all is fear of Suleiman and Deputies, just as the basis of arrangement is protective of the Palace by Russian troops against Deputies.

The secret history of late events has been this: When Plevna fell and Kars had also fallen, and Erzeroum was daily expected to fall, the discontent and anger of Constantinople assumed dangerous proportions, and threatened the throne of the Sultan. The particular form and expression which this discontent took were interpellations in the Parliament, where Midhat's party was in a majority in intelligence and numbers, backed and supported by the universal feeling of the army, of which Suleiman Pasha was the chief symbol. This was notorious. But the following is what actually took place in the councils of the Palace. Further resistance to the Russians after Plevna was deemed impossible. Every step forward of the Russians increased the domestic danger. The resolution was then taken at the Palace to confine the greater domestic danger which threatened the throne and the dynasty by compounding with the external enemy. Mahmoud Damad was sent on a mysterious journey, on a pretext of visiting the defences of the Balkans, though for three weeks none knew his exact whereabouts, and the first exact indication of the object of his visit was the surrender of the army in the Schipka Pass.

He went to the Russian camp and negotiated the secret treaty with the Russians, the fruits of which were immediately apparent. An armistice was asked for, and on the pretence of a misunderstanding about the armistice, orders from Constantinople were telegraphed to the Turkish commanders to suspend military operations. This armistice never having been agreed to by the Russians except in principle, the Russian commanders on their side marched forward more decidedly than ever, and the whole Turkish army at Schipka was taken prisoner. Suleiman and his army were cut off from Adrianople, and driven for bare life across the Rhodope Mountains with the loss of baggage and artillery. Not only this, but Adrianople, which ought to have stopped the Russians for months, was evacuated without a shot fired; and the lines of Boyouk-Tchehmedje, where the Turks might have made a final stand for months, were evacuated with the neutral zone. To cover and make possible these arrangements, sham negotiations were entered upon at Kezanlik and Adrianople by Server and Safvet Pashas, who were absolutely ordered by Izzed Bey, the Sultan's *aide-de-camp*, sent to Adrianople for that purpose, to sign any conditions which the Grand Duke might impose; the memorandum of these conditions being already in the hands of the Sultan, brought to him by Mahmoud Damad.

The consideration for which the Russian occupation was bought was the protection of the Sultan and his dynasty against the domestic rebellion which

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was imminent, and the presence of a Russian army in the immediate vicinity of Constantinople was the best and perhaps only means of over-awing and defeating this rebellion. Server Pasha and Namyk Pasha (who was at Beyrout when the massacres took place) are in the secret of these transactions—Safvet Pasha to a very much smaller extent, and Achmet Vefyk not at all.

Anybody who trusts to the fact of a Philo-English Prime Minister being in power at the present moment is destined to be wofully disappointed. The very fact of such a one being in power at the present moment, when Russian influence is necessarily in the ascendant, ought to awaken every jealousy and suspicion. If he is there now, it can only be to throw dust in the eyes of England and of the Turkish people, and cover the deliberate plot of the Palace, of safeguarding its own dynastic interests at the expense of all the permanent interests of the country. The very moment he has answered this purpose he will be discarded like an old pair of gloves. Mahmoud Nedim or Server Pasha will become the ostensible as well as the real councillors of the Sultan. It cannot be too categorically and absolutely stated as a canon for practical guidance in the present state of affairs, that the Palace is, and will remain, as absolutely Russian as Faust belonged to Mephistopheles. That the sharpest and most patriotic spirits among the Turks see through all this, and that the plot is capable of being exposed and defeated and the whole Palace conspiracy, and the Palace itself overturned, I positively assert—but intelligent and practical means to that end must be resolutely adopted with a clear and definite purpose in view.

England was not at that time satisfied with the functions of suggestion. Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield came forward as the representatives of public law, and insisted that the Treaty of San Stefano, signed by two parties only, should be subjected to the control of Europe. One point on which stress was laid by Lord Salisbury as being a fruit of the Berlin Treaty was "that all Russian influence has been removed to a distance from the shores of the Ægean Sea." Our Government is now satisfied to follow the two Powers now attempting to obtain the partition of Macedonia to the exclusion of England.

I referred in my last article to the constitution established for Eastern Roumelia. Something of this kind is now evidently the desire of the Macedonian Committee. They have declared that their aim is to obtain the local autonomies laid down by Article 23 of the Treaty of Berlin, and that these autonomies should be drawn up by mixed European Commissions.

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The Organic Statute of Eastern Roumelia was divided into fifteen chapters. It is only necessary to refer to the first, which lays down "le droit public de la province," and which contains the general principles of the whole organisation. It will hence be seen that, while full individual liberties were guaranteed to the inhabitants of the province, the rights of the Sultan were securely reserved.

Article 1 of the chapter declares the province to be placed under the direct political and military authority of the Sultan under conditions of administrative autonomy.

Article 2 defines the frontiers as laid down by the Treaty of Berlin. The Sultan, under the limitations of the Treaty, provides for the defence of the frontiers by land and sea. Ottoman troops will not enter the province, but in the cases there provided for.

Article 4.—Neither for the defence of the frontiers nor for the maintenance of interior order shall irregular troops be employed, such as Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians.

Article 5.—No colony of Circassians can be established in the province.

By Article 6 the militia is established, but no native of Eastern Roumelia can be forced to enlist in the Ottoman Army. The tax of exoneration from service—the Bedel-i-Askerie—is abolished for the province.

Article 7.—The Sultan names a Christian Governor-General, with the assent of the Powers who signed at Berlin. The Governor-General names the different functionaries for the province with the consent of the Sultan. The Sultan names the general officers and the chiefs of the militia and gendarmerie, according to the principles laid down by Article 15 of the Treaty. He delegates to the Governor the right to name officers up to the rank of captain.

Article 8.—Justice is administered in the name of the Sultan.

Article 9.—The Sultan has the right of pardon and amnesty.

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Article 10 establishes a provincial army, and passes laws subject to the sanction, and promulgated in the name, of the Sultan by the Governor-General. If the sanction is not refused in two months, the law is considered sanctioned.

Article 11.—The Legislative Chambers have the right to introduce qualifications in the laws of the Empire.

Article 12.—The province participates in the representative institutions of the Empire by naming, through the provincial Assembly, the number of deputies allocated to the Province by the constitution, which had not then been abrogated. The legislative body of the province was exclusively competent to pass laws: (*a*) destined to regulate the conduct and the administrative organisations, judicial and financial, then created; (*b*) laws to modify or transform existing taxes; (*c*) laws creating new taxes; (*d*) the laws of the Budget and the publication of accounts; (*e*) laws of octrois and mines, the regulation of waters and forests; (*f*) highway laws; (*g*) agricultural, commercial, and industrial laws; (*h*) laws concerning institutions of credit; (*i*) laws regulating the management of the provincial domain; (*j*) laws concerning the judicial organisation, criminal and civil.

Article 14.—Provincial law could only be altered or modified or changed by the Provincial Legislature.

Article 15.—Forests, mines, and generally all real property belonging to the State in Eastern Roumelia to belong to the province.

Article 16.—Eastern Roumelia participates in the general expenses of the Empire in the proportion of three-tenths of its revenues, excepting those reserved to the Empire.

Article 17.—The revenues of the custom houses, posts, and telegraphs, are reserved to the Empire, but paid by the Local Financial Administration.

Article 18.—The legal money of the province is the gold money of the Empire.

Article 19.—Custom houses, post-offices, telegraphs, light-houses, and railways concerned in the system of communica-

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tions of the different provinces of the Empire, and of the Empire with Europe, as also the fabrication and sale of arms of war and of powder, are reserved to the Empire. The officials employed for this purpose are subject to the Governor-General as representing the central power.

Article 20.—The treaties, conventions, and international arrangements of all kinds already concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and foreign Powers are to be applied to Eastern Roumelia. The rights and privileges belonging to foreigners, whatever their condition, were to be respected in the province.

Article 21.—A just distribution to be made of public offices in regard to the majority of the inhabitants of the different districts.

Article 22.—The principal languages of the country—Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek—to be employed in the province by the authorities and by private individuals in their relation with the authorities according to the following rules: The language of the district was to be employed. The administrative and judicial authorities, both central and departmental, in their correspondence with subordinate authorities to use the language spoken by the majority of the population in the districts of the said subordinate authorities. Turkish to be the official language for correspondence with the Sublime Porte and the authorities in other parts of the Empire. Laws and other public documents to be drawn up in Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek. Before the tribunals, private individuals to have the right of using one of the three principal languages at their choice. Every decree or judgment to be officially translated into that of the three languages indicated by the interested party who may demand the translation.

Such is the statute which appears applicable to the case of Macedonia. Two Committees have been appointed to interest European Powers in the affairs of the Christian provinces of Turkey and to obtain the fulfilment of promises which have been neglected for five and twenty years. One Committee i

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formed at Sofia and projects the union of all the provinces into a Greater Bulgaria; the other is restricted to Macedonia alone.

My correspondents are of opinion that for Macedonia and the other Balkan States to become subjects of either Russia, Austria or Germany would be practical annihilation. A Greater Bulgaria would be even a greater mistake. For these reasons the scheme, already published, and desired by the second or National Macedonian Committee, proposes the formation of four autonomous provinces under Christian governors with an international gendarmerie.

The following facts are among the data of the problem not generally known in England.

Austria concluded in 1897 an arrangement with Russia—renewed in 1902—which cuts the Balkan Peninsula into two spheres of influence—Salonika and Servia going into the Austrian sphere and Constantinople and Bulgaria into the Russian.

Austria concluded in 1902 an understanding with Italy concerning Albania.

Austria has an arrangement with Germany concerning the Balkans. This understanding seems especially directed against English interests.

It deals with three points. The first point relates to internal Austrian questions, especially as to the succession; the second point is a promise of support by Germany of Austrian interest in the Balkans, as defined in the Austro-Russian agreement of 1897, and renewed in 1902, settling the partition of the Balkans between Austria and Russia.

The third point in the Austro-German understanding stipulates for a Zollverein between Austria and Germany.

By these arrangements Salonika will become a German port.

By an arrangement with Russia, made in 1901 and ratified in 1902, Bulgaria becomes virtually a Russian province. The Minister of War is to be approved by Russia, as is the

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nomination of all the superior officers of the Bulgarian Army.

Montenegro has similar arrangements with Russia.

Servia, until the assassination of King Alexander, had no Treaty binding her to Russia or Austria. But there is said to be now a secret understanding with Russia, which places Servia on the same footing as Bulgaria and Montenegro.

The whole policy of Russia and also of Germany concerning the Balkans is similar to their policy in 1876. The armed intervention of Austria and Russia, backed by Germany, is decided upon.

Austria is to occupy Servia and advance to Salonika; Russia is to occupy Bulgaria and to go to Constantinople; Italy to co-operate in Albania and perhaps in Tripoli. This may now have been modified.

Once Austria in Salonika, the Zollverein with Germany will be in full force. Great Britain is the only Power which has a vital interest in delaying the progress eastward of Austria, Germany and Russia. That result can be obtained without war if England takes the initiative in settling once for all the Turkish question in Europe. This result can be obtained by the creation of four autonomous provinces—Macedonia, Thracia, Kossovo, and Albania. These would later form a Balkan Federation under the supervision of Europe.

I, of course, cannot guarantee the accuracy of this information, but I am convinced that my informants are speaking *bonâ fide*, and that their statements are based on reasonable grounds. A great deal more has been communicated to me which, whether true or not, it does not appear to be advisable to make public. But the fact that such reports have obtained much credence, both in the Christian provinces of Turkey, in Austria, and in other countries interested in the Slavonic question, proves the serious character of the agitation which is now going on, and which will not be tranquillised by partial remedies. There is no doubt that we may soon hear of further outbreaks in Servia. The disaffection in Hungary is said to be

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fostered by a powerful European State, and it would be advisable for the Government to show to the country that they are cognisant of the real position of politics in the Near East, and that they will be prepared with something more efficacious than a timorous policy of suggestion.

Within the last few days intelligence has reached England confirming much of the above. Austria and Russia have rejected Lord Lansdowne's proposal "that the Powers should agree to depute the military attachés of their respective embassies at Constantinople to accompany the Turkish forces." Further, it is telegraphed from Berlin that the proposal I have made for a conference is objected to by Germany "because there is a tacit agreement between the Powers to leave the regulation of Balkan affairs in the hands of Russia and Austria-Hungary for the present."

These circumstances absolutely indicate the intention of the three Powers—Austria, Germany and Russia—if possible, to hamper England in the Mediterranean. To this course Lord Lansdowne applies no alternative.

HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF.

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EUROPEAN POLICY AND THE BALKANS

"LA question macédonienne, quelle salade!" observed the Paris diplomatic agent of a Balkan State to me in September last. "Salade russe, petits fours viennois" humorously interposed, with a touch of bitter melancholy, the military attaché of a great Power. And to-day as yesterday, to-day more so than yesterday, despite the recent conference of the Czar and Emperor-King, and the slightly modified turn which the new Protocol, issued from the joint labours of their Foreign Ministers, would seem to have brought about in the affairs of the unfortunate peninsula—his biting epigram sums up with equal penetration and picturesqueness the situation in the Near East. This situation has called forth an unprecedented amount of literature; its "outward signs" have been sifted and made use of in every sense; but few have endeavoured to subordinate suitably to the general procession of events and course of European evolution the inextricable plethora of detail, ever vague or distorted. Fewer still have been successful, since, in the absence of any but the most suspicious censorship, such details lend themselves too readily to the many-coloured adaptations of party spirit. Hence the difficulty and reluctance to unravel, by means of well-grounded, if inevitably hypothetic, reasoning, the "inward grace," or, if you will, disgrace of the crisis.

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In the October number of this Review Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, with no mean wealth of documentary evidence in support of his contentions, most skilfully emphasised the innumerable analogies existing between the Balkan outlook of 1877–78 and the present aspect. He thereby implicitly demonstrated that the main obstacle, one rather created than begotten, to a solution I will not say final—in politics, as in medicine, empiricism is gradually receding before rational treatment—but even to a temporary settlement, which would permit of the progressive elaboration of a definite scheme likely to conciliate both the requirements of the balance of power and the specific necessities of the affected regions, that such an obstacle was due to external circumstances, not internal conditions. Far be from me any desire to deny the existence of local factors of unrest, or to underestimate their importance; only I believe them to be widely misrepresented in their manifestations and significance. Some, through ignorance or prejudice, others through personal, nay, altruistic interest—the immense majority—travel from doubtful premises to still hastier conclusions. I propose neither to impeach nor to condone the secular conduct of the Turk; I am content to observe that the politico-religious creed wherein his mental attitude was originally cast imbues him at his birth with the idea of the universal superiority of his sect, appointed by Divine right to rule and dominate the world. The intellectual Turk himself—Inspector-General Hilmi Pasha is an example—in whom perpetual contact with the Western civilisation and the modern notion of progress has, as it were, awakened the sceptical chord, will not abdicate the inherited and œcumenical ambitions of his kin. He cannot do so without forfeiting alike his rank and prestige; and in this fidelity to his emblem of "Throne and Altar" he is incomparably more tenacious, if less avowedly pugnacious, than the emasculated descendant of the French Crusader. Moreover, when, throwing a retrospective glance, his eye encounters the flourishing provinces which this notion of Western progress

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has cost the dominion of Islam, his humiliation must needs seek comfort in a sullen hatred and obstinate inactivity, which constitute an insuperable moral barrier to any reform Europe means to impose upon him by persuasive methods. Indeed, her benevolence resembles only too vividly that of a master who, under the pretence of relieving the pain occasioned his dog by a diseased paw, would cut it off piecemeal. A radical amputation, or, in other words, the enforced severance of all the European provinces from Turkish suzerainty, might possibly prove to the Ottoman Government a valuable source of relief. The loss of Cuba and the Philippines was certainly effective in the case of Spain; but, as the Spaniard, so the Turk has his point of honour; surrender he cannot, save *in extremis*, when he would have to face the armed and overwhelming force of a coalition which he now knows he need not fear for a long time to come. Besides, should he be tempted to indulge the ironical generosity of anticipating the European demands of the distant future by a premature offer, no doubt he would be earnestly requested to withhold for a while his "voluntary contributions." Further, the Turkish people, irremediably blind to the decadence of their Empire, have never ceased to consider as a "temporary grace" conceded by their Sovereign Lord to the infidels the famous "Capitulations" extorted from him by the Powers, whereof they are barely cognisant, and can still less grasp the real trend. To the Moslem, the Christian represents nothing more than the "rayah," *i.e.*, a slave in bondage or a "ticket-of-leave" man. And thus it happens that the much-boasted tolerance exhibited throughout that portion of Turkish territory which falls under the direct surveillance of Europe is never extended to the more remote provinces, and that concerning other provincial reforms which the Moslems would be the first to claim if, like the Christian population, they could shield their complaints behind consular intercession, nothing can be expected from Ottoman goodwill. Were this goodwill itself a reality, the strained condition of the Treasury, a condition

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daily aggravated by the necessity of maintaining on a war footing the huge army of occupation in Macedonia, would materially nullify its possible effects, by reason of an unpaid, malcontent, and venal administration. The acknowledged failure of the Austro-Russian programme of reforms framed in February last invests this twofold argument with all the sweeping force of a postulate of Euclid.

The Macedonian has at least this in common with the Turk, that his behaviour in these latter days has offered much material for discussion, but, unwilling to assume the office of an inspector of moral weights and measures, I will refrain from all comment on the much-abused "balance of criminality." Varied opinions prevail in this country as to the ethnic "make up" of a Macedonian. In the view of many, to begin with, Macedonia contains no such element. There are Bulgars, Servians, Greeks and Wallachs—I was almost about to omit the Moslem and the ubiquitous Jew—or again there are Exarchists and Patriarchists, the more fashionable distinction at the present moment.

On the strength of these artificial distributions, countless and contradictory, and entirely *ex parte* statistics are compiled which all strive hard to vindicate the numerical superiority of this or that race or denomination. The preference shown depends on the race or denomination *for the time being* of the compiler, if a native, or, if he be a British traveller, on the eloquence (they all possess the gift of oratory in that country) of the last Macedonian with whom he has breakfasted. If our countryman's personal inclinations are to sport, he will uphold the Bulgar; when, on the contrary, of a business turn of mind, he will back the Greek. Official statistics there are none; the most approximative calculation is obtained by consulting the military recruiting-books, where are entered, more or less accurately, the respective names and nationalities of the Christians who submit to the payment of a substitute's tax. It is not unintentionally that a few lines back I italicised the words "for the time being." Nationality and denomination,

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in the intemperate climate wherewith I deal, are of a remarkably coquettish character. One day, a village will declare itself Exarchist or Bulgarophil in presence of the "Komitadjis," on the morrow before the Ottoman troops in pursuit of the insurgents it will be Patriarchist or Greek. The Turkish rule accords comparative protection to Greeks and Patriarchists, not merely in order to earn the opportune sympathy of a considerable fraction of the population, but to intensify further the ever-latent inter-racial rivalry; and in this respect its achievements cannot be questioned. Certain facts, nevertheless, have been made clear; the Servians, for instance, can boast no conglomerate colonies beyond Old Servia and Monastir; the Greeks include in their returns a large proportion of Wallachs, of whom many are acquainted with none other but the Rouman tongue, and, far from betraying Hellenistic tendencies, take much pride in their national characteristics and culture; but, far and above all, the Bulgars, by virtue of their splendid physique and mental application, and the law of the survival of the fittest, have every chance of attaining to hegemony in an autonomous Macedonia. This ever-growing conviction has given rise to the alliance against the Bulgar of all the weaker races within the province, a quite unnecessary and harmful step, if we consider that European control would remove all danger of Bulgar hegemony ever transgressing the limits of its due prerogatives.

These differences are kept alive by the petty neighbouring States, who, engrossed in their chimerical expectation of an impending dismemberment, are each trying to protect and reinforce their Macedonian kinsmen, with a view to claiming ultimately as their respective due the largest share in the plunder, and more especially the seaboard districts and ports that tickle their inordinate craving for maritime expansion. On the other hand, within the country itself, the party who take their cue from the Gladstonian formula of "Macedonia for the Macedonians," anxious to secure for the region, at whatever cost, pacification and subsequently the unfettered development of

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its natural resources, form assuredly no racial entity. But their programme having issued from and being daily strengthened by practical and durable considerations, their influence shows a marked and steady increase. The more enlightened politicians of the adjoining States are perfectly aware of the struggles which an attempt at partition would inevitably entail, with the intervention and permanent occupation of the disturbed areas by the Imperial armies of Russia and Austria as the immediate consequence. And some of the most fervent advocates of a "Greater Bulgaria" in earlier times have been gradually and in all sincerity converted by the force of logic and events to the idea of maintaining the territorial integrity of Macedonia, whose physiography, it should be added, is hardly as favourable to annexation by Bulgaria as was that of Eastern Roumelia. Face to face with a Macedonia confirmed alike in her indivisibility and prosperity by erection into a self-administered province, paying tribute to the Sultan, under the control of a Christian Governor-General of neutral nationality or an European Commission representative of all the Powers, the covetousness of particularist speculators would be greatly curtailed, if not completely checked. Apart from this, whoever has had an opportunity of conversing with the leaders of Balkan opinion must confess to the fact that the idea of "Confederation," which would be the surest promise for each individual border-State of its independence in the future, and of corresponding progress in the economic and educational spheres, has not only survived their most bitter rivalries, but is gaining strength as the selfishness of the neighbouring Empires is made more obvious to all. The alliance of two of their number once a *fait accompli* would be an excellent stepping-stone to the realisation of this "dream of grandeur." Let us consider for a moment the possibilities of such an agreement between Roumania and Bulgaria. It is not at random that I select this instance. These two States, with a joint population of some eight millions, could, on a war footing, put into the field over 400,000 trained men, figures which might even give

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pause to the grasping policy of a great Power, and to this strength would be added the admirable physical defences of their frontiers. It is well known that the Bulgarian Headquarters Staff has borrowed what is best in the military organisations and armaments of Russia and Germany. The Roumanians on their side have taken full advantage of their cordial relations with France to perfect on the Gallic pattern their field artillery and engineering corps; whilst, if we are to rely on expert opinion, the stronghold of Bucharest, defended by an up-to-date system of detached steel forts, designed by and constructed under the personal supervision of the celebrated Belgian General Brialmont, is one of the best in Europe. But there are other than purely technical reasons. In political, as in domestic unions, the most fruitful results are obtained when the two partners, thanks to their specific qualities, supplement each other's deficiencies. In the union I suggest Roumania would supply *en dot* to her ally—whose main feature is that of an almost exclusively rural population—the long-felt want of a class of wealthy landowners and manufacturers, together with the polish of her Western customs and culture. In return, closer contact with the rugged and energetic Jugo-Slav mountaineer could not fail to instil new vigour into the sprightly, clever, but somewhat enervated temperament of the Danubian Latin. And thus the blend of these two heterogeneous elements might become a source of increased vitality for both. On the other hand, were the initiative of such a move to proceed from two peoples belonging to the same racial stock, like Bulgaria and Servia, the chances of its ultimate success would be singularly lessened; it would tend to create unpleasant feelings among the Roumanians, ever fearful lest their ethnic individuality be swamped in the tide of Pan-Slavism. A first venture towards the establishment of a Roumano-Bulgar dualism was contrived in 1888, when the Bulgars offered their crown to King Charles; but the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Governments having immediately come forward to signify their formal veto, these and all subse-

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quent official negotiations were rendered materially impossible. The fact remains, nevertheless, that private conferences on the subject have more than once been held by prominent statesmen of both countries. Unfortunately, in more recent days, the collateral efforts made to isolate Bulgaria and Roumania respectively as the eventual heralds and vanguards of Russian, or Austrian, interests and encroachments, and to prevent in this way the formation of a nucleus of resistance which would be likely to prove a serious hindrance to outside aggressors, have succeeded to some extent in bringing about a certain tension and estrangement between Sofia and Bucharest. The moral, *i.e.*, diplomatic props in favour of a buffer-State sufficiently powerful to act as a breakwater against both Pan-Russist and Pan-Germanic ambitions, have been further weakened by the careless indifference of our Foreign Office and the timidity of France *vis-à-vis* her Imperial "friend and ally." The dangerous consequences of this Western apathy are especially revealed in the complete monopoly by St. Petersburg, Vienna—and Berlin!—of the directing influences in the peninsula, to counteract which Lord Lansdowne has most commendably, but tardily, and without, I fear, much pointedness or practical result, advocated some restrictive measures, to the undisguised annoyance of the two—or three!—Imperial Cabinets. Indeed, whether the Austro-Russian *entente* for the temporary maintenance of the *status quo* end in a hopeless split or in a more definite and permanent agreement, its issue in either case will be fraught with nothing but danger, or at least great inconvenience, for our British interests. To me it seems as if the two rivals, having simultaneously estimated, together with the common target, their respective ranges, and discovered the momentary even balance of the forces at the disposal of their contending ambitions, are groping towards a perhaps Utopian compromise, which might promise some specific and tangible advantage to each, and the guarantee of a durable peace to both. The main and almost insurmountable difficulty to an amicable settlement lies in the fact that the key to the solution is to be

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sought for neither at St. Petersburg nor at Vienna, but at Berlin.

Meanwhile, the two Governments are in no hurry to cater for the interests committed to their charge. The remarkable insistence wherewith they claim the exclusive right to deal with the problem and their no less remarkable opposition to any endeavour by the parties interested to arrive at an independent understanding, and likewise to the despatch of special European military attachés to the field of operations in Macedonia, all this can but tend to cast a slur on the honesty of their intentions. I shall endeavour to determine the springs and bearings of their respective attitudes as disclosed by the transformations which the political equilibrium is ostensibly undergoing at the present moment.

Francis Joseph I., whose personal influence over the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy is paramount, has never renounced the hereditary ambitions of the House of Hapsburg. The Treaty of Prague, which dealt the fatal blow to his ever latent hope of reinstating Austria at the head of the Germanic Confederation, compelled him to turn eastwards for the fulfilment of his desire for territorial aggrandisement. The occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the one success which his Foreign Office can boast throughout the whole record of his long reign, could but induce him to persevere in this direction, as also the whole-hearted support of his Slav subjects.

The latter, sympathetically inclined towards their Balkan kinsman, viewed with no little favour the prospect of a numerical increase which would go far to strengthen their constitutional position in the Empire. The initial reluctance of the Austro-Germans to follow suit was speedily overcome after the conclusion of the defensive Treaty by Bismarck and Andrássy. To this change of front the brilliant industrial dawn which the Welt-politik had caused to rise upon their cousins of the Reichsland, contributed in the case of many; others had fallen a voluntary prey to the Pan-Germanic plans of the

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Hohenzollerns, whilst all patriots responded to the call for extension of the country's commerce and naval power.

Now, Salonica as a naval basis and commercial outlet on the western coast of the Peninsula, would have satisfied Austria's more urgent requirements. To her Constantinople was by no means indispensable as it was to Russia. Had the matter been one confined to the interests and jurisdiction of these two Powers an amicable settlement would undoubtedly have been reached. But when the insuperable barrier of the British veto was withdrawn or rather relaxed after the occupation of Egypt, other factors of opposition came to the fore.

The dislike entertained by the Magyars, whose hereditary feud received fresh stimulus by the prick of the Russian bayonets of 1848–49, is equalled only by their mistrust of the Muscovite. Russia, on her part, though bearing them no personal grudge, distrusts the illegitimate but undeniable influence they exercise over the general sway of Austro-Hungarian policy. Nor are the Magyars, in face of the threatening growth, both numerical and mental, of the Slavs and Roumanians within their borders, particularly desirous to add to the latter's strength. On these grounds they champion the territorial integrity of the Turkish Empire, thus constituting what I would fain term Austria's internal check—a very secondary one, however, compared to that imposed upon her by her allies.

Italy has never been able thoroughly to digest her defeat at Lissa. Her policy in the Balkan question is as yet a purely negative one—hence all the more obdurate—she will not allow the Adriatic to be turned into an Austrian lake, overrun by the several Austro-Hungarian squadrons spurting forth from and receding with equal swiftness behind the jettyhead of Salonica. She is beginning to resent the financial strain exacted by the military and naval requirements of the Triple Alliance, the more so because all reference to her services having been gradually eliminated from the toasts of Berlin and

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Vienna, this Alliance assumes somewhat visibly the character of a purely Austro-German concern. The Kaiser's flirtation with the Catholic centre in the Reichstag and the obtrusive pageant which was witnessed on the occasion of his memorable visit to the Vatican have deeply wounded the national Italian feeling.

Germany would see without displeasure the Hapsburg ensign towering above the harbour of Salonica, especially if in return for her condescension she were granted the "friendly loan" of the port of Trieste to form *her* naval basis in the Mediterranean. But the promotion of her ally's interest being subordinate in every case to her own, not for a moment would she countenance the cession of Salonica to Austria if dependent on the simultaneous abandonment of Constantinople to Russia. And this would, it may be remarked, afford the indispensable preliminary and only plausible route to a pacific and final solution.

For Germany to consent to a Russian occupation of Stamboul would be to deprive herself if not exactly of her groundwork, at least of the influence which she has acquired there, by means of her adulation and *entretien* of Abdul Hamid, and which has fostered the political and industrial development of her budding Empire in Asia Minor. The fatherland, cut off by the Russian Black Sea fleet from all communication with its pet colony, would find itself in a position very analogous to that with which we were at one time menaced. Here I will emphasise a subtle but significant distinction. The German rulers, as formerly our own, mean to impede with all celerity and all available means the Russian advance towards Constantinople. But an *arrière pensée* is theirs; that of progressively working their own way to the coveted goal with the assistance of an extended Austro-Hungarian Empire of their making. Meanwhile Germany feels her ground, alternately tightening or loosening her hold over the neighbouring and allied Power. It is necessary above all things for the three Empires to arrive if possible at an

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agreement. We see here the renascence of the Bismarckian ideal—anxious to avoid or at least postpone indefinitely any move likely to give rise to a conflict whose issue cannot be clearly defined. I will add that the alleged secret treaty between Russia and Germany ensuring the latter's neutrality in the impending event of hostilities in the Far East, must needs have been accompanied by some compensation for Germany, this, if so, being probably in the shape of greater freedom of action in Asia Minor.

But the question of the Straits remains insoluble. The Germans may well think "after all if we cannot seize them we can dissuade others from doing so." It remains to be seen how far and how long Russian policy will accommodate the pretensions of Berlin. That we are spectators to a diplomatic struggle of the most vital importance is obvious. No one, however, can foretell the final result; although an agreement has hitherto never been looked upon as falling within the range of practical politics.

The Russian official policy, less complicated perhaps in its essence, is more opaque in its manifestations. Apparently it would not be wrong to say that it is full of contradictions and works spasmodically. The reason is that the pivot of its action at any one moment is not single and stable, and its manipulation is not uniform. So much is certain, that Russia, no less than Germany, is apprehensive as to any effective European intervention in Macedonia; and that the idea of an understanding between the three Empires, at the moment when the progress of socialism is becoming more and more threatening to the three representatives in Europe of the spirit of autocratic and bureaucratic reaction, is not displeasing to either. Russia's internal state, disturbed by incessant labour troubles and agitations which have even reached the army, is one of the lesser motives for the attitude of complete reserve, that is to say, of prudent watchfulness, which she has adopted towards the Balkan problem. Indeed, if Russian distrust has not yet vanished, which is, of course, probable in view of the *unforeseen* which may at any

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moment proceed from the Magyar or Pan-German quarter, its ancient animosity towards Austria is gradually disappearing as the Slav subjects of the house of Hapsburg are growing in numbers and influence. The sympathy between the great feudal nobles of Bohemia and Muscovy is one of long standing. Possibly Russia foresees that a Slavophil Austria would be the final blow to the European side of the Pan-Germanic programme, and is waiting for this not unlikely consummation to arrive before taking action. The responsibilities besides which attach to the organisation of her new Empire in the Far East are calling for all her energies and resources in view of an eventual conflict in these regions. All who have noticed the extraordinary disproportion between the small total of her external debt, in spite of all her well-puffed periodical loans, and her enormous internal expenses, will have no doubt of her want of credit, a want which will weigh pretty heavily on the Empire in the hour of a foreign crisis. The domestic crisis is already in existence. Perforce, then, for the moment the first place in the imperial programme of expansion is held by the Far East, and the creation of a special Ministry entrusted with the administration of the new conquests diminishes the attributes and the importance of the Department of Foreign Affairs, if it does not actually relegate it to a subordinate position. There were strange rumours afloat lately about Count Lamsdorff, the Foreign Minister. Such phrases even as resignation and disgrace were heard until Mürzsteg appeared to restore his credit somewhat. It is not impossible that his conciliatory tone towards Germany, alleged to be due to his German extraction and leanings, has alienated from him a considerable section of the Court and even the Heir-Apparent himself. It was on the initiative of the latter, unknown to the Minister and the Czar himself, that the inopportune naval demonstration off the coast of Macedonia two months ago was ordered. Such at least are the whispers in the drawing-rooms of the aristocratic opposition in St. Petersburg. It is, at least, not open to doubt that the policy inaugurated by Lobanoff

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and faithfully followed by his successor is directly opposed, I will not say to public opinion, which in Russia is non-existent, but to the hereditary instincts of the nation. To the majority the Foreign Minister is merely a Germanophil "Lammskopf" (lamb's head). The nation have remained as Pan-Slavist in their views as they were in 1877, and would rise in indignation against the inactivity of the Ministry, if the censorship gave them a chance to read the unexpurgated story of the Macedonian atrocities.

The Russian Government, on the other hand, has long abandoned the programme of San Stefano as not only impracticable but eminently dangerous. Ignatiev, in spite of all the evil said of him, was capable of unselfishness; if he was too optimistic in imagining that the recognition of a "Greater Bulgaria" of his own creation would facilitate the leisurely march of Russia to Constantinople, and that the *protégée* would never rise against her benefactor, he would never have thought of any brutal annexation which would merge Bulgarian individuality in the Muscovite Empire. That, on the other hand, is the last word of the *official* policy of to-day. The old Pan-Slavism, largely composed of racial and humanitarian sympathies, is giving way before the narrow and selfish conception of a Pan-Russism, all grasping and all destroying. This would be despotism and not protection. Such a policy for its active and open propagation requires the co-operation of the people as a whole, and they are so far unconverted. No doubt their conversion will come on the day when they realise that this is the single means by which to carry out the programme of Peter the Great, which will always be their gospel. Meantime the important point is to enfeeble not only Turkey but also the States, which have discerned the trap, and are showing signs of open rebellion. This object is effected by fostering the particularist rivalries which hinder the formation of formidable alliances and by assisting Russophil governments and parties. The thinly veiled hostility of Roumania, who has never been able to pardon the ingratitude with which her services during

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the war of 1876-8 were repaid by the filching of Bessarabia, is known at St. Petersburg to be beyond pacification. There is nothing to look for in that direction. In Bulgaria, too, the nationalist party, founded by Stambuloff's prescient genius and consecrated by his death, is rising more powerful than ever; and in most cases the Russophilism of the Zankoffiste party is due to cowardice or venality, rather than to real sympathy. Bulgaria has tasted the liberty of a parliamentary and constitutional system; and the intellectual men who are numbered among her sons are not disposed to hand over this legitimate fount of influence and honours to the tender mercies of the despot. They see the treatment inflicted on Finland. I do not mention Poland. The Russian Government will go to any lengths to prevent an armed conflict between Turkey and Bulgaria; it knows that the latter if victorious would gain in prestige and confidence; and that, were she defeated, it is still too early for the Russian nation, which would not fail to intervene in her favour, to attempt the incorporation of her territory as the generous intervener. It would not do at present to introduce new elements of disorder into the Empire which might possibly give formidable impetus to the constitutional movement which is beginning to take shape. Thus Pan-Slavism and Pan-Russism are mutually exclusive terms, and will continue so for a long while to come. The specific danger for Europe and for ourselves would arise—the day is yet distant—when Russia abandoned absolutism and the Slav peoples outside its borders were dissatisfied with their lot. That is why I have always urged that the Slav majority in Austria-Hungary should be granted all their preponderance entitles them to, as against the combined minorities of Germar and Magyars who strongly oppose any such concession. On this point I can cite important and impartial testimony. German colonial expansion was as yet undreamed of at the time when Bismarck, in a letter dated July 25, 1854, wrote to the Minister-President of Prussia, Otto von Manteuffel: "The danger of Pan-Slavism disappears when *two* powerful Slav

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States exist with a different religion and nationality." On the same showing I support the idea of a Balkan confederation, whose chances of realisation diminish daily owing to the inconceivable negligence of the Western Powers, whose interests are really largely engaged in such a project. They were content to make over to the Austro-Germans and Russians a monopoly of protection; that is of intrigue. They have now left everything at the mercy of Austrian and Russian intrigues.

Germany stands unmasked, having intimated her disapproval of the European control and the reforms suggested by the advisers of the two countries and placed at the head of the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski paper, which Abdul Hamid pretended to oppose, acting, no doubt, under advice from Berlin. Germany understands that this proposal is merely a lever which will allow Russia to work the country of Macedonia in her own interests by increasing the number of her consuls. Sofia, too, has grasped the true inwardness of this sudden access of humanitarian feeling. Unfortunately, the Russian Government is excellently served by its agents. Prince Ferdinand may not be all Russia could desire in the way of a dutiful prefect. If this living enigma does not work for exclusively personal ends he certainly does not work for Russia more than for himself; and the abrupt disgrace of the Catholic Archbishop Menini, the Austrian Court-missionary at Sofia, after the death of the princess and the orthodox baptism of Prince Boris, has always failed to convince me that the prince had sincerely abandoned his old-time attachments. As a set off, the marvellously opportune accession of Peter Karageorgevitch to the throne of Servia secures to Russia all the advantages possible in this quarter. Among these is the vision, should King Peter be brought to abdicate willingly or otherwise, of a minor king entrusted to her care, for whom a regent would have to be found, a regent easy of access.

On the subject of the Court tragedy at the Konak in June last, I may be permitted in a slight digression to refer to the account

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which was given me by a politician in close relation with the unfortunate Cabinet of Zinzar Markovitch. The story has been confirmed from Roumanian sources, so its truth will hardly be called in question. It will be remembered that the marriage of King Alexander and Madame Draga Maschin was the work of the Russian Minister at Belgrade, Mansouroff. He got wind of the earlier connection, and thought that, by securing for Madame Maschin the position of wife and queen, he would succeed indirectly, thanks to his knowledge and influence, in guiding the policy of the King and of Servia in the tracks of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg. It was at a moment when Russia feared the return of Milan, always popular with the army, and with him of Austrian influence. It happened that Draga, once queen, became queen in reality; and Russia from the time when, on Milan's death, the chief danger to her disappeared, nettled also by certain scandalous and calumnious reports which had been spread some little while before on the subject of the queen and her indocility, abandoned Alexander to a dissatisfied army and to those extreme political parties whose interested concessions he had soon exhausted. Feeling his isolation he turned to Austria, who, angry with his marriage and his Russian flirtation, inflicted on him and his consort the humiliation of a social snub. It was then, I am told, that he lost his head and offered a treaty of alliance against all external aggression to King Charles of Roumania. The latter, knowing the abrupt and capricious turn of Alexander's temperament, and anxious to offend neither Russia nor Austria, thanked him, and shrewdly observed that if Roumanian and Servian interests were as identical as Alexander asserted, there was no need of a formal agreement. The wise ruler thought it well, however, to warn Vienna, through the intermediary of one of his most trustworthy advisers, of the dangers which the snub above-mentioned was bringing about for the Obrenovitch dynasty and Austrian influence in the Balkans. Count Goluchowski seems to have shown himself politely sceptical, but in the course of the

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conversation which he had with the Roumanian statesman, he let slip the remark that it was well known at St. Petersburg that Austria would not make the accession of Karageorgevitch a *casus belli*, but only that of the Montenegrin claimant. It would thus appear that information had been previously requested by, and delivered at St. Petersburg, where the speedy fall of Alexander had been foreseen. The warnings of King Charles had not, however, been without some effect on the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, if we reflect that Queen Draga and a ministerial escort were expected at Franzensbad, where Francis Joseph was to arrive, for rest so called, on his return from the great summer manœuvres. There he would by accident meet the Servian visitors; and an opportunity would arise of reconciling the exigencies of high politics and the rigid etiquette of the Court of Vienna. The project, unfortunately, miscarried, owing to the unexpected haste of the conspirators of the Konak. "Salade russe, petits fours viennois!"

And the moral of all this, do you ask? It is much the same as stated last month by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. That the maintenance of the power of Turkey in sore straits requires our armed intervention, and an appeal to war has become a debatable question now that we hold Egypt and Cyprus—though the latter island is very insufficiently equipped for the part she would have to play in any conflict. No one, however, will deny that, in the event of any coalition against Britain in the Mediterranean, the addition of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea would in itself be so formidable a menace to the balance of naval forces and our own supremacy that no appeal to moral interest, no effort of diplomacy should be spared to avert such a contingency. Up to a certain point we can count on the antagonism of German and Russian ambitions, while regarding their ultimate agreement as, though highly improbable, not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Meanwhile it would not be out of place, with the consent of our friends—I was about to say our allies—France and Italy, to resume the *rôle* of peacemaker, which ought, as it

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seems, naturally to fall to the Western Powers, who are less directly interested in the problem.

An independent Macedonia, modelled on the lines of Crete or Lebanon, can offer no harm to us; on the contrary, it is the first quasi-indispensable condition of the Balkan confederation, the establishment of which, if we encouraged it, would put an end to our apprehensions.

One word of apology to the humanitarians for my cynical tone at the outset. I will now add that, the interests of patriotism being safeguarded, it would surely be with the sincerest pleasure that the most cynical would see the present devastation of the unhappy province come to an end, and the unspeakably terrible carnage forestalled which would follow a collision between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Russism. The wish is one for which I shall have no thanks from the "humanitarians" of Germany and Russia.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

Seyne yard at Toulon, was laid down in April 1899, launched in February 1901, and completed this last August. The remaining five ships are building in Russian yards; of these the *Imperator Alexander III.* was laid down in September 1899, at the Baltic works, St. Petersburg, and launched in August 1901; the *Borodino*, building at the New Admiralty

[1] Some writers have included the *Pobieda* in the 1898 programme, but this is an error. The *Pobieda*, which was laid down at the Baltic works in August 1898, is a sister-ship to the *Oslialiya* and *Peresviet*, the three ships forming a distinct type of their own. If they can hardly be classed as first-class battleships, they are at least extremely formidable armoured cr uisers.

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THE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME AND THE TWO-POWER STANDARD

THERE has been during the last few months, and there still continues, a tendency in certain quarters interested in naval matters to raise a scare over the programme of new construction which the Russian Admiralty are now putting in hand. More than one question on the subject was asked in the House during the last Session, and the Admiralty have been somewhat severely taken to task, because the First Lord did not follow the example set by Mr. Goschen in 1898, and present a Supplementary Estimate authorising the enlargement of our building programme for the year, as a reply to the new ships which Russia is preparing to lay down.

There does not appear, however, to be any solid grounds the Mediterranean, the addition of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea would in itself be so formidable a menace to the balance of naval forces and our own supremacy that no appeal to moral interest, no effort of diplomacy should be spared to avert such a contingency. Up to a certain point we can count on the antagonism of German and Russian ambitions, while regarding their ultimate agreement as, though highly improbable, not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Meanwhile it would not be out of place, with the consent of our friends—I was about to say our allies—France and Italy, to resume the *rôle* of peacemaker, which ought, as it

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they are actually commenced; and ships are very often announced to be actually in the last stage when later information shows that they have not got beyond the first.

Before considering the new Russian programme it is necessary to refer to the last one, generally known as the 1898 programme, and about which some strangely inaccurate and misleading statements have appeared in the press.

Over and over again, during the last few months, has it been stated that the "Russian 1898 programme being now completed, a new and still more formidable one is to be at once commenced, &c. &c."—the fact of the matter being that not only is the 1898 programme not completed, but there is no chance of its being so for another two years; the *Slava*, the last ship of the programme, having only been launched from the Baltic yard at St. Petersburg on August 29 last.

Coming more to details, the battleship programme in question provided for the construction of seven first-class ships[1]—viz., the *Retvisan*, *Tsarevitch*, *Borodino*, *Imperator Alexander III.*, *Orel*, *Kniaz Suvaroff*, and *Slava*. Of these seven ships, only two—the *Retvisan* and *Tsarevitch*—have as yet been completed, both having been constructed in foreign yards. The *Retvisan* was built by the celebrated firm of Cramp of Philadelphia; she was laid down in December 1898, launched in October 1900, and completed about the middle of last year; while the *Tsarevitch*, built at the La Seyne yard at Toulon, was laid down in April 1899, launched in February 1901, and completed this last August. The remaining five ships are building in Russian yards; of these the *Imperator Alexander III.* was laid down in September 1899, at the Baltic works, St. Petersburg, and launched in August 1901; the *Borodino*, building at the New Admiralty

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yard, St. Petersburg, was laid down in May 1900, and launched in September 1901, both these ships are approaching completion, but it is doubtful if they will be ready for service before next year. The *Orel* was laid down at Galernii Island, St. Petersburg, in June 1900, and was launched in July 1902, while the *Kniaz Suvaroff* was laid down at the Baltic works in May 1901, launched in September 1902, and with the *Orel* will also, as far as present information goes, be completed some time next year. The *Slava*, however, laid down at the New Admiralty yard in November 1902, and only launched on August 29 last, can hardly be ready before 1905.

It should be noted, therefore, that the building programme of 1898, of which so much has been made, in reality resolved itself into a programme of new construction, which was spread over a period of four years, no more than two ships having been laid down in any one year.

If we turn now to our own programme for 1898–99 we are confronted with a somewhat different state of affairs. The Naval Estimates for the year, as originally submitted to Parliament, provided for the laying down of only three battleships; but on the report of the new proposed Russian programme being confirmed, the First Lord obtained the sanction of the House for the construction of four additional battleships, thus bringing the number for the year up to seven, which was the number proposed in the new Russian programme. Of these, one, the *London*, was laid down at Portsmouth in December 1898, while the other six were all commenced during the first eight months of 1899. The *London*, *Bulwark*, and *Venerable* were completed and commissioned last year; while the *Duncan*, *Exmouth*, and *Russell* of the Supplementary Programme, have been completed and commissioned during the present year; the fourth ship, the *Cornwallis*, has been somewhat delayed, but is now approaching completion, but as a set-off to this delay, however, a sister-ship, the *Montagu*, one of the 1899–1900 programme, built at Devonport, where for some years ships have been more rapidly constructed than at other yards,

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was completed and commissioned last July. Substituting the *Montagu* for the *Cornwallis*, we find that the whole of the seven ships of the 1898–99 programme have been completed and are actually commissioned, while the Russians have only completed two of theirs; moreover, excluding this year's programme, we have in addition laid down seven more ships, five of which are of the extremely powerful *King Edward VII.* type; the Russians, on the other hand, up to the beginning of this year, not having advanced beyond the ships of their original programme, although it was stated, with some show of authority, that a new ship, a sister vessel to the *Kniaz Potemkin Tavritchesky*, had been commenced last autumn at Nicolaieff, in the Black Sea, a statement which later information has since shown to be incorrect.

With regard to the new Russian programme, the reports about which have been so exercising the minds of a certain number of naval writers, nothing is as yet known definitely as to what ships it is proposed to build under it. It has been freely stated that seven 16,500-ton battleships of somewhat the same type as our own *King Edward VII.* class were to be taken in hand this year, and completed in 1906; it is safe to say, however, that as it has been officially announced that all the ships are to be built in Russia, by Russian workmen, and of Russian material, they will certainly not be completed at the early date mentioned, in fact 1909 will probably be found to be much nearer the mark before they are all ready for commissioning. The "Marine-Almanach"—the valuable little naval year-book published by the Austrian Hydrographical Department at Pola, which is brought out regularly with the new year—while making no reference to any new ship having been laid down in the Black Sea yards since the launch of the *Kniaz Potemkin*, stated that two more 12,500-ton ships of that class were to be laid down in the Black Sea yards this year, and the information has since proved to be correct. In February the *Kronstädtski Viéstnik*, which is generally accurate in its naval news, stated that orders had been given for work with them

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to be proceeded with, and both vessels have now been commenced, one at Nicolaieff and the other at Sebastopol. Probably the knowledge of the intentions of the authorities to build these two ships led to the erroneous report, already referred to, that one had actually been commenced last year. A recent issue of the *Kronstädtski Viéstnik* contains the information that the Tsar has sanctioned the construction of two 16,600-ton battleships to be named the *Imperator Pavel I.* and the *Andrei Pervoxvannui*, which are to be laid down at the Baltic works and Galernii Island respectively. Whatever the extent of the new programme may be when it is fully developed, it does not appear likely that any other ships besides those named will be commenced this year.

Our own battleship programme for the year originally consisted of three ships, which are to be commenced as soon as the plans are ready, while three more, according to the statement made in the House by the Secretary to the Admiralty, are apparently to be taken in hand at the beginning of the next financial year. As we certainly build on the whole faster than the Russians, it would seem as if there was no pressing necessity for the Admiralty to advance the time for the commencement of the construction of the last-named ships.

Our position has, however, to be considered not only from the point as to whether we are keeping pace with the Russian new construction, but as to how we stand generally as regards any possible hostile combination against us, on the part of other naval Powers, and this necessitates the consideration of the question of the so-called "Two-Power Standard." The Admiralty have been freely charged with having allowed us to drop below this standard, but the charge is one that can hardly be seriously maintained. Excluding all our ships launched before 1890, and including all ships building or whose construction is arranged for, the number of English, French, German and Russian first-class battleships stands as follows:

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England	51
as against:	
France	20[1]
Russia	20[2]
	40
—or as against:	
Russia	20
Germany	20
	40

Counting units as a measure of relative strength is not always satisfactory, but in making the above comparison we have the satisfaction of knowing that, for the present at least, our fleets are far more homogeneous, and the ships composing them on the whole more powerful than those of the other three Powers mentioned.

Whatever the value of the two-Power standard, however, may have been ten or twelve years ago, when we only had for practical purposes France and Russia to consider, that standard is now out of date and can no longer be considered as a satisfactory margin of safety, in view of the new situation created by the steadily growing strength of the German Navy. In 1890, when the two-Power standard with a margin first came to be accepted as a satisfactory measure of our strength, the German fleet was "une quantité négligeable"; to-day that same fleet is rapidly attaining a position which may soon enable Germany to hold the balance of naval power in her hands.

It is significant that the German battle-fleet in home waters is now being reorganised on the basis contemplated by the Navy Act passed in 1898. This fleet has been hitherto known as the "First Squadron," a "Second Squadron" being each year constituted for the manœuvres from the reserve divisions. This fleet is now to be designated as the "Active Battle-fleet," and is to consist of two squadrons. Admiral von

[1] Includes the *Marceau* and *Neptune* launched in 1887.

[2] Includes the *Pobieda* and her two sisters.

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Koester, the Inspector-General of the Navy, who has for some years been Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic station, and has also for the last four years commanded the annual manœuvre fleet, has recently been relieved of his command at Kiel, and appointed to the command of the new fleet, the first squadron of which is now complete and composed of the eight newest battleships. Rear-Admiral Fritze has been appointed to the command of the second squadron, which, however, for the present consists of only four of the recently reconstructed coast defence ships of the *Hagen* class, but these will gradually be replaced by the new battleships now building and yet to be built under the Act of 1898; but at the present rate of progress, by 1908 the second squadron should also be completely constituted of new ships, and we shall be face to face with the fact that Germany will have in her home waters a formidable squadron of seventeen modern battleships, in permanent commission, which by means of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal can be concentrated at will in a few hours, ready for immediate action, in either the Baltic or the North Sea. It is evidently the intention of the German authorities at present to keep this fleet fully commissioned, for the second squadron is no longer the reserve squadron, but the second squadron of the "Active Battle-fleet." Attached to it will be a cruiser division, recently constituted under a rear-admiral, of four large and twelve small cruisers, of which two large and eight small are already in commission.

A few words as to French naval progress may not be out of place. During the last ten years nobody can accuse France of having pursued an aggressive naval policy, although in some quarters it is still the fashion to speak of the formidable growth of the French fleet. The real truth is, that France, from different causes, has been dropping behind in the race. Between 1896 and September of last year, when the *Démocratie*, the first of the six powerful battleships of the 1900 programme, was launched, only two first-class battleships, the *Jéna* and *Suffren*, were put afloat. The authorities are now pushing on with these six ships, and they can hardly be blamed if they think that they

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have some lost ground to make up, but there are no signs at present that they are contemplating any immediate considerable additions to their fleet. In November 1899, the Superior Council of the Navy, under the presidency of M. de Lanessan, then Minister of Marine, fixed twenty-eight as the *minimum* number of first-class battleships France required, and recommended the immediate laying down of six powerful ships; this last recommendation, however, is only now being carried out. The idea was to have four squadrons of six ships each, with a spare ship for each division. M. de Lanessan proposes that, as each division of six ships is completed, a new division should be immediately commenced and pushed on with, to replace older vessels, until the full number of twenty-eight new ships is made up, which should be by 1916, thus keeping pace with the German programme, which is also to be completed by that date.

It is worth remembering, to start with, how widespread was Gladstone's reputation on the Continent. The fact may perhaps best be illustrated by one or two casual instances. I remember to have read in some book of travels of a visit to the remote island of Samothrace. The visitor was taken to see the leading inhabitant, who proudly produced as his most treasured possession a post-card from Mr. Gladstone. Characteristically enough the post-card referred to some question of Greek accents; but its value to the possessor was as coming from Gladstone, the Phil-Hellene. Another incident of the kind was nearer home. An English lad, who was travelling with his father in the Italian Alps, fell ill and was attended by the village doctor. He refused to accept any fee. "The debt," he said, "has long ago been paid," "How so?" he was asked. "We Italians," replied the doctor, "can never forget what your nation has done for ours." As he spoke, he took a small locket from his waistcoat, opened it and disclosed a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Tributes, these, to the English Minister not less

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MR. GLADSTONE AS FOREIGN MINISTER

OF the many vexed questions raised by Mr. Gladstone's infinite variety, one, at least, is now finally settled. Who, it was asked in many conclaves, could possibly be fit to write his life? Comprehensive, yet concise; sympathetic, but

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been, for he was. To another distinguished man is attributed the saying that he could think of Mr. Gladstone as supreme in every walk of life, except as in command on the field of battle. Even this limitation seems to require support, for he was, at any rate, a good tactician and a first-class fighting man. Certainly on other fields he disputed the ground inch by inch. (Ruskin, by the way, has an interesting *aperçu* in this connection. He is recalling his talks with Palmerston. "He disputed no principle with me, but only feasibilities; whereas, in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their application, and the application of all that get past the dispute.") But the perusal of Mr. Morley's book suggests to me a different exercise in this sort: if Mr. Gladstone had not been the greatest Home Minister of our time, might he not have been a great Foreign Minister?

It is worth remembering, to start with, how widespread was Gladstone's reputation on the Continent. The fact may perhaps best be illustrated by one or two casual instances. I remember to have read in some book of travels of a visit to the remote island of Samothrace. The visitor was taken to see the leading inhabitant, who proudly produced as his most treasured possession a post-card from Mr. Gladstone. Characteristically enough the post-card referred to some question of Greek accents; but its value to the possessor was as coming from Gladstone, the Phil-Hellene. Another incident of the kind was nearer home. An English lad, who was travelling with his father in the Italian Alps, fell ill and was attended by the village doctor. He refused to accept any fee. "The debt," he said, "has long ago been paid." "How so?" he was asked. "We Italians," replied the doctor, "can never forget what your nation has done for ours." As he spoke, he took a small locket from his waistcoat, opened it and disclosed a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Tributes, these, to the English Minister not less

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striking, I think, than the messages of condolence which, as Mr. Morley records, came from foreign Parliaments and Thrones, "to the great Gladstone, one of the glories of mankind."

Then, again, consider how large a part of Gladstone's activities were concerned with colonial and foreign affairs. His maiden speech in the House was on the West India slavery question (against immediate emancipation: a speech the illiberalism of which he afterwards deplored). He was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1835, and Secretary in 1845. It was on a question of foreign policy—going deep down, as Mr. Morley says, to "the principles on which nations in our modern era should conduct their dealings with one another"—that he first crossed swords with Palmerston. In this speech on the case of Don Pacifico, Gladstone brought international questions to the test of Christianity: "let us do," he said, "as we would be done by," and he exalted the law of nations as a "firm foundation on which we must build if we wish to promote the peace and welfare of the world." His *Letters to Lord Aberdeen* on the Neapolitan prisons (1851) made his name famous throughout Europe. He was a member of the Cabinet that entered into the Crimean War, and he left it because he could not "bring his mind to acquiesce in the proposition for an inquiry" into the conduct of the war. He strongly opposed the China war (1857). His speech in favour of the Suez Canal Scheme (1858) lent valuable aid, as M. de Lesseps testified, to its adoption. Then came his mission to the Ionian Islands; his intercourse with Cavour and strong espousal of the Italian cause. Against the French scare in 1860 he resolutely set himself. He fought the French Commercial Treaty through the Cabinet. To other foreign incidents in his earlier career we shall refer presently. Enough has been said to recall to our minds that up to this time Gladstone was known hardly less as a Minister with decided views on foreign affairs than as a great Finance Minister. What essential connection there was between these two sides of his political conceptions we shall also see.

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When he became Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone was primarily absorbed in large schemes of domestic reform, but it was an essential part of the duties of that office, as he conceived and interpreted them, to take an active share in the direction of foreign affairs. He was very strongly opposed to the combination of the two offices in one Minister. In public and in private he used to speak of it as "one of the worst of the many Constitutional innovations made by the so-called Constitutional Party." Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville, he used to say, invariably consulted with the Prime Minister, and he attached the utmost importance to the double opinion. It was his object, as he said in a note cited by Mr. Morley, "to work the institutions of the country," and he wanted to see them all playing their part. He thus attached considerable importance to the Court, which he regarded (so he once said) as a most valuable check in foreign policy. In his later years as Minister he found the Court a spur rather than a check, and he did not always respond to it. But he never questioned the right of the Sovereign to be consulted and to give advice, and he was sometimes glad to use the influence of the Court. Thus in the critical week before the declaration of the Franco-German War he approved of Lord Granville asking the Queen "whether there is any one to whom she could write confidentially with a view to persuade Hohenzollern to refuse." But this is by the way. The main point that will strike everybody in reading the inner history of the Government of 1869–1874 is that the foreign policy was in large measure the policy of Mr. Gladstone. The same thing is true, with some important reserves presently to be made, of the Government of 1880–5. The fame of Mr. Gladstone may ultimately rest upon his home policy; but many of his interests and activities were in the field of foreign affairs.

Nor was this the result of accident. It was not merely that foreign questions happened to crop up with which the Minister was bound to deal as part of the day's work. He had broad views of his own, and dominant ideals. Mr. Morley has a striking passage in this connection:

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He was one of the three statesmen in the House of Commons of his own generation who had the gift of a large and spacious conception of the place and power of England in the world, and of the policies by which she could maintain it. Cobden and Disraeli were the other two. Wide as the poles asunder in genius, in character, and in the mark they made upon the nation, yet each of these three was capable of wide surveys from high eminence.

The collocation of these three names may excite some surprise, but the inclusion of Gladstone can be supported. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone had a firm grasp of one of the ideas which have governed modern history—the idea of nationality. It is a principle which may in some degree have run its course and be destined to merge into a larger ideal; but in the last century it was, and still in many cases it is, an ideal of progress and liberty. Mr. Gladstone's views on this subject, as on others, were matter of growth, rather than flashes of prescient inspiration. As Mr. Morley shows, he went to Naples with prepossessions in favour of established Governments, and not then nor for many years to come did he grasp the idea of Italian unity. So, again, in 1859 he "was no more touched by the nationalist aspirations of the Ionians than he had been by nationalism and unification in Italy in 1851." But, as Mr. Morley adds, when once the idea of nationality penetrated, "it penetrated to the heart's core." This, then, was one of the ideas which made him "capable of wide surveys from high eminence." It made him Italian. It made him Greek. It made him, in spite of his French sympathies, partly German. It urged him forward, in conjunction with other motives, in the Balkan States. Carried, as some think, to an excess, it made him a Home Ruler. But, right or wrong, the idea was "creative and had vista."

There was a second idea in Mr. Gladstone's mind like unto it. Of recent years, we have all heard much from Lord Salisbury about the Concert of Europe—sometimes in gentle mockery, but more often in solemn tones, bidding us look to that instrument as the best hope of the world's progress. In this matter Lord Salisbury was a late learner in the Gladstonian

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school. We have heard Mr. Gladstone already in one of his earliest speeches extolling the law of nations. To find a sanction for such law in the concerted action of Europe was one of his ideals in foreign policy. It was an ideal which alternately moved him to action, and gave him reasons for inaction. The great instance in the first case is, of course, the Crimean War, which Mr. Gladstone never ceased to justify as a vindication of the public law of Europe. The same principle governed his action upon the Black Sea question in 1871. It furnished the gravamen of some of his heaviest indictments against the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield. The Tory Government had broken up the Concert of Europe in 1876 by rejecting the Berlin Memorandum, and at the Berlin Conference had gone behind it by means of secret treaties. At other times, the principle of concerted action was put forward by Mr. Gladstone to justify inaction—as, for instance, in the case of Denmark in 1863. It was characteristic that in a general defence of his foreign policy written in 1878 he justified the Alabama arbitration by reference to "the solemn declaration of the European Powers at Paris in 1856." That great act of statesmanship contributed not a little to Mr. Gladstone's unpopularity at the time. It was to be endorsed a quarter of a century later by his rival. In the Venezuela crisis Lord Salisbury followed in the Gladstone tradition.

But was Mr. Gladstone's view of England's foreign policy limited to work within the Concert of Europe? Far from it. No one applauded more than he Lord Russell's famous despatch of October 27, 1860, which sent a thrill of horror through the Chancelleries of Europe, and a corresponding thrill of joyful hope into the breasts of all peoples "rightly struggling to be free." Nor in later years did he lay down any rule of absolute non-intervention, except in concert with the other Powers. He had lofty ideas of the mission of England. He often expressed them in rhetorical language, but nowhere are they stated so deliberately as in a letter which he wrote to the Queen's Private Secretary in 1869:

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I do not believe that England ever will or can be unfaithful to her great tradition or can forswear her interest in the common transactions and the general interests of Europe. But her credit and her power form a fund which, in order that they may be made the most of, should be thriftily used. . . If there be a fear abroad that England has for ever abjured a resort to force other than moral force, is that fear justified by facts? In 1853, joining with France, we made ourselves the vindicators of the peace of Europe; and ten years later, be it remembered, in the case of Denmark we offered to perform the same office, but we could get no one to join us. Is it desirable that we should go further? Is England so uplifted in strength above every other nation that she can with prudence advertise herself as ready to undertake the general redress of wrongs? . . . But do not, on the other hand, allow it to be believed that England will never interfere. For the eccentricities of other men's belief no one can answer; but for any reasonable belief in such an abnegation on the part of England there is no ground whatever.

In what kind of cause, it may be asked, did Mr. Gladstone contemplate intervention? For what interests did he seek to use the moral force of England? Mainly, as he answered in many a speech, the vindication of public law and of national liberties. He always referred, for instance, with some pride and satisfaction to the prompt action which he and Lord Granville took in 1870, in forming in a few days a double treaty with France and Germany for the defence of Belgium.

The Black Sea Conference in the following year was another vindication of public law—in form, at any rate, if not in substance. His successful pressure upon Turkey in 1880 was at once a vindication of treaty rights and an extension of the area of free governments. Lord Beaconsfield, in a letter written to the Marchioness of Ely and intended for Queen Victoria, stated his ideal. "I wish," he said, "to see the Queen Dictatress of Europe."[1] Mr. Gladstone also had "a large and spacious conception of the place and power of England in the world." It was to see his country become, as it were, Chief Justice of Christendom.

"Ideals," says Mr. Gladstone in a memorandum cited by Mr.

[1] A facsimile of the letter is given in Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's "unconventional," and very readable, "biography" of Disraeli.

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Morley, "are never realised"—least of all, perhaps, in politics. If Mr. Gladstone failed on one side, so did Mr. Disraeli on the other. Mr. Gladstone had some successes, and he set some great precedents, as we have seen; but it can hardly be said that his foreign and colonial policy, as Prime Minister, was as a whole brilliantly successful in itself or worthy of the great *rôle* sketched out in his ideal of England's mission. What were the causes, as we may read them in Mr. Morley's "Life," of Mr. Gladstone's failures in this respect? They may, I think, be discerned under three heads. First, he attached to moral force, and to the power of words, an importance to which in this rough world they have not yet attained. Secondly, he was pre-occupied with other subjects; and, thirdly, he was not well alive to certain tendencies of the time in their relation to foreign and colonial affairs. We have seen that Mr. Gladstone, in a letter for the Queen's perusal in 1869, deprecated the idea that he represented a policy of abnegation. There are two or three letters of Mr. Gladstone's published for the first time by Mr. Morley which are very interesting under this head. Mr. Gladstone, who was by no means of meekness all compact, chafed very much at the obstacles imposed by some of the Powers in the way of regulating Egyptian finance. "I sometimes fear," he candidly wrote to Lord Granville, "that some of the foreign Governments have the same notion of me that Nicholas was supposed to have of Lord Aberdeen. But there is no one in the Cabinet less disposed than I am to knuckle down to them in this Egyptian matter" (iii. 121). It is worth noting that in two matters for which Mr. Gladstone justly claimed credit, the success of British policy was due to the fact that he was believed to mean more than moral suasion. He was in favour of "mild and measured" terms; but when his words succeeded, it was because there was supposed to be force behind them. The story of the coercion in Turkey in 1880 as now told by Mr. Morley (iii. 9) is very interesting. The British Cabinet had in fact only resolved upon coercion in

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concert with Europe. Austria and Germany had refused to join, and France was uncertain. Whether the Cabinet would have gone on without them, nobody can say. But, as good luck would have it, the Sultan had heard of the British proposal to seize the port of Smyrna, but had not heard of the two refusals. What Lord Salisbury had failed to obtain by remonstrances, Mr. Gladstone obtained by the belief that he was prepared to use force. Dulcigno was ceded by the Porte to Montenegro, and the Greek frontier was rectified in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin. That Mr. Gladstone did not persevere and obtain the fulfilment of stipulations with regard to the Christian provinces must be ascribed to his preoccupations and to the Egyptian embroglio; both parties must share the blame for the neglect which has created the Macedonian crisis of to-day.

Another matter which Mr. Gladstone regarded as an important success is equally instructive. He considered Prince Gortchakoff's Circular on the Black Sea question to be an outrage on the public law of Europe, and was resolved not to let it pass. Once more he was afraid that he would not be taken seriously. "I have had half an idea," he wrote to Lord Granville, "that it might be well I should see Brunnow (the Russian Ambassador), either with you or alone. All know the mischief done by the Russian idea of Lord Aberdeen, and the Opposition are in the habit of studiously representing me as his double, or his heir in pacific traditions. This I do not conceive to be true, and possibly I might undeceive Brunnow a little" (ii. 351). What came of the interview we are not told. The process of undeceiving Bismarck was performed by Mr. Odo Russell on his own responsibility. He was sent on a mission to Versailles, and he boldly told Bismarck that "unless he could get Russia to withdraw the circular we should be compelled with or without allies to go to war." Bismarck was in the end persuaded, and the Conference of London was the result. Mr. Odo Russell had, as a matter of fact, no direct authority for his declaration, and Lord Granville seems to have

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had misgivings lest Mr. Gladstone should give away his envoy:

> I am afraid (he wrote to the Prime Minister) our whole success has been owing to the belief that we would go to war; and, to tell the truth, I think that war in some shape or other, sooner or later, was a possible risk after our note. In any case, I would reassure nobody now. Promising peace is as unwise as to threaten war. A sort of instinct that the bumps of combativeness and destructiveness are to be found somewhere in your head, has helped us much during the last five months (ii. 355).

Lord Granville's hint is illuminating, I think.

Why was it that Mr. Gladstone had come to be regarded, as he puts it, as Lord Aberdeen's double? In large measure, no doubt, the reason was his constant effort to reduce naval and military expenditure. This, as Mr. Morley says, was one of the main and constant struggles of Mr. Gladstone's life.

"The battle" that he waged in Cabinets on this question "was incessant." It began in 1860 against Palmerston; it did not end till his final retirement in 1894. That his resignation in that year was partly due to the Cabinet's refusal to cut down Lord Spencer's naval estimates was already known; it will be new to most readers that the dissolution of 1874 was precipitated by a similar cause. Mr. Gladstone stated the facts in a memorandum written in the last year of his life and cited by Mr. Morley (ii. 488). He had requested Lord Cardwell at the War Office, and Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty, to reduce their estimates. He failed to persuade them, and decided to cut the knot by an immediate dissolution. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's persistent resolve to keep down the estimates of the army and navy; but we may at least remember how much of the country's prosperity, enabling it to bear so easily the burden of great emergencies, has been due to his long years of careful husbandry and fiscal reform.

Mr. Gladstone's effort to keep down the expenditure on the army and navy was in part both an effect and a cause of his desire to prevent any extension of the Empire. Here it

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was that he seemed to be most out of touch with the drift of the actual forces which were moving the world. Those forces took their revenge, according to their wont, in a grimly ironic way. Mr. Morley quotes a remarkable prophecy which Mr. Gladstone penned in 1877:

> We cannot enjoy the luxury of taking Egyptian soil by pinches. We may seize an Aden or a Perim, where there is no already formed community or inhabitants, and circumscribe a tract at will. But our first site in Egypt, be it by larceny or be it by emption, will be the almost certain egg of a North African Empire, that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert, titles of the Lake sources of the White Nile, come within our borders; and till we finally join hands across the Equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange River on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of *viaticum* on our journey (iii. 72).

Mr. Gladstone wrote, it will be seen, by way of warning or *reductio ad absurdum*. It is an instructive piece of irony that he should have been fated to take the first step on the journey that he dreaded, and to inaugurate, by a successful campaign, the British occupation of Egypt. There are few passages in history which suggest more strongly than the chronicles of the English in Egypt the existence of an overmastering necessity, shaping and governing persons, policies, and states. Mr. Morley brings out very clearly, as Mr. Dicey has already done in his "Story of the Khedivate," how the English Protectorate has come about, not by the deliberate machinations of English statesmen, but by sheer force of events, in the teeth of their efforts to prevent it. Foreign observers do not always believe this; the unwillingness of our politicians to look ahead or take more than one step at a time—even their desire to find at each stage some clear justification for their action—is apt to be put down as only another instance of the craft of perfidious Albion. As a matter of fact, the shifts of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville to avoid the least responsibility are almost pathetic in their persistency and their futility They "strove against the stream, but all in vain."

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Nor is this the only instance in point. Mr. Gladstone was for ever inveighing against extensions of the Empire, and not infrequently extending it. He took over the Somali Coast; he annexed the Oil Rivers; he chartered the British North Borneo Company and the Royal Niger Company, and he established British rule in Bechuanaland. I fancy that a map of the British Empire coloured according to its extensions under Liberal and Conservative Governments respectively would show very little room for party recriminations. Perhaps the only difference is that the one party does its aggrandisement vaingloriously and the other shamefacedly.

The reluctance of Mr. Gladstone to face the inevitable involved, however, some serious lapses. In Egypt, at moments when England had all the cards in her hands, her Government deliberately declined to win the game. In South-West Africa, the supineness of Mr. Gladstone's Government allowed the Germans to forestall us. In South Africa there was a lamentable lack of foresight and decision. The best that can be said, even by a sympathetic critic, of the proceedings compendiously referred to by Mr. Morley as "Majuba," is that the right thing was done in the wrong way. Mr. Morley himself can say no more for it. If the annexation of the Transvaal was to have been reversed, it should have been done at once. If it was not to be reversed, Sir Bartle Frere should not have been recalled. As to "Majuba" itself, the "galling" argument (as Mr. Morley calls it) remains that the Government "had conceded to three defeats what they had refused to ten times as many petitions, memorials, remonstrances." The consequence was what might have been expected. "The Boers," as Mr. Bryce has said, "saw in the conduct of the British Government neither generosity nor humanity, but only fear," and "fancied themselves entitled to add some measure of contempt to the dislike they already cherished to the English." The feeling was not, perhaps, diminished by the facility with which, three years later, they obtained further concessions from Mr. Gladstone's

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Government. But all this is an old story. What gives some piquancy to Mr. Morley's telling of it is the emphasis he gives to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain was an advocate of restoring the independence of the Boers at once, and subsequently of entering into negotiations with them. Indeed, Mr. Morley appears to suggest (iii. 85) that Mr. Chamberlain would have resigned had the latter course not been adopted. Two men only seem to have had real prescience at that time. One was Sir Bartle Frere, who, in a passage that has often been quoted (not by Mr. Morley), described, in words which have been fulfilled to the letter, what would be the consequences of the retrocession of the Transvaal. The other was Lord Wolseley, who, in 1879, predicted the discovery of the goldfields and the inrush of a British population, and continued: "Would it not therefore be a very near-sighted policy to recede now from the position we have taken up here, simply because for some years to come the retention of 2000 or 3000 troops may be necessary to reconsolidate our power?" This warning, which Mr. Morley truly calls "pregnant and far-sighted," was, he adds, "little considered by English statesmen of either party at this critical time or afterwards." The fact is that the policy of both parties in South Africa had for many years been one of alternate advance and withdrawal, of advance under stress of circumstances, of withdrawal in desire to limit responsibilities. Can we be perfectly sure, I wonder, even now, that a cold fit will not some day supervene upon the hot fit in South Africa?

Reluctance to realise the whole extent of a responsibility was at the bottom of the most regrettable incident in all Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy—namely, the failure to save Gordon. On this subject Mr. Morley has much that is interesting; much also that is disputable. He brings out the fact, to begin with, that Mr. Gladstone was not personally responsible for Gordon's mission. He was at Hawarden, and concurred, not without misgivings, in the policy which Mr.

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Stead, from the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dictated to the Government. There is something ominous of the coming tragedy in a story which Mr. Morley tells us. The Ministers who saw Gordon and despatched him on his errand were Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, Lord Northbrook, and Sir Charles Dilke. The next day one of the four said unto another: "We were proud of ourselves yesterday—are you sure we did not commit a gigantic folly?" (iii. 151). Doubting Castle is not a good headquarters from which to survey such an enterprise as that upon which Gordon was despatched. Later, the Cabinet room became a cave of anything but harmony. The curse of divided counsels was upon the Government, and sealed Gordon's doom. Mr. Gladstone at one stage was most unfortunately overruled. Gordon had telegraphed for the immediate despatch of Zebehr Pasha to take over the government of Khartoum. Colonel Stewart strongly concurred in the recommendation. Sir Evelyn Baring (Lord Cromer) warmly endorsed it. Mr. Gladstone fought hard for it, but he was absent owing to illness. A majority of his colleagues were afraid to face the outcry which Zebehr's antecedents—as a slave trader—would have called forth, and Gordon's request was refused. To the sending of a relief expedition Mr. Gladstone was opposed. Here, in the end, he was overruled, but the decision came too late. He remained, however, of the same opinion still. Mr. Morley gives a remarkable letter of a later date, in which Mr. Gladstone, writing to one of his then colleagues, blames himself for having done, not too little, but too much in the matter:

> In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes; but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give an effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he had left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zobeir prevailed it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved, and with the Tories and Irish have carried, a condemnatory address.

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My own opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have arisen in another form.

Mr. Morley appears to concur in this apology. General Gordon was but "a wizard with his magic," and his politics were "many and very mutable." But this does not touch the real point. Grant, if you will, that Gordon exceeded his instructions (though there is more to be said to the contrary than Mr. Morley admits): Mr. Gladstone was strongly of that opinion, and was for recalling him (iii. 156). But the Cabinet did not recall him; they continued to accept responsibility for his actions, while refusing to concur in his recommendations. In these circumstances they were bound, in honour and in policy, to take steps to save him. The duty of a principal to an agent does not cease because the agent happens to be "a hero of heroes." Mr. Morley pronounces no explicit opinion on the point of honour, but concedes the point of policy. "The nation was in one of its high idealising humours." Mr. Gladstone, he says, could never understand why the fate of Gordon stirred the world so much. The reason is given by Mr. Morley: "Gordon seized the imagination of England, and seized it on its higher side." Gordon became "a popular ideal, to the immense inconvenience of the statesmen, otherwise so sensible and wary, who had now improvidently let the genie forth from the jar." To some it may seem, I think, that "a hero of heroes," who can seize the imagination of his countrymen on its higher side," is something better than an inconvenience. That the statesmen found him so was due to their supineness, internal dissensions, and reluctance to realise their responsibilities.

In this page of history, which Mr. Morley truly calls "tragic and unedifying," Mr. Gladstone was largely responsible, and he was impenitent. Nevertheless, if I may return to the region of what-might-have-been rom which we started,

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there is no reason why one should not hold, if one chooses, that things might have gone very differently if Mr. Gladstone's initial responsibility in the matter had been personal and direct, and if, free from the pre-occupation of domestic policy, he had concentrated his mind on the Soudan question. Might he not have been a great Foreign Minister if the current of his thoughts and interests had set more decisively in the direction of foreign and colonial affairs? He was subtle enough for any diplomatist. He seems to have felt some call to that trade. Mr. Morley gives us two curious instances. In 1844 he proposed himself to Peel in the capacity of Envoy to the Vatican (i. 272), and in 1858 to Lord Malmesbury as Envoy Extraordinary to Naples (i. 595). Perhaps he would have been too subtle. He and some of his colleagues had audiences of Pius IX. in 1867, and "Mr. Gladstone used to tell with much glee in what diverse fashion they impressed the Pontiff. 'I like but I do not understand Mr. Gladstone,' the Pope said; 'Mr. Cardwell I understand, but I do not like; I both like and understand Lord Clarendon; the Duke of Argyll I neither understand nor like.'" As few people, perhaps, could altogether understand Mr. Gladstone, or could fail to like him. Then, he was full of resource; he had great pertinacity, and an indomitable spirit. He had lofty aims, and a high sense, on occasion, of the might and mission of England. His speeches, extending over so many years and reflecting so many moods, are a quarry from which politicians of diverse schools may extract material for their several purposes of edification. We also may claim some share in the Gladstonian tradition who would fain follow the spirit of such words as these:

> I believe that we are all united—it would be most unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to this great Empire which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence as special and as remarkable as ever was intrusted to any portion of the family of man. Gentlemen, when I speak of that trust and that function I feel that words fail me; I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the

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inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For these ends I have laboured through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice I have lived; in that faith and practice I will die.

Or this passage, full no less than the one just quoted of instruction for to-day, telling us how a Free Empire may best be preserved:

Depend upon it, the colonies covet a share in the great name of England. You will find in that feeling of theirs the greatest security for the connection. Make the name of England yet more and more an object of desire to the colonies. Their natural disposition is to love and revere the name of England, and this reverence is by far the best security you can have for their continuing, not only to be subjects of the Crown, not only to render it allegiance, but to render it that allegiance which is the most precious of all—the allegiance which proceeds from the depths of the heart of man.

So is the statesman linked with his friend the patriot-poet, "And the great name of England, round and round."

E. T. Cook.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD'S NOVELS

BY Westminster Abbey, and by the Houses of Parliament there is a statue which for the space of time required for infancy to grow into manhood has eclipsed all other statues in interest. What this statue represents no man can define, but few men deny that it represents something that now is, and before was not; something that signifies a great past, a greater present, and a future to which no bounds can be set. Strange musings doubtless pass through many minds when Lord Beaconsfield's career is the theme for consideration, but one wonders how often the reflection occurs that his public life opened and closed with a novel. It is stranger still that his last work shows that the immortal statesman who wrote "Endymion" was in truth just the same person as the audacious lad who flung before a wondering world the wild machinations of Vivian Grey. Fifty years had passed, spent for the most part in fighting in the foremost places of political battles, youth had become age, but all the striking characteristics remained.

For one thing boy and man used the same peculiar style with the full-bodied diction that tells directly of the gorgeous East, varied by passages which for direct swiftness rival Sterne himself. For examples let me first take the description of Tancred:

> On his right there stood a youth above the middle height and of a frame completely and gracefully formed. His dark brown hair, in those

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hyacinthine curls which Grecian poets have celebrated, and which Grecian sculptors have immortalised, clustered over his brow, which, however, they only partially concealed. It was pale, as was his whole countenance, but the liquid richness of the dark brown eye and the colour of the lip denoted anything but a languid circulation. The features were regular, and inclined rather to a refinement which might have imparted to the countenance a character of too much delicacy, had it not been for the deep meditation of the brow, and for the lower part of the visage, which intimated indomitable will and an iron resolution.

The colouring is rich, even for a youthful marquis on the day of his majority; as a contrast let me quote from "Coningsby":

There, surrounded by his busts and books, he wrote his lampoons an articles; massacred a she liberal (it was thought that no one could lash a woman like Rigby).

Was ever a critic so severely lashed himself? Or:

The friends of Coningsby were now hourly arriving. It seemed when he met them again that they had all suddenly become men since they had separated; Buckhurst especially. He had been at Paris, and returned with his mind very much opened, and trousers made quite in a new style.

But, of course, the continued similarity in modes of expression does not carry us very far. The question remains: Why did Lord Beaconsfield's views of life apparently alter so little? Was it that certain qualities were too deeply engrained in his nature to yield even to his own unique experiences? Was it a case to which we must apply some lines that I think were written by the late Lord Lytton, and which I quote from memory only:

Talk not of genius hampered,
Genius is master of man,
Genius does what it must,
And talent does what it can.

Why, for instance, did Lord Beaconsfield preserve an abiding belief that the world is for the young? His heroes are always young, and with rare exceptions they are always either

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permanently or temporarily conquerors in their struggles. The triumphs of Coningsby, Charles Egremont, and Endymion are lasting, those of Vivian Grey, Contarini Fleming, and Alroy are fugitive, but conspicuous.

Neither "Tancred" nor "Lothair" enter the arena of public life, but for boys who have just come of age they are marvellously equipped with ideas on subjects from which ordinary boyhood shrinks. They could have held their own in any company of their elders, whatever the topic might be that they were called upon to discuss.

But in real life did Lord Beaconsfield see even one young man attain to the highest prizes? Napoleon, Pitt, and Byron had passed away before the appearance of "Vivian Grey." Since their deaths, how many youthful heroes have leaped into fame? Lord Beaconsfield's own great success came to him slowly, and can hardly be said to have reached the high-tide mark till 1874. Nevertheless, he clung to his belief with tenacity, and tenacity can be a great source of strength and victory, as Lord Beaconsfield himself has often proved. It may be that the coming years will justify him in this thing also, as time has already done in many other sayings which he spoke to incredulous hearers.

Why, again, did Lord Beaconsfield so steadily maintain that history depends upon secret springs? In "Sybil" we are told that Major Wildman was the soul of English politics in the most eventful period of this kingdom, from 1640 to 1688 and that he seemed more than once to hold the balance which was to decide the permanent forms of our Government.

Ignorant of his signal achievements, most people will ask who Major Wildman may have been. As Lord Beaconsfield himself says, not one man in a thousand ever heard of him. Well, Clarendon has given us some information which may be here repeated. John Wildman was "bred a scholar at the University of Cambridge, and being young and of a pregnant wit in the beginning of the rebellion, meant to make his fortune in the war." He attached himself to Cromwell, and

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by his dexterity in exciting or composing quarrels, his gifts for praying and preaching on occasions, with other such arts, by the time that King Charles was removed from Holmby House in 1647, Major Wildman had become a leading personage. "Having a smooth pen he drew many of the papers which first kindled the fire between Parliament and the Army." As time went on he deserted Cromwell and began to intrigue against him with great activity, until he was arrested while he was writing a declaration "containing the reasons and motives which oblige us to take up arms against Oliver Cromwell." He was then "straitly imprisoned and preparations made for his trial and towards his execution, which all men expected." But he was subsequently released, perhaps on again turning his coat and engaging to serve Cromwell as a spy. At all events he "resorted with the same success and reputation to his former course of life, in which he thrived very notably." In 1658 he was looking forward to the Restoration, and was one of the subscribers to the remarkable address sent by the Anabaptists to Charles II.

It is clear enough, therefore, that Major Wildman was one of those stormy petrels whose wont it is to hover above political oceans, but it is scarcely credible to our humdrum minds that he really wielded the power assigned to him by Lord Beaconsfield. It may, however, be alleged with perfect truth that there is many a dark place in the history of the Great Rebellion, and that ample scope exists for the theories of an historian to whom the gift of imagination has not been denied, even if we reluctantly withhold our assent to the narrative of General Monk's conversion to Royalty, with which the mighty Dumas has delighted the world.

In "Lothair" again there is the curious statement that the French Revolution originated in Tuscan Reform, but here the words are put into the mouth of Theodora, and may perhaps be attributed to her enthusiasm. In "Endymion" the wise Baron Sergius declares that three of the greatest potentates in Europe are governed respectively by a doctor, a mistress, and

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an obscure individual. But certainly Lord Beaconsfield himself bowed to no hidden influences. Did he know of other Ministers who did so?

It would be quite useless to endeavour to appreciate Lord Beaconsfield's novels without at the same time endeavouring to form some idea of the character of their author, and it is possible to pursue this latter study since no man can write without some revelation of self. Lord Beaconsfield has happily revealed himself largely, in "Contarini Fleming," possibly, more than in any other of his works. As a boy Contarini is sensitive to an extraordinary degree; he is pugnacious almost to the point of ferocity, and he has in him much more than a touch of the rebel. He grows up with a disposition eagerly bent upon poetry; he is almost, but not, I think, ever quite a poet. Like his father in the novel—(may we say like his other father also?)—there is much of the man of affairs in his character, and he cannot leave his shadow behind him. Contarini describes himself in a remarkable passage when he takes advice from his father about his reading:

> I drew out "Zadig." Never shall I forget the effect this work produced on me. What I had been long seeking offered itself. The strange mixture of brilliant fantasy and poignant truth, this unrivalled blending of ideal creation and worldly wisdom—it all seemed to speak to my two natures.

Perhaps some of us may find in Lord Beaconsfield's writings what Contarini Fleming found in Voltaire.

Lord Beaconsfield was probably as shrewd a statesman as ever lived, but unquestionably he had a second nature. It may be fanciful, but I can never help thinking that he was a true descendant of the prophets whose wisdom and imagination have rendered such priceless services to the world. It is certainly no exaggeration to assert that Lord Beaconsfield was endowed with astonishing powers of forecast. To him alone of the statesmen who were active in the first half of the nineteenth century would it have been possible to dream of the vast exercise of power which the country has recently displayed

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during the war in South Africa. His deep appreciation of the national character, combined with his quick recognition of the advances of science in every field of life, would have enabled him perhaps to have foreseen that in the years that were to come it would be scarcely possible to name a task which would be too arduous for the Empire. No one who reads what he wrote in the dark days that were too numerous between 1835 and 1845 can help being impressed by the extraordinary confidence with which he relied upon the capacity of the British race to surmount all troubles and difficulties by right of their own grand qualities. How thoroughly his confidence has been justified needs no saying. It is true that not all of his visions have been realised. The Crown, the Church and the House of Lords stand much where they did when "Sybil" was written, but there is another prophecy in another novel about the House of Commons which may conceivably make some of us uneasy:

> "Your House of Commons," said Sidonia to Coningsby, "that has absorbed all other powers in the State, will, in all probability, fall more rapidly than it rose."

Then Sidonia went on to expatiate on the rise of a new sovereign, the Press, with which modern communities would have to count. Lord Beaconsfield certainly knew his world.

Would that he were with us at the present moment to enforce the golden words which he spoke at Aylesbury, in September 1851:

> My conscience does not accuse me that when the protective system was attacked I did not do my best to uphold it; but to uphold a system that exists and to bring back a system that has been abrogated are two different things, and I am convinced myself that the system generally known by the name of the protective system can never be brought back unless it is the interest of all classes—at least, of all classes of importance—that this should be the principle which should regulate the national industry; and unless the nation speaks out upon the question in an unmistakable manner.

Throughout the novels are scattered political utterances on contemporary subjects, some of which are of high value.

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There are observations on the administration of the Duke of Wellington, and explanations why the high hopes entertained of it were not realised. The Duke is stated to have

ever been a votary of circumstances. He cares little for causes. He watches events rather than seeks to produce them. It is a characteristic of the military mind. Rapid combinations, the result of a quick, vigilant and comprehensive glance, are generally triumphant in the field; but in civil affairs, where results are not immediate—in diplomacy and in the management of deliberative assemblies, where there is much intervening time, and many counteracting causes—this velocity of decision, this fitful and precipitate action, are often productive of considerable embarrassment, and sometimes of terrible discomfiture. It is remarkable that men celebrated for military prudence are often found to be headstrong statesmen.

Lord Beaconsfield also declares

that the future historian will be perplexed to ascertain what was the distinct object which the Duke of Wellington proposed to himself in the political manœuvres of May 1832.

And the declaration goes to show how very widely the Duke was blamed for what we now know to have been a simple act of chivalrous loyalty. The King appealed to his most illustrious subject to form a Government; and the subject, regardless of his reputation for wisdom, did what he could to carry out his Sovereign's wishes.

We have also criticisms on the conduct of Sir Robert Peel upon several momentous occasions. His refusal to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington in 1832 is approved, by implication at all events, and it is suggested that if Sir Robert had been in England in the autumn of 1834 the Whig Ministry would not have been dismissed. But fault is found with Peel's conduct in 1839 when he declined to take office on the ground of what we call the Bedchamber Plot.

"It was unfortunate," says Lord Beaconsfield, "that one who, if any, should have occupied the proud and national position of the leader of the Tory party, the chief of the people and the champion of the throne, should have commenced his career as Minister under Victoria by an unseemly contrariety to the personal wishes of the Queen."

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Then there is a striking and eloquent tribute to Lord John Russell, winding up with the words: "It is difficult to ascertain at what period or under what circumstances the Whig party have ever possessed, or could obtain, a more efficient leader."

For Lord John's most famous work, however, the Reform Bill of 1832, Lord Beaconsfield had no admiration. He regarded the limitation of the £10 franchise as a device for keeping the Whigs in office, and he destroyed it in 1867.

Passages such as I have quoted add a very uncommon interest to the writings before us, and, indeed, I think we are likely to agree that Lord Beaconsfield is always happy and always instructive when he has provided himself with a background of affairs. Is it going too far to say that some of his books, and notably "Sybil," the finest of them all, should be read by every one who studies, or who cares for, the history of his country?

I have called "Sybil" the finest of the novels, and I will even venture to say that it is one of the most marvellous productions ever written by an inspired pen. I doubt if any one has ever represented so catholic a picture of society in all its grades. There are old peers and new peers, peeresses well informed and ill informed, the golden youth of both sexes, serious as well as careless, the good masters and the bad masters, the ambitious baronet, the deep lawyer, the moral force man, the physical force man, and workmen and workwomen all painted in colours which are surely indelible. Lastly, there is Sybil herself—a heroine who should satisfy any critic. Pure, holy and beautiful, she always reminds me of Queen Esther.

"Sybil" is not a book to be read in a hurry. Lord Beaconsfield's lines are fine and swiftly drawn, and, indeed, had it been otherwise he could never have dealt with so vast a subject in so small a compass. But they are easily overlooked on a hasty perusal. Devilsdust and Dandy Mick, for instance, are two very distinct characters, differing from one another by

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the breadth of the world; but very few words are allotted to them, and a careless reader might easily set them down as nothing but a couple of agitators. The same power of discriminating by a touch is shown in the cases of Caroline, Julia and Harriet among the working classes, and with Alfred Mountchesney and some of his fellows in the world of fashion and ease. More plainly still is the hand of the master shown when the more important personages come to be depicted. Lord Marney is as vivid as he can be; he is a Puck whose jesting is always malicious; he is profoundly selfish, but he is nevertheless an aristocrat of the old order, and as brave as a game-cock.

"There is nobody so violent against railroads as George," said Lady Marney. "I cannot tell you what he does not do. He organised the whole of our division against the Marham line."

"I rather counted on him," said Lord de Mowbray, "to assist me in resisting this joint branch here; but I was surprised to learn that he had consented."

"Not until the compensation was settled," innocently remarked Lady Marney.

Quite in keeping with his life is Lord Marney's death—slain at the head of his troop of Yeomanry by the stones of a body of men whom he had chosen to regard as rioters, and whom he had unjustifiably attacked.

Turn now to a portrait on the other side, the Liberator in the midst of his Hell-cats. Can anything be more lurid than the history of their march, which Lord Beaconsfield asserts to have been "perhaps the most striking popular movement since the Pilgrimage of Grace"? At any rate, the account of it, with the burning of the "tommy shop" and the death of the hateful Master Joseph, are well worthy of the attention of any reader.

"Sybil," indeed, abounds with dark colours, but we have in its preface Lord Beaconsfield's own assurances that the colours are correct. He observes that those persons who were ignorant of the real "condition of the people might suspect that the writer had been tempted to some exaggeration." He adds that

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he thinks it therefore due to himself to state that the descriptions generally are written from his own observation; but, while he hopes he has alleged nothing which is not true, he has found the absolute necessity of suppressing much that is genuine. For so little do we know of the state of our own country, that the air of improbability which the whole truth would inevitably throw over these pages might deter some from their perusal.

It is in the force of its descriptions that the prime merit of "Sybil" lies. You cannot read the accounts of the suffering among the working classes without feeling that you now realise something that you never realised before. Lord Beaconsfield does not, like Sir Walter Scott, galvanise the past into actual glowing life, but he delineates the present with the vigour and perspicacity that genius alone can command. In its own line "Sybil," is a book that will never find a rival.

I do not pretend that there are not many faults to be found with the mere story. There is an utter lack of likelihood in the claims of Gerard to an old family property, and indeed Gerard himself must be admitted to be a leading character who is more attractive than convincing. But his daughter, Sybil herself, is convincing and attractive too. From the moment that her voice is heard in the evening hymn that rises from the ruined Lady's Chapel of Marney Abbey, followed by her instant appearance under the sunlit arch, she takes our spirit captive and claims the adoration that is her due.

I cannot attempt to discuss each of the other novels at the length with which I have spoken of "Sybil," and most of them must be passed by with only a few cursory remarks. Of "Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" I may declare that I most sincerely envy those readers whose happy lot it may become to make their acquaintance for the first time. The delicious impudence of Ixion and the polished wit of Tiresias are joys that we do not often meet with in this melancholy world.

"So! this is heaven," exclaimed the husband of Dia, flinging himself upon one of the couches, "and a very pleasant place too. These worthy Immortals required their minds to be opened, and I trust I have effectually

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performed the necessary operation. . . . To make your way in Heaven you must command. These exclusives sink under the audacious invention of an aspiring mind."

Or take the conversation with Juno about the peacock of the Queen of Mesopotamia, and its conclusion after Cupid has effected his mischief.

"I am sure you cannot now refuse to tell me what the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail was made of."

"It is impossible now," said Ixion. "Know then, beautiful Goddess, that the tail of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock was made of some of the plumage she had stolen from the wings of Cupid."

"And what was the reason that prevented you from telling me before?"

"Because, beautiful Juno, I am the most discreet of men, and respect the secret of a lady, however trifling."

Better still perhaps is the account of Tiresias at his whist.

"The trick and. two by honours," said Proserpine. "Pray, my dear Tiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?"

"Because I wanted the lead. And those who want to lead, please your Majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends."

. . . . . .

"You should not have forced me, Lady Manto," said the Captain of the Yacht, in a grumbling tone, to his partner.

"You should not have been forced," said Tiresias. "If she made a mistake, who was unacquainted with your plans, what a terrible blunder you committed to share her error without her ignorance!"

"What, then, was I to lose a trick?"

"Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity," replied Tiresias, "the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage."

. . . . . .

"In the last hand your Majesty unfortunately forgot to lead through your adversary's ace. I have often observed that nothing ever perplexes an adversary so much as an appeal to his honour."

"I will not forget to follow your advice," said the Captain of the Yacht, playing accordingly.

"By which you have lost the game," quietly remarked Tiresias. "There are exceptions to all rules, but it seldom answers to follow the advice of an opponent."

"Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" were, of

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course, intended for political "skits," but quite independently of their object they are most amusing to read.

"Alroy" and "Iskander" are perhaps to be regarded as "curiosities of literature," to use the title of a once famous book written by Lord Beaconsfield's learned father. Their interest is too remote from us to be generally appreciated.

"Henrietta Temple," which is avowedly a tale of love, seems to me chiefly meritorious for the representation which it contains of Count Alfred D'Orsay, to whom the work is dedicated. The gay Mirabel, with his "You see I was right; I am always right. But I will confess to you a secret. I never was so right as I have been in the present case," is a character with much fascination. "Venetia" is famous for its attempt "to shadow forth, though 'as in a glass darkly,' two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days." The theme is a lofty one, and the treatment is bold and sympathetic. Lord Beaconsfield did not fail to realise the difficulties with which both Shelley and Byron were beset, but I cannot imagine that we shall ever come to place the novel among his most valuable works.

An advertisement to a late edition of "The Young Duke" claims indulgence for a juvenile production, and concludes with a sentence truly characteristic of its author, "but the affectation of youth should be viewed leniently, and every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." The book contains a singularly animated and picturesque account of a scene of heavy gambling, but of course "The Young Duke" is above all other considerations remarkable for the marvellous passage:

> One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite: I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House Don Juan may, perhaps, be our model: in the Upper House, Paradise Lost.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote these words before he had reached the House of Commons. Has such another prophecy ever come to pass?

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"The Young Duke" was an early novel, but the earliest of them all was "Vivian Grey," which, if it could be crushed at all, ought to have perished after its denunciation by its own author in 1853:

> Books written by boys which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature must necessarily be founded upon affectation. . . . Nor is it necessary to remark that a total want of art must be observed in their pages. . . . When the writers of such books are not again heard of, the works, even if ever noticed, are soon forgotten, and so there is no great harm done. But when their authors subsequently become eminent, such works often obtain a peculiar interest, and are sought for from causes irrespective of their merits. Such productions should be exempt from criticism, and should be looked upon as a kind of literary lusus.

This is severe enough, and I daresay a good deal of it is just, but I own that the splendid audacity of Vivian Grey's political intrigues in England has always delighted me, and the concluding part of the novel is actually the forerunner of a whole school of admirable fiction. It was in "Vivian Grey," too, that Lord Beaconsfield gave to the world, for the first time, examples of the sarcasm of which he was so consummate a master. Can we not all sympathise with the hapless student who, studying according to philosophy's latest modes, unluckily entangled the origin of slavery with that of the feudal system? And Lord Beaconsfield wrote this book before he came of age. A miracle truly, and when that is said all is said!

That such a miracle should attract universal attention is only fitting, and the discovery that Vivian Grey incurred the criticism, not only of one but of both the Parliamentary heroes of their day, need excite no wonder. Mr. Gladstone, we learn from the most notable biography just published by Mr. Morley, wrote in his diary: "1874, March 20. Finished 'Vivian Grey.' The first quarter extremely clever, the rest trash." At least he is not so unkind to the book as his rival, whose unfatherly remarks I have quoted.

I must make the honest confession that "Coningsby" does not appeal to me as strongly as I could wish. Neither Lord

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Monmouth nor Sidonia himself seem to me very lifelike, and a band of young men, bent upon setting an old world to rights, has existed so often. Rigby is, perhaps, the most striking character, founded, it is supposed, on Mr. Croker. Poor Mr. Croker! of all men surely the most miserable in that he has drawn down upon his head the thunderbolts not of one, but of two Jupiters, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Macaulay. I believe that no less a person than Mr. Gladstone once made an effort in the *Quarterly Review* to restore his reputation; but the dead cannot come back to life, and Mr. Croker had been killed in too complete a fashion. We must not, however, forget that "Coningsby" contains one chapter (the 15th chapter of the 4th Book) which should never die, for within it is written Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated and most spirited description of the grandeur of the Jewish race.

"Endymion" is not, I imagine, held to deserve a place in the highest rank, but "Tancred" and "Lothair" are both wonderful books, and a close comparison between them brings out some curious facts. "Tancred" is the last work that Lord Beaconsfield published before he attained the position of a leader in Parliament. It came out in 1847, at a time when its author had not made acquaintance with the responsibilities of office, and when he was little more than forty years old. Its successor, "Lothair," followed in 1869, while during that long interval Lord Beaconsfield had been not only a Prime Minister, but an exceedingly great Prime Minister of his country. It may be of some interest to others as well as to myself to run over the numerous points which these two novels have in common, though they were produced under such totally different circumstances.

At the commencement of each story the hero, who belongs to the highest nobility, is just about to come of age, and there are descriptions in each of them of the magnificent ceremonies that take place on these august occasions. It is amusing to note that the fireworks are specially and sympathetically mentioned in both cases. There are admirable pictures of

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surrounding relatives and friends, and most excellent comedy in "Tancred" with Lord Eskdale and the artist cooks; in "Lothair" with Lord St. Aldegonde and his humours. It is soon—very soon—made apparent that, in spite of the many favours that have been showered upon them by fortune, the two youths are profoundly dissatisfied with life, and equally profoundly impressed with the unsatisfactory character of the prevailing religious thought. Both are subjected to feminine influences, and both are affected by them. Both resort to the Holy Land, though a short tour in Holland is prescribed to Tancred by his kind but unimaginative parents as a proper amount of travel, and Lothair only reaches Jerusalem after he has fought with Garibaldi, and been wounded in Italy. Lord Beaconsfield never changed in his view that Palestine is the home of religion, and Lothair is taught by Paraclete, even as Tancred is taught by the apparition upon Sinai. But although Hebrew supremacy is never to be doubted, it is remarkable that in the two novels of which I am speaking the charm, force and beauty of Hellenism are markedly recognised. Astarte, the lovely Queen of the Ansarey, adored Apollo, and would have liked to convert Tancred to her creed, while Mr. Phœbus, his wife and her sister Euphrosyne, preached the worship of nature to Lothair. There is, of course, a great difference in the adventures that cluster round the central streams of the narratives. Tancred passes most of his time in Asia, and is left with a declaration of love on his lips addressed to the Syrian Eva. His fate is uncertain, as the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, unable to endure the prolonged absence of their son, have arrived at Jerusalem, and are likely to regard his proposed marriage with unfavourable eyes. Lothair, on the other hand, is chiefly occupied in Europe, and, after escaping the attentions of the Roman Catholics, and the dangers of war, marries Lady Corisande amidst general approbation.

But the keynotes, with their touch of sadness, are identical in both books. They express the inmost thoughts of a man

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penetrated to the very depths of his being by the sense of religion. Perhaps if we look at the two visions—that of Tancred at Sinai and Lothair at the Coliseum—we should say of a mystic religion. But be this as it may, it is a religion which teaches that it is not upon the affairs of this world only that the highest natures expend their highest energies. I have been informed, on what I conceive to be good authority, that it was Lord Beaconsfield's daily custom to devote some of the early hours of the morning, through which most of us sleep, to the study of the Bible and the literature of the Bible.

IDDESLEIGH.

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GARDEN CITIES

WITHOUT in the least underrating the importance of the fiscal questions now engrossing public attention, it would be tolerably safe to predict that, whether the conclusion ultimately arrived at be wise or foolish, the consequences will not be altogether irretrievable nor the national efficiency permanently reduced. There are, however, questions affecting the well-being of the home population of which the same cannot be said. They strike at the very root and foundation of national prosperity, and cannot with safety be ignored or the consideration of them deferred to a more convenient season. The first and most urgent of these, concerns the health and physique of the mass of the people.

That physical degeneration is in wide operation amongst the inhabitants of our great towns will hardly be denied by any one who has studied the question. That it may have escaped the notice of those whose observation is practically confined to the members of the well-to-do classes and their immediate dependants is likely enough; but it is none the less a fact, and if proof is wanted it can be had in abundance. In one great industrial centre, we are told, out of 11,000 applicants for Military Service 8000 fell short of a physical standard so low that one positively blushes to hear of its application to the descendants of the finest race in Europe. In considering the significance of these figures it must be borne in mind that the consciously defective would not submit them-

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selves to medical examination. An abundance of evidence pointing in the same direction could be adduced if necessary. The physical condition of the population of our great towns is in fact so unsatisfactory that it could only be disregarded by a nation smitten with the blindness which precedes destruction.

It is not pretended that the matter has altogether escaped attention. Efforts undoubtedly have been and are being made to improve the hygienic conditions of our great towns. At the same time no serious attempt has been made to grapple with the root of the evil, nor indeed is there any indication that the necessity for taking effective steps to maintain the national physique is at all adequately recognised. If the subject is to be dealt with scientifically it is necessary in the first place to ascertain the causes underlying the evil, to separate those which are practically fixed from those which are open to alteration, and then to consider how the latter may be modified so as to give a reasonable prospect of permanent improvement.

The first step presents little difficulty. The main causes of physical degeneration are by common consent to be found, in the change which in a few generations has transformed the English from a race of agriculturalists to a race of artisans, from a race of countrymen to a race of townsmen. The Englishman of to-day is essentially a townsman. He no longer rejoices as the pioneer of civilisation to struggle with the forces of nature in unsettled lands. If he emigrates it is to the towns he goes. At home he crowds into the towns to such an extent, that in many parts of the country only the aged, the feeble, and the very young, remain. Now the difference between country life and town life, in its effect upon physique, is marked and well known. The man who lives in the country can, all the world over, give points in physique to the man who lives in a town. The man who works in the open air can give points to the man who works within doors. The man, therefore, who lives in a town and works within doors, is at a dis-

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advantage compared with the man who lives in the country and works within doors, and at a still greater disadvantage with the agriculturist. Moreover there is every reason to suppose that the disadvantage is not confined to stature, thews and sinews, but that it extends to brain-power. Even in so young a nation as the United States the saying already obtains that all the brains come from the country, and our own experience confirms its truth.

If the advantages of country life therefore are essential to good physique, unless we are content to see our race degenerate, we must either turn the artisan back into the agriculturist, or we must find means to extend these advantages to the occupations which the former follows. The first of these alternatives is clearly impossible. The industrial tendencies of the nation are due to economic causes. A nation tends to the production of those commodities which it can produce to the greatest advantage. Capital and labour cannot permanently be prevented from following their true interests. That the interests of a nation, which imports three-fourths of its food-supply and some 80 per cent. of whose imports consist of raw material, lie in increasing manufacture and not in reversion to agriculture, cannot seriously be contested. Moreover, so long as the markets of the world lie open to this country for the purchase of food, the English farmer, under existing circumstances, will always be at a disadvantage, handicapped as he is by soil and climate. It seems clear, therefore, that the transfer of labour from agriculture to manufacturing industry, in a continuously increasing ratio, must be accepted as inevitable.

Abandoning, therefore, the first alternative, our only hope lies in the second, namely, in enabling the artisan to share with the agriculturist the advantages of country life. But there is another point to be considered. If it be true that country-bred brains are the best, it is equally true that the best country-bred brains gravitate to the towns; and if the countryman beats the townsman in brain-power, he is inferior to him

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in intellectual agility, and in, at all events, superficial mental development. The problem to be solved therefore is not only how to extend the advantages of country life to the artisan, but also how to enable the agriculturist to share the advantages of town life. But what are the advantages of country life which we desire to extend to the artisan? and what are the advantages of town life which we wish the agriculturist to share? So far as our present purpose is concerned, the former may be summed up in two words—"fresh air"—and the latter in as many more—"social intercourse."

The importance of fresh air as a factor in human development is being tardily recognised, but as yet it is by no means adequately appreciated. An abundant supply of fresh air is more necessary to healthy human existence even than an abundant supply of food. The bare sufficiency of air to support life is a more certain precursor of disease and death than a bare sufficiency of food; yet the relative importance of the two things is wholly misunderstood. If the newspapers report a case of death from starvation the whole community is shocked; while the public at large are either ignorant of the fact, or little moved by the knowledge, that for every victim of insufficient food a thousand suffer through insufficient air. In dealing with this point it cannot be too often or too strongly urged, that comfort and health are not convertible terms, and that substantial buildings, and contrivances, however admirable, for saving time and trouble, do not fill the lungs with air, but often, indeed, indirectly hinder the process. The philanthropist working in the slums finds two or three families herded together in, let us say, the ground-floor room of a squalid house. The different families sleep in separate corners of the room; in the day-time the children are turned out to play in the gutter; consumption is almost certain to be present in their midst. Our philanthropist is very properly shocked. But what strikes him most forcibly is not, in all probability, the hygienic aspect of the case, but the fact that the people are living like pigs—the absence of decency and comfort. If

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he can secure their removal to separate rooms on, say, the fifth floor of a tenement building (erected by another philanthropist) where the doors and windows fit well enough to exclude the air, where the women have everything at hand and need but seldom leave their rooms, and the children play either on the staircase or in the room itself, the philanthropist will depart, filled with the comfortable conviction of substantial good effected. Yet from the hygienic point of view, I venture to assert that the last state of these families, particularly as regards the children, would be worse than the first, and that the philanthropist would have done better if he had left the people where he found them, having previously pulled out the window of their hovel, and trusted to their want of means or energy to replace it. The gutter was at least open to the sky and in some degree to the four winds of heaven, and was a better place for the children to play in than the tenement staircase. It is not to be tolerated, I agree, that people should continue to live like pigs, but your pig, after all, is usually a healthy animal, and the conditions of his life are in that respect superior to those of a large proportion of our fellow citizens. The essentials of health enjoyed by the former at least must be extended to the latter, if any permanent good is to be done them.

If the importance of fresh air is once recognised, and the conditions of life in our great industrial centres examined, experience only serves to confirm the conclusion to which *à priori* reasoning must lead, that under such conditions it is impossible to maintain the physical efficiency of the race. It is, of course, one thing to recognise and deplore the evil, another to find a remedy; but to distract our attention from the sorry spectacle of the condition of our people at home, by external schemes which that very condition, if unamended, must render futile, is surely the policy of the ostrich rather than that of a great nation. To enforce and reiterate this argument is no proof of indifference to Imperial concerns. No one is more convinced than myself that for the full

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development of national character, the larger view of national duty is of the highest importance; but the recovery of the physical standard is the necessary preliminary to the development of an Imperial race. If this be neglected the Imperial structure rests upon a foundation of sand.

It follows from what has already been said, that the remedy for the state of things we have been considering must be found, either in a radical alteration of our existing towns, or in some fresh method of distributing the population upon the land. Without minimising the result of the efforts which have been made during the last few years to deal with the question of overcrowding, and to improve the hygienic conditions of life in industrial centres, such conditions remain essentially unsatisfactory and, to my mind, must ever so remain, in default of radical measures to check and ultimately reduce the pressure of population. Where a great town already exists improvements must be piecemeal. Demolition in one quarter tends to aggravate overcrowding in another. The cost is enormous. It would often be cheaper to pension off the occupants for life than to substitute accommodation in reasonably accessible positions. If the working man is compelled to find lodging further afield, the bulk of his leisure is consumed in travelling, often under conditions even less healthy than those of the workshop; while the growth and extension of the suburbs still further vitiates the air in the central districts, and renders the country still more and more inaccessible to the citizen. Reform is made difficult by the unwisdom of our predecessors, and the haphazard, disconnected way in which the town has grown. The past hampers the present at every turn. If we could imagine the occurrence of a devastating conflagration which should sweep all the buildings in London off the face of the earth (Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being, let us hope, miraculously preserved), and could suppose that, moved by conscientious scruples on the subject of unearned increment, the ground landlords simultaneously laid their rents at the feet of the London County Council,

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retaining only what represented the unimproved value of the land, no doubt much might be done. In facilities of transit, in unity of construction, in careful distribution of the population in accordance with their several requirements, in low rental value, the new city might be expected to excel any in existence. But, even then, the County Council would be compelled either to send a large proportion of the former citizens about their business, or to resort to the present device of piling family upon family at so many thousand per acre; while the suburban difficulty would remain as acute as ever. In addition to a clear site of land at its natural value, the County Council would require a great increase of building area and, in addition, the control of all the land around their city, before they could establish a town fit to form the cradle of an Imperial race.

But although our imagination fails to conceive the satisfactory evolution of London itself, the country could furnish an abundance of sites where all the conditions which we have seen to be necessary exist—land at agricultural value, a clear site, and command at will of the surrounding country.

Making a still more vigorous effort of imagination, let us suppose that, at some future time, there arose a Government the Ministers of which realised that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the vital principle of our social organisation was industrial democracy; and that, consequently, the first and chief concern of the State was the health and well-being of the industrial population. Let us further suppose, though here the most powerful imagination may fail, that they were prepared to provide for the furtherance of the well-being of the toiling millions of Englishmen, a fraction of what was spent upon the South African War, or of what is to be devoted, with the approval of all, to buying out Irish landlords, on the off chance of putting an end to Irish agitation. In such a case, what could be simpler than to provide sites for industrial towns, upon which the required conditions might be realised; namely, due proportion of area to population, and reservation of an agricultural belt of

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adequate size round each town? Increase of population in such a case would be provided for, not by increased crowding, but by overflow to contiguous towns established under similar conditions. For instance, land might be provided for a central town of 100,000 inhabitants surrounded by several overflow towns of 50,000 inhabitants, forming, by well-planned means of communication, but one community for social and business purposes. Such a scheme might, of course, either succeed or fail. If it succeeded, the problem we have been discussing would be solved. Artisans would ply their avocations in towns specially devised for the convenience of themselves and their employers, and in immediate touch with the country, with which they would be surrounded. The possibilities before the founders of such a town, in the way of width of streets, parks, gardens, recreation-grounds, allotments, and so forth, can be estimated if we imagine the London County Council with a practically unlimited area of land at their disposal, at a cost of £40 or £50 an acre. Nor would the benefit to the artisan be the only gain; the proximity of a large town would bring a market to the doors of the occupiers of the agricultural belt of land surrounding it, who would naturally devote themselves to the minor agricultural industries, such as dairies, poultry farms, market gardens, &c., most of which involve the employment of a greater number of hands than ordinary farming. The conditions laid down for adequate development would thus be realised. The artisan would be in enjoyment of the fresh air of the country, while the agriculturist would obtain the advantage of social intercourse by the immediate proximity of a large town. The development of the sites need not be undertaken directly by the State, but might be left to the enterprise of private undertakers under suitable conditions approved by the Board of Trade and embodied in provisional orders. If the scheme were successful, it is obvious that the improved value of the land would largely exceed what was required for the reasonable remuneration of the capital expended. If the scheme failed, the loss would be measured by the difference

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between the price given for the land and its real selling value; so that the enterprising Government of our imagination would not seriously jeopardise the national resources.

But, in addition to a site to form a town, a population is required. Are there sufficient grounds for supposing that such a population would be forthcoming? This depends mainly upon the attitude of the manufacturers. At the present time they show a marked tendency to leave the great towns, particularly London. Would they avail themselves of a site—which, for the convenience of reference, we will call a "Garden City"—if it were offered them?

That there are advantages at the outset which manufacturers gain by bringing their works together is proved by the fact that they have hitherto crowded into the great centres. What is driving them out is high rent, contracted area, oppressive building regulations, and high wages. In other words, the consequences of the very contiguity which they originally sought, uncontrolled and unrestricted.

Now the advantages which a Garden City could offer would be cheaper land, greater room for extension, lower rates, better (because more vigorous) and possibly cheaper labour, and the numerous facilities for cheap production, which forethought can provide, where a town is specially planned for that purpose. In the case of a municipality supplying its members with water, gas, &c., which would otherwise form the subject of private monopoly, it is not, I think, denied that the consumer gains. Objection is taken on another ground, namely, that he obtains an advantage at the expense of his neighbours, who are not equally benefited. In a Garden City, the central authority being the landlord, the increment in the value of the land would form a fund applicable to such purposes without resort to the rates. On the whole, therefore, it may reasonably be anticipated that those manufacturers who are not by choice or necessity wedded to a great town, would be attracted by the advantages offered by a Garden City.

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With regard to labour, it cannot go if manufacturers abstain, nor can it abstain if manufacturers elect to go. Labour must follow employment. The scheme, therefore, though primarily intended for the benefit of the working class, is not dependent on their voluntary co-operation. And this is important; for although there are many working men who would understand and appreciate the boon, the scheme may very likely fail at the outset to interest the working class generally. To tell the average working man that his lethargy and craving for drink are largely the result of unhealthy conditions of life and labour would probably only excite his resentment and ridicule. It is only by experience that he will learn to appreciate the advantages offered him.

Apart from the question of health, however, they are indisputable; for if he gets the same wages as before, he will be better off by the difference in his rent, *plus* the benefit he will derive from the application of the unearned increment for the benefit of the community. If his wages are reduced by the difference in his rent, he will still enjoy the latter benefit.

The producers once planted on the site, the subsidiary classes, professional and trading, will of necessity follow.

If, therefore, the State were minded to apply itself seriously to the question, there is little doubt that a redistribution of the people upon the land might be commenced, which would gradually check both the overcrowding in the towns and the exodus from the country, to the benefit alike of the landowner, the farmer, and the manufacturer. At present, however, there is little hope of State assistance. That individual effort should anticipate the action of the State is however in conformity with all precedent, and the Garden City Association have for some time past been actively engaged in the endeavour to make a practical experiment upon the lines above indicated. The matter is at present so far advanced that a site of some 4000 acres, about 35 miles from London, has been purchased by a company registered under the name

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of the First Garden City Limited.[1] Upon this site it is proposed to found a Garden City. The interest of the shareholders is limited to a dividend of 5 per cent. All further profit will be devoted to the benefit of the residents on the estate.

Will the enterprise succeed? I think it will. The readers of this article must judge what weight, if any, attaches to my opinion on the subject. I will only say that I have long studied the question, and that thirty years at the Bar and nine in the House of Commons are calculated to dispel any tendency to extravagant idealism. To me it seems a practical and practicable scheme, the success of which is mainly a question of management and money. A reference to the Garden City Association will satisfy the inquirer that the enterprise is in the hands of business men. With regard to money, some £75,000 has been found by those immediately concerned in the movement, and I cannot believe that the public will allow the scheme to fail for want of funds when the impending appeal is made to them.

For it holds the field as the only practical suggestion for dealing comprehensively with the questions of overcrowding and agricultural depression, and bears within it the promise of ultimate success. And *something* must be done. The loss of initiative is the most unsatisfactory symptom our country exhibits at the present time. Yet, since we are in a later stage of industrial development than other nations, we are confronted by problems which do not as yet affect them. Waiting for a lead in this regard will be fatal. The greatest of Englishmen (judged by the importance of his message to mankind) has come and gone; yet the influence of his teaching upon the social life of his countrymen is still to seek. It is surely time that the altered view of life to which the doctrines of evolution constrain us should be evidenced by practical conduct. While the conditions of life affecting the majority of the people are inconsistent with sound physical development the best laid schemes for social progress are in vain. The

[1] 348 to 351 Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Holborn, E.C.

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distribution of the people upon the land in the manner suggested is not put forward as a panacea for all ills, but as a necessary preliminary to future advance. It is but the first step in a task, which will tax all the energy and all the intelligence of the country during the twentieth century.

RALPH NEVILLE.

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THE RADIO-ACTIVITY OF MATTER

THE striking researches and brilliant discoveries, notably of French physicists, during the last few years, have done much to remove from the scientific mind of a certain type one of its most cherished conceptions. And recent developments in the study of fluorescent and phosphorescent radiations have led to results which may perhaps be described as more than startling, whilst they have given the scientific investigator the most promising fields for research. Such discoveries, from their very nature, make these subjects doubly fascinating, for, by their fruitful consequences on the one hand, they are forcing us to reconsider our fundamental conceptions of the constitution of matter, and, on the other, inducing us to realise, more fully than many perhaps have been ready to perceive, the possibilities of great achievements which in the light of accepted theories seemed so very improbable.

Preconceived notions, however useful as a brake to the fugitive imagination, quite apart from their suggestiveness and utility as guiding principles, have yet perhaps more than once acted as powerful drawbacks to great and revolutionary movements, not merely in the world of affairs, but in that of pure science as well. Notably amongst these predilections, if we may so call them, is the idea that the chemical atom is a sacred structure, and can no more admit of being broken up or subdivided than an ultimate unit can be said to be made up of

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parts. Physicists and chemists, with a few exceptions, do not quite agree, in the face of almost overwhelming evidence against the latter.

The radio-activity of matter, a discovery which has revolutionised our conception of the structure of the atom, is due to Henri Becquerel, the distinguished French savant, a member of the Académie des Sciences, and of that remarkable family which for three generations has been illustrious in the world of science, a name that commands the respect in this country which it does in the land of Lavoisier and of Fourcroy.

(1) For many years he has been investigating the phenomena of phosphorescence, and in the course of these inquiries detected, by means of a delicate electroscope, that the air in the neighbourhood of certain phosphorescent substances—such as the double sulphide of uranium and potassium, or the sulphides of zinc and calcium—loses its insulating property and becomes a conductor of electricity. One would not imagine that there was so much in this single simple fact; but let us continue.

A photographic plate, wrapped in black paper, when exposed for some time to these phosphorescent substances, exhibited the same effects as if it had been exposed to the influence of Röntgen rays. Still more remarkable, and perhaps a still more mysterious, inexplicable fact.

This property of matter, or spontaneous radiation, if we may now call it, he detected in various compounds of uranium, not long after Röntgen had observed the now familiar radiation from a vacuum bulb; and at the time investigators were looking for all types of rays from all kinds of things.

The radiation (of Becquerel) resembled that of Röntgen, for it passed through thin sheets of metal, acted on a photographic plate, also on fluorescent screens, and produced electrical conductivity in a gas which it traversed. At first, indeed, it was thought that this radiation was light of very short wave-length, in fact of much shorter wave-length than that of the visible spectrum, and that it admitted like ordinary light of being polarised by transmission through crystals of tourmaline,

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which absorb the vibrations of light in a plane parallel to their axes and transmit those at right angles to them. Subsequently, however, it was found that this effect, which, if it existed, would have been extremely difficult to ascertain, did not really take place; thus giving a further analogy between those rays and the Röntgen rays which are also not polarised by this means.

For some time after, it was considered extremely probable that the Becquerel rays were nevertheless ultra-ultra-violet rays, of wave-length so very short as not to be impeded to any marked extent by the molecules of matter—(as sound passes through groves of trees)—a property which would account for their great penetrating power. The difference, however, was soon found, which distinguished in an unmistakable manner between the radiation from phosphorescent substances and that from vacuum bulbs. They both travel in straight lines like ordinary light, but not when they traverse a magnetic field in a direction other than that of the lines of magnetic force. The effect of a magnet is to deviate the Becquerel rays from their straight path, whilst the Röntgen rays are not affected in the slightest degree, even in the most powerful magnetic fields. Thus a great distinction was at once drawn between the two kinds of radiation. The deflectibility of the rays in a magnetic field at once disproves the hypothesis that they consist of vibrations like those of ordinary light, however great their frequency; for a magnetic field does not affect the direction of propagation of light. Subsequent investigation of other substances which emit this radiation shows also that it is often accompanied by another kind of radiation, even more penetrating, but, like light, not at all deflected by a magnet. With this we shall presently have more to do, as also with the Röntgen rays, which are likewise not deflected and of the nature of light. The Becquerel rays—properly so called—that is, the deflectible ones, do not involve an undulatory motion, or anything similar to it, but rather appear to consist essentially of a radiation of very minute particles or corpuscles; the

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very type of radiation which Newton imagined light to consist of in his corpuscular theory. They are now known as the β rays.

(2) The behaviour of the Becquerel rays is precisely as if they consisted of particles moving with a great velocity, and carrying a charge of resinous or negative electricity. Their velocity has been calculated to be about two-thirds of the velocity of light, that is, about 20,000,000,000 centimetres per second. They possess all the properties of the rays projected from the negative electrode when an electric discharge passes through a vacuum tube, and are generally known as cathode rays, or the radiant matter which Crookes investigated in his elegant researches published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1879.

The cathode rays were originally discovered by Varley in 1871, but Crookes inferred from their general properties, which he investigated and illustrated in those classical experiments long since so familiar to many, the existence of a fourth state of matter, which, until quite recently, was regarded by not a few as a somewhat broad generalisation, and extending far beyond the facts of his observations. But the experienced, careful observer often acquires an insight into the secrets of Nature, amounting almost to an instinct, by which he knows whither his facts are leading him, although they do not in themselves supply in full the premises for his conclusions; by which they may be logically proved to others less initiated and less experienced than himself in his own familiar ground where he has romped and roamed, perhaps for months, perhaps for years. The idea of a state of matter differing from either the solid, the liquid, or the gaseous state, as we are acquainted with them, was first originated by Crookes, and, though it was not finally established by him, yet, as a matter of history, his name must rank high amongst those who have cleared the way towards its discovery.

(3) The deflectibility of the cathode rays by a magnet, observed by Crookes, a property which, as we have seen, the Becquerel rays and the cathode rays possess in common,

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indicated (the reason for this shall presently be explained) that these rays carry a charge of electricity.

It is to the late Professor Rowland we owe our knowledge of the fact that an electrified body in motion exerts a force upon a magnet in its neighbourhood; and conversely, from the principle of the equality of action and reaction, a magnetic field exerts a force upon an electrified body in motion. So it was argued that if the cathode rays were electrified particles moving with a considerable velocity, they would necessarily be deflected in a magnetic field, and, *vice versâ*, that if deflected in a magnetic field they carried a charge of electricity.

Perhaps the most elegant, at any rate the most convenient, method of illustrating the result of Rowland's famous experiment is that devised by R. W. Wood—Rowland's successor in the chair of Physics at the Johns Hopkins University. He used a stream of charged particles of solid carbonic acid, as they issued from an orifice in a cylinder highly charged electrically, containing this gas at a great pressure. The velocity with which the particles of carbonic acid moved was about 60,000 centimetres, or 2,000 feet, per second, after they had condensed into the solid state from the issuing gas. The effect of the moving charge or current of electricity on a magnetic needle two or three centimetres above the stream was observed to be quite marked. We have here a clear illustration, if not a proof, that an electrified body in motion, or a stream of electrified bodies in motion, and a magnet react on one another. From the path which an electrified particle would in this manner describe in a magnetic field it is possible to determine its velocity. This was first applied by Schuster. The velocity of the cathode rays is about 14,000,000 centimetres, or about 630 miles per second.[1] The limits, however, are very

[1] The impartial judge must admit that Schuster in his series of Bakerian Lectures to the Royal Society, 1884, 1887, 1890, has laid the foundation and indicated the true path of subsequent investigation on the discharge of electricity through gases.

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wide indeed and in very high vacua; under a large electromotive force they move with a much greater speed, and can reach a velocity approaching one-tenth of that of light, that is, about 3,000,000,000 centimetres, or 19,000 miles per second. At the lower velocities the cathode rays are easily absorbed by matter, but as they approach this great velocity they also acquire the power of penetrating thin sheets of metals quite opaque to light, as Lenard has proved to us by his beautiful experiments (Wiedmann's *Annalen*, 1894).

Perrin (*Comptes Rendus*, 1896) showed conclusively that the cathode rays carried a charge of negative or resinous electricity, whilst Thomson determined the ratio of the charge carried by each of these individual particles to its mass, and subsequently ascertained the magnitude of the charge, and from the known ratio of these two quantities that of the mass of each particle—or corpuscle, as he has called it. From this it appears that each particle or corpuscle has a mass of about the one-thousandth of the mass of an atom of hydrogen. The method by which this remarkable result was arrived at is perhaps too technical, too complicated, to be described here, but the result will itself be sufficiently clear to be understood and to be appreciated at a glance, whilst the full investigation and its result will ever be admitted to be a classical production.

(4) We may now pass to the bearing of this upon the phenomena of radio-activity. Calculations similar to the above have been applied to the Becquerel rays, and they have been found to carry a negative charge of electricity. The ratio of this charge to the mass of each corpuscle has been ascertained to be the same as that for the cathode rays. Their velocity is very much greater, and approximates very closely to that of light, so that the amount of energy which each corpuscle possesses is enormous, and its power of penetrating objects correspondingly very much greater. We thus appear to have obtained from ordinary matter in ordinary circumstances something of even less mass than the atom itself, so much so that its inertia is only the one-thousandth part of the inertia of an atom

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of hydrogen. The present view is that the atom is made up of a number of such corpuscles, and that occasionally one is shot off and after a while another takes its place. The heavier the atom the more complex is its structure and the greater the number of corpuscles that compose it. The mercury molecule, for instance, contains about two hundred thousand corpuscles, and the molecule of uranium something like two hundred and forty thousand, whilst the molecules of many phosphorescent substances are extremely complicated in structure, so complicated that they probably contain many millions of such corpuscles. The corpuscle appears to be identical with what Dr. Johnstone Stoney many years ago called an *electron*, or unit charge of electricity. It is to Professor Larmor we owe the suggestion that matter is made up of such electrons, and he made it before these electrons had actually been isolated. Marvellous, revolutionary conception that marks a period in the annals of science and gives its author an assured place as a pioneer in the history, not alone of English, but of European thought. It reduces matter to an electrical phenomenon. These electrons have since been shown to be capable of existing independently of the atom itself in the form of the corpuscle we have described. Some of the strongest evidence in favour of the view that matter is so made up of electrons is that the absorption of corpuscles or electrons follows the law that absorption is proportional to the density of the substance, whatever its chemical nature or composition; a fact which was discovered by Lenard for very fast-moving cathode rays. Matter made up as it is of such electrons is gradually radiating itself into space, and must ultimately, unless a counteracting process is at work, be disintegrated and scattered away in the form of electrons throughout the universe. It has been suggested by Rutherford that an actual transmutation of the elements is taking place. And Ramsay and Soddy tell us that radium is being converted into helium. This will almost be the crowning work of all these labours when it is proved. Now it may be taken as an ingenious and most original hypothesis. As the molecule is composed of chemical

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atoms, so is the chemical atom itself but an agglomeration of electrons. The electron appears to be the primordial atom of which all nature is composed, and so far as we can make out it is the atom of electricity itself; nay, it would now appear that all matter is electricity and electricity, matter.

Thus have we shifted the whole responsibility of the universe upon the properties of the electrons instead of the seventy-seven elements, which not long since formed the foundation-stones of Nature. Radium, one of the heaviest and most complicated of these, is continually shooting out electrons, and is gradually losing its substance, so that if the process continues long enough it must ultimately be dissipated away and scattered in the form of electrons throughout all space.

Æons of time are after all great or small only relatively to our own experience; the resolution of matter into its constituent element—electricity—is now slowly taking place around us, and time will witness the ultimate disintegration.

(5) Not improbable is it that all bodies are thus continually being disintegrated into their constituent element — electricity—even if they do not exhibit this property of radio-activity, for we have no means at present of detecting it, in consequence of the very great velocity which such electrons would possess. Although the radiation which has been observed is extremely penetrating, its detection depends upon the fact that it is *absorbed* to some extent by matter; for photographic effects, fluorescent effects, and that still more delicate test, the ionisation of gases (that is, the conductivity of gases) produced by the radiation, all necessarily imply absorption of energy. It seems not unreasonable to ask, Do not radiations still more penetrating exist, so that electrons are continually being shot off still faster than those which have been so far detected, and so fast that they are not absorbed at all, or that the absorption is too small to be detected by the experimental methods at our disposal? It seems likely enough.

The absorption of the radiation of electrons depends upon

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their velocity, so that if the velocity is increased the absorption is reduced, and at very high velocities a slight change in the velocity of an electron when it approaches that of light makes an enormous difference in the penetrating power of the radiation.

It has been shown, however, by Heaviside that the inertia of an electrified body in motion is made up of two parts. First, the inertia due to what is ordinarily called the mass of the body; that is, its gravitational mass; and secondly, that which must be added to the inertia of the electric charge when in motion, due to the energy of the latter in the surrounding medium. This increases very rapidly as its velocity increases, becoming almost infinite when it approximates to that of light. Like an asymptotic curve which approaches more and more closely to its asymptote and yet never touches it, so the velocity of an electrified body can be made to approach that of light and yet be never made to reach it.[1]

The energy increases very rapidly as the velocity approaches that of light, so[2] that it is quite conceivable that an electron may possess a velocity very nearly equal to that of light, and its energy, though not infinite, may nevertheless be very great

Thus radio-activity, consisting of electrons moving with velocity approximating to that of light, may be continually given out by a body, but the absorption would be so small that we should have no means at present of detecting it. Electrons with so much inertia would not be much deflected by a magnet, and quite recently, as we have said, Becquerel has detected the emission of rays, from thorium, that are extremely penetrating and not deflectible by a magnet. These have been styled the γ rays. Whether these are of the same nature as the Röntgen rays, or whether they are electrons moving with almost the same velocity as light—in which case they would not be sensibly deflected in a magnetic field—is a

[1] Unless the mass of the particle diminishes accordingly, in which case the energy would remain finite.

[2] Assuming that the mass does not diminish indefinitely.

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matter that has yet to be decided. They may be rays of very short wave-length of the nature of ultra-ultra-violet light of very high frequencies, the properties of which would be the same as those of the Röntgen rays. For when such frequencies are attained, the wave-lengths are so small that all matter is more or less transparent to the radiation.

It seems to be an open question as to whether the very penetrating radiation from thorium is the result of pulses set up by collisions of the electrons with the atoms or by disruption from the molecules of the substance, or regular ultra-ultra-violet vibrations from the molecules themselves.

(6) In addition to these two classes of radiation, both of which are more or less penetrating, their difference in this respect being merely a matter of degree, a third class of radio-activity has been observed by Rutherford, which has been called the α rays. These travel with a velocity about one-tenth of the velocity of light, and consist of particles having a mass of about twice that of the atom of hydrogen, and carry a *vitreous* or *positive* charge of electricity. They are easily absorbed. A fourth class of radiation, perhaps the most important of all, was also discovered by Rutherford from thorium oxide—an "emanation," as he has called it—which appears to be a gas, its molecules not being deflected by a magnet, nor do they appear to carry a free charge of electricity; the velocity of its particles is that of ordinary molecules, that is, about one-third of a mile per second. This radiation ionises a gas—namely, renders it a conductor of electricity—and induces radio-activity in bodies when it falls upon them. All bodies on which the radiation falls become radio-active and acquire the power of exciting photographic, fluorescent and electrical effects; even the fingers of the hand thus become radio-active. The large phosphorescent molecules to which the afterglow in a rarefied gas is due also possess the power of ionising gas, and, as the author has suggested, are of the nature of the "emanation" or radio-active gas (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1901).

(7) The importance of these discoveries is not merely

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theoretical. They have proved of real practical value, as conducive to a new method of research more powerful than any we have yet attained to; thousands of times more sensitive than the spectroscope, as a means of detecting the presence of substances in slight quantities; and millions of times more scrutinising than that hitherto at the disposal of the chemist. This has already led to the discovery of *three new elements*, of the existence of which neither the most minute chemical analysis nor the most delicate spectroscopic examination had given the slightest intimation.

The three new substances are *polinium*, *radium* and *actinium*. None of these have yet been actually isolated, but the atomic weight of radium has been calculated to be 225. It was determined from its chloride by the repeated fractional crystallisation of this from 0·1 grammes of barium chloride. Its spectrum has also been studied by Demarçay and by Runge, and consists of three distinct lines which cannot be identified with those of any other element. Monsieur and Madame Curie found that a number of rare earths, notably pitchblende, were very much more radio-active than uranium; but that the artificial synthesis of this body always yielded a substance which was not radio-active; at any rate, relatively to uranium. It was thus inferred that probably some unknown substance was present in pitchblende, although its existence was in no way revealed by the spectroscope. They found by the process analogous to that by which Crookes discovered the origin of the citron band—which he traced to the presence of the rare earth yttria in combination with sulphuric acid—that these new elements, already named and hitherto unknown, exist. The first substance separated out from pitchblende they called polinium. It was separated out with bismuth. The second, which they called radium, by far the most radio-active, was separated out with barium, and possesses many of the characteristics of that element. And the third, which they called actinium, bears pretty much the same relation to thorium that radium does to barium, or polinium to bismuth.

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The ultra-violet rays, the radio-active rays α, β, and γ, the cathode rays and the Röntgen rays all possess the power of ionising a gas, a process suggested by Schuster (*loc. cit.*) which amounts to the breaking up of the molecules into others called *ions* carrying a free charge of electricity. According to him the ion when it is acted upon by an electric force acquires in the course of its *free path* sufficient kinetic energy to smash up a molecule into other ions when it collides with it. Townsend independently has shown the importance of this conception when applied to the effect of corpuscles in breaking down the insulating property of a gas, and has explained in this way why a thin layer of gas is a better insulator than a thick one. Other workers have also claimed this view. By means of the electrometer the presence of these ions can be detected in very minute quantities, and Mr. C. T. R. Wilson has calculated that about 15 ions per cubic centimetre per second in air combine at ordinary pressures and temperature. He concluded that the walls of a glass vessel become radio-active. The Hon. R. J. Strutt has found that this spontaneous ionisation depends upon the nature of the walls. See *Nature*, February, 1908.

(8) The results of the researches of Rutherford and Soddy, an account of which is given in the *Philosophical Magazine*, during the last two or three years, are of an extremely remarkable character, and throw considerable light on the nature of the phenomena of radio-activity. As we have said, thorium compounds give out an "emanation" which seems to be of the nature of a gas; so also does radium-bromide. The gas is itself radio-active, but its properties in this respect last for only one or two minutes. It has also the power of exciting radio-activity in bodies on which it falls, and the induced radio-activity in other bodies may last for one or two days.

The radio-activity is thus infectious, but the infected body recovers in the course of time. The power of inducing radio-activity does not depend upon the "emanation" alone, but apparently all radio-active substances can communicate radio-activity of greater or of less intensity in bodies close to them.

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A negatively electrified body can be rendered very radio-active by the emanation which is attracted towards it; and it seems probable that the air contains some such radio-active constituent, for a negatively electrified body becomes radio-active in the course of time when exposed to the air.

The "emanation" which thorium and radium emit is probably this radio-active material. But what that substance is remains unknown.

(9) C. T. R. Wilson has observed that snow and also the residue left from evaporating rain-water is radio-active.[1] Strutt (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1908) has observed that air which has been bubbled through mercury is likewise radio-active. There appears to be a radio-active substance in the atmosphere, of that there can be little doubt. It is a striking circumstance that helium is to be found in so many substances which are radio-active, so likewise is it to be *found in a great variety of fluorescent and phosphorescent substances*, and it remains a matter for speculation whether it is not the agent to which radio-activity is due. The author has for the last two years, as his friends are aware, speculated upon and investigated the part played by helium in phosphorescence. The emanation from thorium must be a very much heavier gas than helium, but there is no evidence that the emanation is a simple gas. Like phosphorescence, radio-activity may be the result of slight impurities; that impurity, even if it could be isolated, may not be either phosphorescent or radio-active, but only by virtue of its interactions with other substances might it exhibit these properties.

Helium is very phosphorescent, and whether in slight quantities it is that impurity upon which phosphorescence in gases depends is a matter which only further inquiry of a very delicate and difficult nature will decide. Of the helium, argon, neon, krypton, and xenon group there still remain to be

[1] According to some observers air which has been bubbled through water is radio-active; water from springs; air sucked from the ground and caves; the earth itself is radio-active.

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discovered two other elements of very high atomic weights, and we should not be surprised if they were, like many heavy metals, radio-active. Curie has found that the temperature of radium is about one and a half degrees above that of surrounding objects. Whence comes all this vast store of energy? This is a question that had better be reserved; our own opinion is that it is stored up in the atom. But many men have many minds upon this subject, and it is as well to pause awhile until they agree or nearly do so.[1]

(10) There is considerable evidence that the sun is continually giving out these minute corpuscles or electrons; and that the light of the corona, which has been observed to be polarised, is that scattered by these particles. It also gives most conspicuously the helium D_3 line. Arrhenius has given a very elegant explanation of the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis based upon the theory of corpuscles. The particles which are shot off by the sun are constrained to move in spiral paths along the lines of magnetic force when they approach the earth's surface.

As they move along these paths downwards from the upper regions of the atmosphere towards the poles, they pass through layers in which the density is such that luminosity can be easily excited. Hence the streaks of light all pointing towards the poles, but never quite reaching them, as the density of the atmosphere becomes too great close to the surface of the earth to luminesce. Is the temperature of the sun maintained by that process which goes on in radium? Most probably.

It is worthy of being noticed here, on account of the insight which it reveals, a quality so characteristic of him, that Fitzgerald, so far back as 1882, inferred the existence of particles much smaller than atoms in comets' tails. Fitzgerald's speculation was a most remarkable one, considering the date of its publication.

(11) Sir William Crookes has recently made a most

[1] Lord Kelvin has suggested that the energy may be absorbed from waves in the surrounding medium.

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interesting observation on the phosphorescence of screens of barium platino-cyanide or zinc sulphide when these are exposed to the influence of the radiation from radium. When viewed through a magnifying-glass the screen is seen to be the object of a bombardment by invisible particles, which produce numerous flashes of light, as they strike against it, exhibiting a mass of scintillations which to the naked eye appear as a continuous glow of the screen. The luminous effect spreads to a distance great compared with the diameter of the molecules struck.

The luminosity results doubtless from the rapid change in the field surrounding the molecule which is struck, by the passage of the fast-moving electron, since phosphorescence of the screen is also excited by the Röntgen rays, which, as we have seen, consist of a complex of thin pulses, or what, according to Lord Rayleigh, FitzGerald and others, amounts to the same thing, ultra-ultra-violet waves, whilst any afterglow which may exist results from the disturbances which are set up in a group of molecules, in which the vibration continues for some time without much obstruction. There is strong evidence that the phosphorescence or luminosity results from the formation of complex molecular groups, which last only during the period of emission of light. This conception is of importance in the theory of luminosity in reconciling the complex structure and spectrum of an element with the kinetic theory of gases. See *Reps. Brit. Assoc.* 1900–2.

(12) Rutherford and Soddy have succeeded in separating out what seemed to be the radio-active substances in thorium compounds; they called it thorium X. It was found, however, that although the thorium compound lost all its radio-activity after the separation, it afterwards gradually recovered itself, whilst the thorium X gradually lost its activity, and finally, the thorium regained its full power and the thorium X completely lost its radio-active property. There appears to be a double process going on; a continual formation of radio-active stuff on the one hand, and a gradual destruction

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of that stuff on the other. One cannot fail to perceive the striking analogy which appears to exist between such a process and that of *metabolism*, although the two phenomena, so far as our knowledge at present goes, are distinct. There is, as we perceive, a continual growth or formation of thorium X, and simultaneously with it a continual and gradual destruction, or, if we may so call it, decay of this substance, its existence being quite ephemeral. We know that the complex molecules of albumen behave in a similar manner, exhibiting a continuous process of formation and destruction, of integration and disintegration, of growth and decay.

But here once more we must be careful lest our imagination should carry us away, and lead us into regions of pure fancy, to a height beyond the support of experimental facts.

Still the atoms and molecules of matter are no doubt in a state of perpetual change; now an electron is separated and now another takes its place. Thus the process of the actual change of the substance of the atom is continuous, whilst the atom itself as an individual retains its properties and so far remains the same. It changes its substance—in a limited sense lives—and yet it is ever the same.[1] Is it not so with the cell? Is the atom an elementary cell, a living thing? Our own view is that the atom preserves its identity in the same manner that a cell does, and bears the same relation to the latter that this does to a living organism. The distinction, apparently insuperable, that the biologist holds to exist between living and so-called dead matter, should thus pass away as a false distinction, and all Nature appear a manifestation of Life; this the play of *units* of we know not what, save that it is what we call *electricity*. Atoms and molecules would be elementary living cells, possessing some of the properties, but not all, of the more highly organised cell, the unit with which the biologist has to deal. These are not idle thoughts. Heterodox or orthodox they

[1] In the same sense as the cell, although it may admit of being broken up into its constituent parts by exceptional means.

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are to us the logical outcome of all that we have had to say. All matter is alive—that is my thesis.

It is towards the effect of molecular and atomic grouping and the groupings of electrons that thought ere long will doubtless move, for although the facts already obtained are few, yet new fields of investigation have been opened up, as promising to the man of science as the discovery of a new continent, nay, of a new world, is to the explorer. To what results they may lead us, he would be rash indeed who should venture to predict. They will no doubt in time bring with them results of practical value, and they will most assuredly expand in no small a degree our ideas of this world around us. And it now seems as though such investigations were at least to give us a clue as to the ultimate constitution, perhaps also as to the ultimate destiny, not only of Life as we know it, but of a simpler Life, that of matter too.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXIII

THE exciting intelligence reached the house at luncheon-time that Mr. Seaton had caught a fifteen-pound salmon, and begged that some sandwiches and a flask of whisky might be sent to him, as he would, if the sport lasted, not return till the evening. That a philosopher who considered the highest of human acts to consist in a union of the individual mind with the Absolute, achieved by an alliance between pious emotions and metaphysics, should thus be beguiled into absenting himself from the Conference now impending by the relative and immediate pleasure of pulling a fish out of a puddle, seemed to Mr. Brompton, who was burning to renew the fray, an example of inconsistency which was curious, sad, and provoking; for he not only looked to Seaton for help in his attack upon Mr. Brock, but he feared also that in Seaton's absence the Conference might be perhaps postponed. He was, therefore, delighted when, at Mrs. Vernon's suggestion, it was settled that the whole party should join the fisherman in the afternoon, and enjoy their tea and their philosophy in a summer-house which overlooked the stream.

The spot, when the party reached it, proved delightful to everybody. The stream, which here was a series of cascades and pools, flowed between shoulders of moorland, and sky-lines of yellow gorse-blossoms; and the smell of the gorse and a sense of water and solitude came to the nerves in each puff of

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the balmy air. The summer-house which, with its wide verandah, had almost the dimensions of a cottage, was already occupied by servants laying a tempting tea-table; and some twenty feet below, resting at last from his labours, was the disciple of Hegel, whose face, almost as red as his hair, was smiling with triumph through a new-born swarm of freckles. Four fine fish lay on the grass near him; and even Hegel had not convinced him that their being and their not being were the same.

"Now, Mr. Seaton," said Mr. Hancock, when the conversational lull was over which accompanied the first attack on the tea, the scones, and the muffins, "we hope your sport has given you a mental as well as a physical appetite; for since the sage would not come to the Conference, the Conference has come into the desert in order to meet the sage. Now, what does every one say? Shall we begin to unmask our batteries? Our host, Mr. Glanville, is to be our Mercurius on the present occasion. If some one would find a place for this plate of strawberry jam, I'd spread out my notes before me, and read our little opening statement. In our last Conference but one Mr. Brompton gave us his system. Mr. Brompton is a successor—a most eloquent and active successor—of Comte, and the worshippers of Humanity. The enthusiasm of Humanity for him takes the place of Christian devotion; and he set himself to convince us that a conscious devotion to Humanity, guided by sociological science, reproduces all the loftiest virtues, struggles, and heroisms its fostering of which has made Christianity valuable. Well, then, as you know, in our Conference of next day, the apostle of ethical religion was followed by a philosopher who has made science the study of his lifetime. This illustrious thinker, Mr. Cosmo Brock, though he began his address to us in words which were much like Mr. Brompton's own, ended by wiping out, in the name of science, every virtue which, in the name of science likewise, Mr. Brompton had previously engaged to secure for us as our permanent heritage. Mr. Brompton has naturally been made indignant by Mr. Brock's attack—though not meant as an attack——"

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"Indignant!" said Mr. Brompton. "Not indignant—contemptuous."

"Well," continued Mr. Hancock, "anyhow, there the matter stands. We have seen how science pulls our religious beliefs down. We are now asking if, or how, it can build them up. Two answers have been given us by representative thinkers, and these seem to contradict one another. Mr. Glanville is now going to give us a little review of both; and I am sure he will give Mr. Brompton and Mr. Seaton, if they desire it, every opportunity of reinforcing their own views. And now," said Mr. Hancock, "if everybody's quite comfortable—I hope, Lady Snowdon, you're not sitting in a draught—I'll call upon Mr. Glanville to begin."

"I am," said Glanville, "going to begin, at all events, with a sense of confidence which is very far from habitual with me. For I know that I've one hearer who will agree with me in what I am going to say. That hearer is Mr. Brompton; and my first subject will be Mr. Brock. Well, Mr. Brompton cannot feel more strongly than I do that Mr. Brock's whole ethical scheme results in the complete deletion from life, not only of all moral meaning, but of all mental civilisation."

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton, "precisely. Everything splendid and noble he wipes out with a piece of india-rubber, or—should I not rather say?—with a dirty, damp napkin. And he calls that science, forsooth!"

"And so," said Glanville, "to tell you the truth, do I. Now, my dear Mr. Brompton, bear with me while I try to explain my meaning. We all of us agree that Mr. Brock has disposed of the notion that what we commonly call moral conduct depends on a supernatural law-giver. He has shown us that the Hebrew Commandments, with the exception of the purely theological ones, are merely the articles of association to which members of a society must subscribe if their society is to exist at all; and he has shown us further that the Christian duty towards our neighbour is merely a submission to these articles, which has become more or less instinctive in

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proportion as the evolution of sympathy has superseded the sense of obligation. Again, he has shown us further that the evolution of sympathy is still progressing, owing not to the efforts of individuals, but to the operation of social causes; that the sense of obligation is thus being steadily though slowly eliminated, and a pleasurable instinct to act in accordance with the requirements of the community is taking the place of the old moral struggle. Now, so far, I believe Mr. Brock's argument to be absolutely correct."

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Brompton, with a frown of annoyance.

"Yes," said Glanville; "and for this reason I think it the most valuable criticism possible on the tendencies of science, so far as it relates to life. Now, up to the present," continued Glanville, looking round the company, "Mr. Brock's conclusions, as the elder Mr. Weller would have said, 'seem all wery capital.' What can be more charming than the idea that evolution is carrying us onwards to a kind of millennial condition in which we shall all be quite good naturally? But when we come to look at the matter more closely we certainly do realise, as Mr. Brompton realised at once, that in proportion as Mr. Brock's ethical programme fulfils itself, as society becomes perfect, and the members of society become moralised, every one of these ethical qualities disappear, which Mr. Brompton and his friends look upon as the very flowers and fruits of human nature."

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton, "precisely. You couldn't have put the case better."

"Now I maintain," continued Glanville, "that Mr. Brock's reasoning is correct—that is to say, if we confine ourselves to Mr. Brock's scientific position. What becomes of mercy, when social wrong-doing has disappeared? What becomes of pity, or the devotion of the strong and prosperous to the cause of the poor and the suffering, when the lot of even the poorest has been made healthy and prosperous? What becomes of purity as a social virtue, when the balance of functions in the

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individual is so nicely adjusted that no one has any tendency to any anti-social excesses? Every moral quality, in short, in Mr. Brock's scientific Utopia dies and disappears for one or other of two reasons—either because it becomes an instinct, or because it becomes a superfluity."

Mr. Brompton impatiently pushed a plate of buttered tea-cake away from him. "Surely, Mr. Glanville," he said, "you don't yourself believe that true science threatens us with such a contemptible consummation as this?"

"Before I answer that question," replied Glanville, "let me illustrate what I have just said by an analogy drawn from science, which has never, I think, been used in this connection yet. You are, of course, Mr. Brompton, familiar with what is called the Theory of Eutropy?"

Mr. Brompton became very red. "I am not sure," he said, "that I know it under that name."

"My position," said Lady Snowdon, "is somewhat different from Mr. Brock's. The only thing I know about it is the only thing, I am sure, that Mr. Brompton does not know. I mean its name. I often heard my father talk about it with some of his scientific friends."

Mr. Brompton became redder than ever, and fortified himself by taking a bite at a fragment of the tea-cake, unconscious of the fact that it had been left by somebody else.

"Well," said Glanville, "let me try to explain the matter to you. We all know that water can turn a mill-wheel only when it flows from a higher level to a lower. If you had two ponds, the water-level of one of which was twenty feet higher than the water-level of the other, a wheel could be turned by placing it in any cascade which connected them; but as soon as the upper pond had so far emptied itself into the lower that the water-level in both ponds was the same, all the practical energy or work which you could get out of your water would be exhausted, and your wheel would come to a standstill, never to be twirled round more. Now the energy of this Universe, so far as science at present knows it, is like a

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vast number of ponds, at a number of different levels, all pouring their waters from a higher level to a lower, and making the wheels of things twirl round as they do so. None of these waters are lost, but they all meet in a lake from whose level expanse no more work can be got; and when all the ponds have run dry, and the lake has absorbed them all, the energy of the Universe finds itself in a *cul-de-sac*, and its processes, as we know them, come completely to an end."

"To be sure," said Lady Snowdon. "I remember it all now. My father used to say that the Universe was like a great clock running down."

"Scientifically," continued Glanville, "the right way of putting it would be to say that the work of the Universe depends on differences of temperature, and that all things—the intensely hot, the very hot, and the warm—are gradually running down to one dead level of coolness. Well, the ethical process which Mr. Brock has sketched out for us is neither more nor less than the mental counterpart of this. It is an example of natural law in the spiritual world. It is a process of ethical eutropy. As the social organism becomes perfect, as social evils disappear, and individual desires become so adapted and balanced that the altruistic pleasures and the egoistic pleasures coincide, the difference in level between bad conduct and good which generates the ethical struggle now so generally admired, is lost in a common level of different social instincts; and if a conscious effort in choosing a right course of conduct, and a conscious rejection of a wrong course, be what we mean by morality, all morality will have come finally to an end."

"You mean, I suppose," said Lady Snowdon, "that societies will rise at last to the moral condition of bee-hives."

"Such," said Glanville, "is the meaning of Mr. Brock's scientific prophecy; and I want to say again, and with all the emphasis I can master, that scientifically Mr. Brock is right. He has accurately indicated the consummation towards which moral progress tends. Now Mr. Brompton, as we know, and I daresay the rest of you also, think that this consummation

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would be very shocking and degrading. If you do, I shall shock you myself still further, for I want to show you that if we're to have any moral progress at all, in the ordinary sense of the word, it must end, or tend to end, precisely in this manner. The whole process of moralisation has, logically, no other end than that of rendering what we now call morality unnecessary. The St. Georges of the world are worshipped because they kill dragons; but their object in killing them is to leave no dragons alive which might give other people a chance of becoming St. Georges also."

"Then you'd say, would you," asked Mrs. Vernon, "that the whole religious idea was nonsense? I didn't think that of you."

Mrs. Vernon spoke as though her feelings were really hurt. Glanville looked at her and laughed; but his laugh was not wanting in sympathy. "If," he said, "by virtue, or goodness, or ethical conduct, or morality, you merely mean conduct so adapted to the needs of society that it ministers to the happiness of our neighbour no less than to our own, I do believe that such conduct in the very act of becoming perfect would lose all the value which religion is apt to attach to it. But I maintain that Mr. Brock, and all the moral doctors of science when they talk of morality and virtue, are depriving their words of one half of the meaning which they have for you and me, and, indeed, for the world generally. Morality, as we understand it, is conduct of three dimensions. Mr. Brock and his friends regard it as having only two. For them it has length and breadth. It is a kind of spiral flat-land, admitting of no relations except such as are lateral. Height or depth is wanting."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton.

"In Mr. Brock's Utopia," continued Glanville, "in his perfectly balanced social organism, he expressly admits, as you may see if you study his writings, that whilst many of the egoistic impulses will be counteracted by those of altruism, and though all egoistic excesses will in this way be restrained and eliminated, there still will remain a number of egoistic qualifi-

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cations with regard to which the individual will have a perfectly free choice. For example, a man might be just as good citizen if, his social duties being accomplished, his principal private pleasure consisted in the enjoyment of a delicate but healthy dinner, as he would be if his principal pleasure lay in art, or intellectual speculation. Now the ordinary sense of mankind, though it does not condemn good dinners, does, without doubt, rank the propensities of the philosopher as essentially higher in kind than those of the most temperate gourmet. It measures the two by a kind of vertical scale; but in Mr. Brock's Utopia this vertical scale is absent. He has moral efficiencies, but he has no moral elevations. Now, as long as what I call the virtues of elevation are left to us, the virtues of efficiency may die away into instincts; and the idea of virtue, as such, will still remain intact and command, as it does now, the admiration of religious people. But of these virtues of elevation Mr. Brock has nothing to say. The citizens of his Utopia look knowingly at each other. Thanks to Mr. Brock, everything they see is intelligible. They look up at the sky, and everything is an unmeaning blank. As Mr. Brock tells them in his own encouraging language, it is unknowable. He prophesies the evolution of society into a perfect organism—a perfect social animal; but, for all he can tell us to the contrary, the animal may be a healthy pig. That, Mr. Brompton, to my mind, is the weakness of Mr. Brock's scheme. Instead of showing that science can give us any substitute for religion, or in any shape restore to us the old aspirations it has destroyed, he has been showing us its utter incompetence to do anything of the kind. Well, Mr. Brompton, do your views agree with mine?'

"Absolutely," said Mr. Brompton, "absolutely—so far as your views go. But—ah, Mr. Glanville—you've left out one thing. You've left out the one point on which I myself insist—the one vital truth which saves the whole situation. Mr. Hancock, shall I be in order if I catch the eye of the speaker? If Mr. Glanville has finished for the moment, may I be allowed to address the house?"

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"Certainly," said Mr. Hancock, again consulting his notes. "Mr. Glanville has undertaken to discuss both Mr. Brock's views and your own; but before coming to your own, he has been anxious to give you the opportunity of stating them over again, and contrasting them with those of Mr. Brock; and his own criticism of Mr. Brock was intended by him as a preface to yours."

"Well," said Mr. Brompton eagerly, "I thank you, Mr. Glanville, for your help. You've cleared the ground, and enabled me to hit the right nail on the head. You say, and you are perfectly right, that Mr. Brock's perfect social organism—his perfect social animal—may, for anything he can show us to the contrary, be a mere corporate pig. But, Mr. Glanville, you concede to Mr. Brock too much. You assume that if such a society is sufficient to content our imaginations, we may have the satisfaction of believing that the natural course of evolution automatically tends to produce it in the way which Mr. Brock describes. But it doesn't tend to do so—not a bit of it. That's where Mr. Brock's wrong. He's left out the motive power which is wanted to push to a conclusion even such a wretched business as this. That's what I supply."

"And what," said Lady Snowdon, "may your motive power be?"

"Let me," said Mr. Brompton, "first explain to you the necessity for it. Mr. Brock assumes that society is undergoing a gradual moralisation. Let us grant him that this is true; but he fails to explain the process. According to him it depends on the development of two instincts—a distaste for unethical acts, which arises from our associating them with the idea of punishment; and a taste for ethical acts, which arises from a feeling that it's nice for everybody to be happy all round. Now if we take that answer as it stands, it's nonsense—absolute nonsense; and I'll tell you why. To make any such moral progress as that which Mr. Brock describes, we want more than an enlarged good-nature, and a growing

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disinclination to crime. We want enthusiasm—that's what we want. We want an urging and lifting determination: and unless we have this to sustain us in our constant struggle, our altruism won't become greater, and our egoism won't become less."

"Bravo, Mr. Brompton!" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon. "You're speaking to the point now."

Such applause from a lady like Mrs. Vernon was precisely the spiritual nutriment that Mr. Brompton needed. "Yes," he resumed with renewed vigour, "it's enthusiasm we want. It's enthusiasm that makes religion; and now, Mr. Glanville, to show you that I am—what I think that you don't think I am—as rigid an adherent of science as your great Mr. Brock himself, I am going on to insist that this enthusiasm must have a cause. It must have an object. It must have an idea to stimulate it. And what is this cause—this object? It's not any invention of my own—no. It's the great object—the great idea—which has revealed itself spontaneously to all the great ethical thinkers, who, seeing that theism as a system of religion and morals is dead, see that religion and morality are still—are eternally—alive; and are demanding only just this one thing, that they be interpreted anew in a form that shall be logically credible to themselves. And this object—this idea—is it necessary that I should describe it elaborately? It's Humanity, considered in its grand ideal totality, as an object both of emotion and of devotion. In this way it is seen to possess one of the attributes ascribed to Deity. The Divine—that is to say the Human—whole is present in every part."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," said Lady Snowdon; "but, my dear Mr. Brompton, doesn't Mr. Brock say very much the same thing, though he hasn't your gift for putting it in ornamental language?"

"He says much the same thing," said Mr. Brompton, "but he doesn't say quite the same thing; and I may answer you in Browning's words—

> 'The little more and how much it is,
> And the little less, and what world's away!'

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Conscience and sympathy—this is what Mr. Brock tells us—will go on winning victories till they both become instinctive. But Mr. Brock forgets to examine the powers by which each individual victory, which he speaks about so lightly, is won. He does not see that it is the result of a conflict of motives, and that if the ethical motives are to overbear the non-ethical, they must be strengthened and vitalised by the processes of some high enthusiasm. You would not, I am sure, if I spoke of the Christian martyrs, accuse me of undue partiality for the tenets for which they died; but we see in their deaths types of ethical victory. Now, the martyrs would never have died for the sake of a few propositions, if these had not been associated with some ideal which mastered their imaginations—which lifted, which touched their hearts."

"Yes," said Mrs. Vernon softly, "that's perfectly true."

"Well, then," continued Mr. Brompton, "each of these ethical acts which in the course of a few thousand years will, according to Mr. Brock, have become instinctive by repetition, has, meanwhile, the nature of a diluted martyrdom—it represents an overcoming of resistance; and—each in its own degree—it requires, like an act of martyrdom, in order to make it possible, some certain equivalent to the martyr's love of his mas——" Mr. Brompton was going to have said "the martyr's love of his master"; but thinking that the phrase might savour of the clericalism which he had cast aside, "I mean," he continued, correcting himself, "the martyr's longing for the New Jerusalem. And the ethical equivalent to this is the all-pervading love of Humanity—which, like a spark of spiritual electricity, is particularly present in every exertion of the will; and which is the aim of our ethical religion to make present and operative in every such exertion actually. But," said Mr. Brompton, pausing, looking round him, and panting a little as though with suppressed feeling, "if I launched out further into this subject now, I should weary you. I should also fail to do my own meaning justice. May I then ask our host, our chairman, and all of you, to grant me one favour?

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May I? You're quite sure? Well, then—the favour is this. Let me finish what I've got to say about this great subject by reading to you, after dinner, a page from a late sermon of mine, which was most successful and impressive. And if Mr. Glanville is, as I understand that he is, going to criticise me—me and the Ethical Church—I should thus be giving him something definite and solid to go upon."

"By all means," said Glanville; "and now, with Mr. Hancock's concurrence, we'll suppose that he, Mr. Hancock, has prorogued our Conference till this evening."

XXIV

The moon was again brilliant. Again, under the shadow of the portico, a reading lamp with a green shade shone on one of the tables; and close to this was Mr. Brompton, with a page of manuscript in his hand.

"I see," he said, with a mixture of modesty and confidence, as soon as Mr. Hancock had announced the resumption of the suspended Conference, "that I shall have to repeat myself a little. Some of the phrases which I used the night before last I see I had used in the address of which I propose to read you a part. But what I'm going to read to you now I shall read because it expresses directly—expresses with emphasis—I may even say with passion, that part of our ethical, our scientific religion, which, when I first put my case before you, I assumed indeed, but didn't perhaps insist on. I refer of course to Humanity, conceived of as an object of emotion. Well—shall I read? I shall not keep you long. Our hymn, when I delivered this address, was a noble one—a grand marching-song, if I may call it so—taken from George Eliot. You most of you know the lines:

> 'Oh, may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In lives made better by their presence!'

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What a bracing contrast to the jingle of the 'Dies Iræ!' Well—I needn't read from the beginning of what I said. I just rapidly described the sociological basis of ethics, as both I and Mr. Brock have already done here; and then I went on in this way: The Christian needed his ideal—he needed his bread from heaven to sustain him in his human struggle with the powers of evil; and he needed an ideal—not occult or abstract, but congruous to his own nature. We too have the same need. We have our ideal also; and ours in like manner is congruous to our own nature. In like manner, did I say? Nay, in a manner far deeper. For our ideal is no imaginary non-natural man—half demiurge, half Palestinian peasant. It is no matter of imagination, but this great, this overwhelming reality, whose body, whose sufferings, whose history, and the principles of whose life, became clearer and nearer, instead of becoming more nebulous, as science in general, and as all the sciences, examine theirs. The reality I speak of is Humanity—the supreme organism; which is not indeed a vague world-soul, but is the soul of our own world; and is thus practically for ourselves the Cosmos made flesh and dwelling with us. I say dwelling with us: but that phrase is inadequate. This reality is dwelling not only with but in us; and we are dwelling in it. That we are dwelling in it is a biological and social truism: but that it is dwelling in us—this is a truth, a religio-scientific revelation, which it is the mission of the Ethical Church to vivify in the consciences of you all. Represent to yourselves, with the aid of science, the unity of Humanity as an organism, and each of you, as a member of it, will be enlarged into its corporate life. You will look back on its early days—on its bursting from the husk of animalism. You will feel as though science had created a new memory for you—your nostrils will taste the freshness of the early morning of the world. You will thrill with thoughts of your race as it was in its eager adolescence, when, step by step, subduing this stubborn world to its uses. Your consciousness of its life will grow still more crowded and beautiful, as your social memory

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brings you near to our own times. Thoughts, affections, aspirations, the creative effects of art, intellectual and political movements, will make a movement in your own being like the shuttle of Goethe's Erd-Geist, or a dance of electric sparks, or the flowing of your own blood. And then—turn to the future. Quicker and ever quicker the shining shuttle glances; more thrillingly, more rapidly, more perfectly, are the feelings and lives of others, distant or not yet born, made by sympathy parts of your own being. Our individual existence is thus trebly expanded——Here, Mr. Glanville," said Mr. Brompton, looking up from his manuscript, "here comes a bit which just meets your objections of this afternoon. Our individual existence is thus trebly expanded. It reaches back to the beginning of things, with gratitude to those that have gone before us. It reaches forward to those in the future whose lives shall be more full than ours, and makes us taste their happiness as if it had been our own. It reaches out round us, till it embraces the least and most distant of our contemporaries; and our own sense of life and struggle is multiplied by, and lost in, theirs. That is one process. But there's another, which is its converse; and this converse process is the one which to us is of most immediate importance. Just as the individual mind expands itself till it is lost in Humanity, so also does it draw the whole of Humanity unto itself; and this sense of Humanity becomes the life of the transfigured conscience. In every act of will, in every moment of pleasure, on every occasion when life gives an opening to us for the use of our talents, Humanity says to us, Let your will be one with my will; let your pleasure be in harmony with my pleasure; let your efforts be made for me; and in ministering to my life you shall most truly find your own. You won't have this experience, you won't hear this voice all at once: but it is centred in you; and it is this inner sense of hearing that the Ethical religion develops, and to its developments there are practically no limits. Let us hope that the enlargement of our own lives till they become the lives of others will, Sunday

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after Sunday as we meet together in this place—— That," said Mr. Brompton, checking himself, "was addressed to my congregation in London. I needn't read that bit. I wind up, I see, with one of those sentences from Emerson which I quoted when I first addressed you—'I confront the sun and stars, and feel them to be but fair accidents and effects which fade and pass'—accidents, that is to say, for us when compared with Humanity. Well, Mr. Glanville"——Mr. Brompton was here interrupted by a servant's voice at his elbow, saying "Telegram for you, sir."

"Will you allow me?" said Mr. Brompton to the company, with an almost condescending politeness. "You're highly civilised, Mr. Glanville, in these parts, getting telegrams at this hour."

"They are sent by telephone," said Glanville, "if they come after eight o'clock, from a house of one of my agents, ten or twelve miles away."

But Mr. Brompton apparently heard nothing. His face was as white as a sheet, and his hand shook which held the missive he was staring at. Glanville, who was near him, saw that something was wrong; and, in order to screen him from the observation of the company, rose, and standing close to him, asked with a careless air if he wished to send an answer; "because," he said, "the people go to bed at eleven. I hope," he added, lowering his voice, "you haven't had bad news."

Mr. Brompton was too much overcome even to affect the virtue of reticence. "It's nothing," he said, "except that I and my wife have lost, if this news is true, every single penny we possess. You can read—yes, read. It's the Clyde Banking Company—smashed."

Mr. Brompton spoke so loud that his news was soon public property: and a decorous burst of sincere, though, perhaps, of amazed sympathy, spread itself over the party generally. Glanville, meanwhile, had been reading the fatal telegram. "Failure," he read, half aloud, "Clyde Banking Company—hundreds of families ruined—bonds missing—if

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that is the concern in which you held shares once, hope you have parted with them."

"Would you mind," said Mr. Hancock, abruptly, "letting me see the telegram?" and he almost snatched it out of Glanville's hands as he spoke. Mr. Brompton eyed him apathetically, too miserable to be surprised or curious. He started, however, a moment later, and some life returned to his face, when Mr. Hancock exclaimed, with a ringing laugh, 'I'll tell you what it all is. It's the Clyde Bank, not the Clyde Banking, Company. Mr. Brompton, you've read it wrong. The Clyde Bank Company—yes—I know a little something about the Clyde Bank Company myself. It is a building society, whose operations have been on the banks of the river near Glasgow. It's been shaky for the last two years. If it's gone, I know this; half the small investors in the West of Scotland will be ruined. Yes—yes," he continued, eyeing the telegram more carefully, "I'm right—I knew I was right. It's not 'bonds missing'; it's 'Bond missing.' It's all as plain as a pike-staff. Bond was the managing director. My dear Mr. Brompton, I'm sorry you've had this alarm. Allow me to congratulate you on the discovery that it is quite groundless."

Whilst Mr. Hancock spoke Mr. Brompton had been rapidly recovering himself. He read the telegram again. He leant back in his chair; he drew a deep breath; and presently sat up again, with a smile that was very near a laugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for this unlucky mistake. Only a minute ago I thought that I was practically ruined. A bit of news like that—well, naturally, is not pleasant. It was all a blunder of a cousin of mine; a kind, but rather officious, cousin. Well—please forgive me; and please forget the incident. Well; where were we? Had I finished? I can't remember. Mr. Glanville, what was I saying?"

"You had just pointed out," said Glanville, "that the ethical religion substituted in the hearts of each of us the

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welfare of other people for our own; so that the gains or losses of other people ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brompton hastily. "I remember. I had practically finished." Mr. Brompton's face, which a moment ago had been white, had become by this time an equally unnatural red. The words "small investors" had begun to drum in his ears; and his mind was inaugurating a series of most disturbing comments on the strangely unethical satisfaction which in spite of all comments filled him, at the thought that these financial calamities, instead of falling on himself, had attacked another portion of the sublime body of Humanity. "On the whole," he continued, "I think I won't say more. The thread of my thought's a little broken; and my statement is really complete. I'll ask Mr. Glanville to go on; and I leave my case in his hands. You see," he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "I can't help thinking about all those other poor people. I'd far sooner that the ruin had been mine than theirs."

"In that case," said Glanville to Lady Snowdon, "our friend, when the time comes, can sell all that he has to help them."

"I feel," said Mr. Brompton, picturesquely eyeing the moon, "as if I, somehow, had been saved at their expense. I must have a collection for them when I go back to London."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, "after this little interruption, which has turned out so happily, Mr. Glanville will take up the thread of what he was saying to us this afternoon. He, as you remember, discussed Mr. Brock's attempt to reconstruct our sociological and evolutionary principles, the moral, and I suppose we may say the spiritual, order, which, in its old form, our science has swept away; and Mr. Brompton agrees, and I think you agree also, that Mr. Glanville is right in condemning Mr. Brock's attempt as a failure—a complete failure. Mr. Glanville is now going to deal with the scheme—the theory—the idea—which Mr. Brompton has just now expounded with so much richness of language, and by means of which he undertakes to supply us with that spiritual bread of which Mr. Brock

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cannot give us even a crumb. Now, Mr. Glanville, our ears are at your disposal."

"We were all," said Glanville, "dissatisfied with Mr. Brock, and for two different reasons. Mr. Brompton was dissatisfied with him partly because he taught us to look forward to the extinction of all those strugglings, and strivings, and agonisings, and moral heroisms, which to Mr. Brompton seem to possess some intrinsic value. He was partly dissatisfied with him because he gave us no motive, no stimulus which could sustain us in our struggles and agonies, so long as struggles and agonies are necessary. Now, as to the extinction of morality in the sense of its ceasing to be a struggle to do what is socially beneficial, not to do what is socially injurious—I don't think we should lose much if morality—lateral morality—morality in two dimensions—really were extinguished. *Magis est non posse peccare, quam non peccare.* It is a higher thing to be unable to sin than to abstain from sinning. That is the opinion of the great St. Thomas Aquinas. Here, therefore, St. Thomas and I agree with Mr. Brock, rather than with Mr. Brompton. But I agree with Mr. Brompton in believing that even this negative consummation could never be reached without the constant stimulus of some belief and emotion, the immediate effects of which are, as I put it just now, upward, and not lateral. I should add, myself—and I think Mr. Brompton would agree with me—that it is only the presence of this upward influence which, if human society were even sociologically perfect, would distinguish a society of men from a society of ants and bees."

"Perfectly true," said Mrs. Vernon in an approving murmur.

"Christians," said Seaton, "express this view in the doctrine that it is faith that saves, not works."

"Well," continued Glanville, "since we're all agreed as to this, what is to give us the emotion and belief that we require? Mr. Brompton maintains it will be given to us by the contemplation of ideal Humanity—of Humanity unified by memory,

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sympathy, and hope. Now, my dear Mr. Brompton, if you'll allow me to speak plainly—I hope you will—and not take what I say in bad part——" Glanville paused, but Mr. Brompton returned no answer. "He's not here," said Mr. Hancock. "He's gone indoors. He's still a bit upset by several little things—by several."

"In that case," Glanville continued, "I may speak without any apologies. Of all the nonsensical notions that ever entered into the head of anybody, this notion that the idea of Humanity can ever form the nucleus of a religion that is more than a toy, is one of the most nonsensical; and it is so for two reasons. No one could have shown us what these two reasons are with more clearness than our friend Mr. Brompton himself. You remember how he said—and he said it very truly—that the chief function of religion, as a practical force, was to strengthen the right or the unselfish impulse of mankind to such an extent that they might overbear the selfish. Now, so long as a man is—as doubtless many men are—fired with an ambition to confer some great benefits on his race, he may derive very great satisfaction from justifying and dignifying his ambition by affiliating it to some grandiose conception of the race as a vast whole. Of the race, as a whole, he may make any number of poetical pictures, in which he himself appears in a very flattering light, as ministering to the felicity of the countless coming generations whose ever-increasing glories are lost in the haze of distance. That's all very well; but now let us take the opposite case, which is really the case contemplated by Mr. Brompton and by all of us. Let us take the case of a man who, instead of being in want of a conception which shall hallow his unselfish desires, and glorify him because he is trying to fulfil them, is in want of a conception which shall do the precise opposite—which shall run counter to his selfish ones, and crush them down into helplessness. In this case the mind, at the bidding of the desires that are strongest, instead of doing all it can to heighten the conception of Humanity, as a something whose claims are to override the

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claims of our private appetites, will naturally submit this conception to the most trenchant criticism possible—will cross-examine it, look for its weak parts, and throw on it from every possible position the searchlight of a hostile logic. And when this is done, as I hope you'll let me explain to you, the whole magnificent conception dissolves or goes to pieces. It becomes useless in proportion as we require to use it. It's a sort of phantom which will applaud a conquering army, it is not an ally that will reinforce a wavering one."

"I don't think much," said Mrs. Vernon, "of the idea of Humanity myself; but what are the special faults which you say we can so instantly find out in it?"

"Well," said Glanville, "here's one. Let us take the idea of the future of the human race—of its continuous progress—of its succession of improving generations—and of ourselves, as the invisible choir, who, because we have ministered to this prolonged life, shall partake of it. If you like this picture you can fancy that it represents some sort of reality; but if you don't like it, you will see that it is a fancy, and nothing more. You will reflect that the human race has no common consciousness; that a multitude of short lives don't make up one long life; and instead of seeing the path of Humanity as a long road with some glorious goal at the end of it—a road reaching to light which Humanity has to traverse, you will look on it as a road which Humanity has to cross, and which leads us, in a few years, from one darkness into another. It is a turnstile through which we squeeze painfully from nothingness into nothingness. There is no progression, no corporate meaning in it. It is merely an endless tautology of petty individual experiences. Why should I embitter my own little meaningless moment for the sake of other moments that have no more meaning than mine? That's one of the criticisms with which the mind may at once attack the conception of Humanity as an object of enthusiasm and duty, as soon as this conception begins to stand in its way. And if it should not find this criticism sufficiently destructive, stands another, which accepts

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Mr. Brompton's picture in the exact form in which he gives it to us, and wipes the meaning out of it by a different train of reasoning."

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, "you mean Mr. Brompton's picture of the human race as a sort of magnified individual always advancing and climbing, for heaven knows how long, towards some vague state of perfection."

"Yes," said Glanville; "and the criticism that will finish off this conception, the moment any one of us feels it stand in his way, is the obvious criticism that, if we compare Humanity with the Universe, its happiness or its unhappiness from now till its final extinction is of no more appreciable importance than the happiness and the unhappiness of the individual."

"Wasn't that," said Miss Leighton, "the very criticism that Mr. Brompton himself anticipated and tried to refute, when he first set out to evangelise us?"

"It was," replied Glanville. "And how did he suggest that we should refute it? He had one suggestion only, and this was that we should not think about it. We should put it aside as a piece of unmanly musing. We should not ask questions, or think, about the rest of the Universe. We should look at the sun and stars as accidents that fade and pass. We should pull down our blinds, and light our own tallow candles, and pretend that nothing exists outside the walls of our own parlour."

"After all," said Lady Snowdon, "there's some sense in the advice. We shall never do our own business if we don't concentrate our attention on it, and forget for the time other people's business, to say nothing of the business of other stars."

"Precisely," said Glanville; "and if you're speaking about our own personal business—the business to which our selfish instincts incline us, this is just what we naturally do, whenever the occasion requires it. But the conception of Humanity is a conception to which we can rise only by an effort of the quasi-religious imagination; and the object of the effort is to lift us above what is personal—to carry us outside our parlours—

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to send us up, as it were, in a kind of spiritual balloon—so that we may see our own business as a very small thing, and the business of others as a very big one. Well, the fault of this procedure consists in the simple fact that when once we have started in our balloons, it is quite impossible for us to keep them just at that special and convenient altitude seen from which Humanity, or the business of others, will seem big. Our balloons having reached that point will unfortunately persist in passing it. They will carry us up and up, till Humanity, instead of seeming big, seems almost invisible in its pettiness; and nothing is big except unless in a relative way, because, whether we wish it or no, we have carried up ourselves along with us."

"Do you remember," said Lord Restormel, "a fine passage in Nietzsche, about our growing sense of the transitoriness of human things and our prevision of the time when the last man left on earth shall say, 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto?' Nietzsche knew more about human nature than all the Comtes, the Emersons, the Carlyles, the Tolstoys, the Mr. Bromptons —than all the ethical religionists in the world."

"I was reading the other day," said Mr. Hancock, "a memoir by Mr. Frederick Harrison, in which he offers us a subjective immortality in the memory of those who will survive us; but, he says, whether this desirable immortality shall be ours depends not on our own merits, but on the gratitude of our friends who come after us. Of all forms of immortality this seems to me to be not only the least tempting, but the most precarious."

"When we think," said Lord Restormel, "of how little subjective immortality the best-beloved husband has in the memory of his marriageable widow—when we think of how the annoyance their lover's return to them would, for many people, exceed the unjust pain of losing them, the sure hope of the Christian, which Mr. Harrison scoffs at, becomes, in comparison with his substitute for it, a sober and reasonable probability."

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"My dear Lord Restormel," said Lady Snowdon, "you're a little bit too cynical."

"I've been forgotten," said Lord Restormel, "by so many women before I am dead, that I don't expect to be remembered by many men afterwards."

"At all events," said Glanville, "whether we call him cynical or no, he's at all events nearer the truth than our good friend Mr. Brompton. But as to Mr. Brompton's view, I haven't quite finished yet. I've another comment to make on it, which is shorter than any of these, and is much more to the point. It is this—that whether the preachers of the ethical religion of Humanity would be sensible or silly in holding the creed they preach, nobody holds it really—not even they themselves. As Mr. Brompton is in retreat, I am able to speak freely. We all of us saw this creed put to the test by the telegram which our apostle received a few minutes ago. There is truth in surprise, just as there is truth in wine. Our apostle's real nature leapt at once into light, and a very healthy specimen of average human nature it was. What struck him all of a heap was the thought of his own ruin. The ruin of hundreds, perhaps thousands of others, affected his mind as a beatific relief. He will be vaguely sorry for it when he thinks of it, as no doubt we shall all be; but for him, just as for us, the sorrows and the joys of life become less acute in proportion as they are referable to Humanity, and fail to be referable to ourselves, or to individual men connected with us."

"Well," said Lady Snowdon presently, "it seems that we're in a bad way. We began our Conferences with the obsequies of Christian orthodoxy, which were certainly conducted without the benefit of clergy. We then turned to Nature and Science, and we found—I think we found, Mr. Glanville, didn't we?—that science deprives us not only of our souls, but of ourselves. Then to our surprise we were told that it offered to give back to us both our morals and religion in new and superior forms. There was some satis-

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faction in that; but now it appears that these offers have only been made in order to be snatched away from us—that our new progressive morality is a progress towards the instinct of bees; and that our new religion is merely a painted toy, which tumbles to pieces the moment we begin to play with it. Well, Mr. Glanville, having led us into this *cul de sac*, can you yourself show us any way out of it? To be sure there was the way which Mr. Seaton suggested—I'd forgotten that way. It was, I think, the way of ecstasy: and ecstasy, Mr. Seaton, if I managed to understand you rightly, might be reached by three methods—by reading Hegel's philosophy; by listening to a methodist cobbler threatening you with hell-fire; or by inhaling some gas which your chemist or your dentist could administer to you. You, Mr. Glanville, perhaps will prescribe one of these as our remedy."

"You're nearer the truth," said Glanville, "than you most probably think you are. The facts to which you now refer, and on which Mr. Seaton has insisted, are one of the sources to which I should look for help. Another source, I find, is in Mr. Hancock's favourite doctrine—his doctrine of the working hypothesis. I should draw from it, my dear Hancock, a conclusion not quite your own. But we can hardly begin this comprehensive question to-night. If you'll listen to me to-morrow, I'll try to make my meaning plain; so Mr. Hancock may as well declare our present Conference ended."

At this moment there came through the drawing-room window the noise of a door slammed, and a ripple of human notes, which sounded like "Tra la la." Several pairs of eyes were directed towards the lit interior; and Mr. Brompton, who seemed to be carolling from pure gladness of heart, was visible, finding his way through a medley of chairs and sofas. As he advanced, however, his carol abruptly ceased, "like a guilty thing surprised"; and his face assumed an expression of lofty and preoccupied seriousness.

"I was sorry to leave you," he said, as he came out of the portico; "but that little personal loss which I thought I might

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have suffered myself had more or less upset me by the way in which it brought home to my mind the far greater loss which I fear has fallen on others. However, I can do nothing for the moment. I'd no right to show what I felt. It was a weakness. And now, Mr. Glanville, how far have you got in my absence?"

"I was explaining," said Glanville, "that your texts from Arnold and Emerson don't seem to me to get rid of the objections to which your religion is open; and I hope myself to preach a sermon of my own to-morrow the text of which shall be taken from Emerson also. I don't mind telling you now what that sacred text shall be. It is a passage in which he compares his thoughts to a flowing river, which pours its stream into him out of a region which he does not see. 'When I do this,' he says—I'll quote it properly to-morrow—'I see,' he says, 'that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this eternal water.' Miss Leighton will recognise in that, perhaps, something like what she and I were saying this morning in the garden. Anyhow, Mr. Brompton, that passage will be my text."

(*To be continued.*)

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A THEME: WITH VARIATIONS

THERE seems to be nothing that a small mind more eagerly delights in than the detection of the petty resemblances which are likely to be discoverable when the works of different authors are rigorously compared; and there are assuredly few things that a large mind regards with a more languid interest than the foolish and futile accusations of plagiarism now and again bandied about in the public prints. The man of large mind is both tolerant and careless. He knows that it is not rare for the same thought to occur independently and almost simultaneously to two original thinkers—just as the suggestion of natural selection came to Darwin and Wallace almost at the same time. Moreover, he is well aware that all workers have a right to avail themselves of whatsoever has been accomplished by their predecessors, so long as they do not make false pretences or seek to gain credit under false colours.

If proof were needed that Poe was not a man of large mind, it might be found in the fact that he was guilty of an article on "Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists"; and no one was surprised to learn that Poe himself could be a plagiarist upon occasion, and that he borrowed for his "Marginalia" Sheridan's joke about the phœnix and Whitbread's describing it as a poulterer would. Of course, it is possible that Poe invented this witticism for himself, although this is not at all likely, since the American lyrist was one of those who joked with

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difficulty. The jest, indeed, is very characteristic of the author of the "School for Scandal," and very unlike the other humorous attempts of the author of the "Raven."

Tennyson once wrote to a critic who had pointed out certain parallelisms in the "Princess"—

> Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which in all the rest of the literature of the world a parallel could not somewhere be found.

Lowell declared that it was now impossible to sink a spade in the soil of Parnassus without disturbing the bones of some dead poet. And Shelley went so far as to assert that

> All knowledge is reminiscence; the doctrine is far more ancient than the times of Plato, and as old as the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the child of Invention.

Just as Poe probably borrowed his merry jest from Sheridan so very likely the remark of one of the characters in "Lady Windermere's Fan"—"I can resist everything—except temptation," is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the saying of the medieval Franc-Archer de Bagnolet, quoted by Rabelais, "I am not afraid of anything—except danger." But it was apparently quite independently, but almost simultaneously, that a similar thought occurred to a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American. The late Thomas B. Reed, sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives, once defined a statesman as "a successful politician—who is dead." Mr. Pinero having in mind the rather boisterous humour of the "Rivals" and of "She Stoops to Conquer," has asserted that "a comedy is often only a farce—by a deceased dramatist." And in the journal of the Goncourts we can read the kindred remark that "genius is the talent of a dead man."

When M. Rostand brought out "L'Aiglon" its likeness in theme to "Hamlet" was promptly pointed out; now the likeness of "Hamlet" to the "Oresteia" is a commonplace of

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scholarship; but there is no resemblance whatsoever between the French play and the Greek tragedy, although they have each of them a certain superficial similarity to the English drama. Here we see that two pieces, each of which resembles a third, are not necessarily like each other. Up to the present time no literary detective has accused Mark Twain of overt plagiarism because he—probably unconsciously—transplanted certain incidents of "Romeo and Juliet" to the banks of the Mississippi, when Huckleberry Finn was setting before us boldly and simply the outcome of the long standing Shepherdson-Grangerford feud. And as yet Mr. Kipling has not been held up to public contempt because he utilised in his story of the "King's Ankus" certain devices which Chaucer had already employed in one of the "Canterbury Tales."

Mr. Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" is one of the most beautiful of his stories; and it is also one of the most original, both in conception and execution. But at the core of it is the possibility of two persons meeting in their dreams; and this idea was already to be found in Mr. Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson." The same idea has since been developed by Mr. Marion Crawford in "Cecilia." Did Mr. Crawford get the suggestion of it from Mr. Kipling or from Mr. Du Maurier? Did Mr. Kipling even get it from Mr. Du Maurier? Or did each of the three independently happen upon the tempting impossibility? It was FitzJames O'Brien who wrote "What Was It?"—a thrilling tale of a strange creature, which could not be seen but could be felt; and Guy de Maupassant in "Le Horla" introduces us to just such another uncanny and impossible monster, palpable but invisible. Did the Frenchman borrow this weird impossibility from the Irish-American who had invented it thirty years earlier? Or did he re-invent for himself? No wonder is it that Mr. Austin Dobson asks:

> Ah, World of ours, are you so gray
> And weary, World, of spinning,
> That you repeat the tales to-day
> You told at the beginning?

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For lo! the same old myths that made
The early stage-successes,
Still hold the boards and still are played
"With new effects and dresses."

Students of folk-lore seem to be agreed—if indeed they are in accord about anything at all—that certain kinds of stories are likely to spring up spontaneously whenever and wherever the conditions are favourable, while tales of a different type are apparently transmitted swiftly and mysteriously from one country and one language to another land and another tongue. It was Whewell who asserted that all the Irish bulls had been calves in Greece; and it was Professor Tyrrel who neatly explained that the Irish bull differed from the bull of all other islands in that "it was always pregnant."

To trace these similarities, accidental as they are mostly, or intentional as they may be sometimes, is gratifying to the detective instinct, and it is an amusement harmless enough if we do not exaggerate the importance of our chance finds, and if we recognise fully the right of every man to profit by all that has been accomplished by his predecessors. Every generation has the privilege of standing on the shoulders of the generation that went before; but it has no right to pick the pockets of the firstcomer. In an earlier paper on the "Ethics of Plagiarism" the present writer suggested that the man who finds a new idea deserves the full credit of fresh invention; that the second user of this idea may possibly be considered a plagiarist; that the third person to utilise it is only lacking in originality; and that the fourth is merely drawing from the common stock. "And when the fifth man takes it, that's research!" was the apt comment of a philosophic friend.

The preceding paragraphs may perhaps appear to provide a portico somewhat too pretentious for the modest inquiry which is to follow. Their purpose was but to make it clear that this modest inquiry was not undertaken with any intent to denounce the crime of plagiarism. Its object is rather to show how many forms a pleasant conceit may assume as it travels down the

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centuries, and as it migrates from one language to another. Some diligent readers of modern verse may chance to be acquainted with a triolet of Mr. W. E. Henley's, which turns upon the ease with which a triolet can be written:

Easy is the triolet,
  If you really learn to make it!
Once a neat refrain you get,
Easy is the triolet.
As you see!—I pay my debt
  With another rhyme. Deuce take it,
Easy is the triolet,
  If you really learn to make it!

Probably more than one of those who may have glanced at this pleasantly phrased trifle recalled a rondeau of Mr. Austin Dobson's, which also found its subject-matter in the conditions of the form itself:

You bid me try, Blue Eyes, to write
A Rondeau. What!—forthwith?—To-night?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;—
But thirteen lines!—and rhymed on two!
"I must," you say. Ah, hapless plight!
Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did till you—
  You bid me try!
That makes them nine. The port's in sight;—
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
Now just a pair to end with "oo,"—
When maids command, what can't we do?
Behold!—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,
  You bid me try!

But Mr. Dobson, as is his wont, was scrupulously careful to put forth his rondeau in English as a free imitation of a rondeau in French by Voiture:

Ma foy; c'est fait de moy. Car Isabeau
M'a conjuré de luy faire un Rondeau.
Cela me met en une peine extrême.
Quoy? treize vers, huit en *eau*, cinq en *ême*!

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Je luy ferois aussi-tôt un batteau.
En voilà cinq pourtant en un monceau ;
Faisons-en huict, en invoquant Brodeau,
Et puis mettons, par quelque stratagème,
Ma foy, c'est fait.
Si ie pouvois encore de mon cerveau
Tirer cinq vers, l'ouvrage seroit beau.
Mais cependant, je suis dedans l'onzième,
Et si je croy que je fais le douzième,
En voilà treize ajustez au niveau.
Ma foy, c'est fait !

And this raises the question whether in Voiture we have found the first versifier who filled a fixed form by an airy discussion of the difficulties to be overcome by all who adventure upon that form; and here the answer is easy. Voiture was apparently only the first lyrist to rhyme a rondeau of this sort; for he had as a predecessor, Desmarets, who had used this device to help him in the composition of a sonnet. And it is asserted that the Frenchman had borrowed the conceit from an Italian, Marini, a most voluminous sonneteer. Unfortunately the present writer has not been able to lay hands on Marini's sonnet or on that of Desmarets, despite a diligent search. But the finding of the French lyric, and of the Italian that suggested it, is of less importance since there is no doubt that both of them were derived from a Spanish original by Lope de Vega.

In his "New Art of Making Plays" Lope advised the dramaturgic novice that the sonnet-form was well-fitted for soliloquies; but although this particular sonnet is to be found in one of his plays, *La Nina de Plata*, it is not a soliloquy, being recited by the *gracioso* or comedian frankly as a poetic composition.

SONETO A VIOLANTE

Un soneto me manda hacer violante ;
Que en mi vida me he visto en tanto aprieto ;
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto ;

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Burla burlando van los tres delante;
Yo pensé que no hallára consonante,
Y estoy a la mitad de otro cuarteto;
Mas si me veo en el primer terceto;
No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante
En el primer terceto voy entrando,
Y aun parece que entré con pié derecho,
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando;
Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho
Que voy los trece versos acabando;
Contad si son catorce: ya está hecho.

In his study of the life and works of the great Spanish playwright, Lord Holland quoted an English adaptation of Lope's Spanish original, written by a certain Thomas Edwards, the author of a carefully forgotten discussion of the "Canons of Criticism," these canons being weapons of offence primed and aimed to blow Warburton off the face of the earth. This lawyer-critic refused to bind himself down to the strict Guittonian form of the sonnet; and his wit was not over nimble; but he managed to get his fourteen rhymes in presentable shape:

Capricious Wary a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to't before—a sonnet?
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it.
'Tis good, however, I've conquered the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself in the midst of the second:
If twice four verses were fairly reckon'd
I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of twice seven lines have clear got o'er ten.
Courage! Another 'll finish the first triplet;
Thanks to the Muse, my work begins to shorten,
There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet,
'Tis done! count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen.

There is a conscientious rigidity about this sturdy British sonneteer, and an eighteenth century stiffness about his sacrifice to the Muse, which contrast sharply with the Gallic vivacity and the nineteenth century expertness to be found in

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a sonnet by the late Henri Meilhac, the collaborator of M. Ludovic Halévy, in the composition of the "Belle Hélène," of the "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," and of the "Périchole." No one can now declare with certainty whether Meilhac borrowed the suggestion from Desmarets or Voiture, his predecessors in his own tongue, or whether he took it over from the Italian of Marini or the Spanish of Lope de Vega. In fact, Meilhac was quite ingenious enough to have invented the device for his own use; and his sonnet has the brilliancy and the buoyancy which we expect to find in the best "vers de société":

UN SONNET

Un Sonnet, dites-vous; savez-vous bien, Madame,
Qu'il me faudra trouver trois rimes à *sonnet*?
Madame, heureusement, rime avec âme et flamme,
Et le premier quatrain me semble assez complet.

J'entame le second, le second je l'entame,
Et prends en l'entamant un air tout guilleret,
Car ne m'étant encor point servi du mot *âme*,
Je compte m'en servir, et m'en sers, en effet.

Vous m'accorderez bien, maintenant, j'imagine,
Qu'un sonnet sans amour ferait fort triste mine,
Qu'il aurait l'air boiteux, contrefait, mal tourné.

Il nous faut de l'amour, il nous en faut quand même;
J'écris donc en tremblant: je vous aime, ou je t'aime,
Et voilà, pour le coup, mon sonnet terminé.

It was Meilhac's sonnet which the late Henry Cuyler Bunner paraphrased, carrying over into English, so far as might be possible, not only the fundamental conceit, but also the most of the minor felicities of the French lyrist. Bunner's "Sonnet to Order" was avowedly an imitation; and when it was first published in an American magazine it was accompanied by its French original:

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A sonnet would you have? Know you, my pet,
For sonnets fourteen lines are necessary?
Ah, *necessary* rhymes, by luck, to *fairy*—
I'll call you one, and the first quatrain get.
This meets half-way the second: half-way met,
One meets an obstacle in a manner airy.
But here, though it is not your name, as Mary
I'll set you down, settling the second set.

Now, you'll admit, a sonnet without love,
Without the savor of a woman in't,
Were profanation of poetic art.
Love, above all things! So 'tis writ above.
Nor there alone. Your sonneteer, I'd hint,
Gives you this sonnet here with all his heart.

One of the scholarly contributors to Petit de Julleville's history of the French language and literature remarked that "nothing is longer than a sonnet—when there is nothing in it"; and here we have had some half-dozen sonnets with only one thought in the lot of them. Yet another is called "A Difficult Sonnet"; and it was found amid the flotsam and jetsam of a scrapbook, credited vaguely to the *University Magazine* and seemingly clipped out some twenty or thirty years ago. It does not quite continue the tradition that has here been traced down through the modern languages; indeed, the obvious desire of the poet to moralise points to an English lyrist who believed in his own originality:

With an idea I set to write a sonnet:
The subject was so difficult and terse,
I could not quite bring right the tiresome verse,
Much labour though I spent, and pens, upon it:
Still I plod on, and line by line I con it,
Each time with better words to add, or worse,
Till it comes right; and, as I last rehearse
The settled stanza, make fair copy on it.
This done, I take my blotted rough endeavour,
Covering some sheets with every kind of scrawl
Of my first failures, some of them quite clever;
Into a little pack I bring them all,

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—Tear up—(Life is the Poem—where's the taper?
How shall I burn my blotted bits of paper?)

The triolet, the rondeau, and the sonnet have each in turn been taken by lyrists who wished thus to exploit their own playfulness; and the ballad is the only other fixed form of verse likely to prove equally tempting. But a conscientious search has failed to find any ballade turning on the difficulty of making a ballade, with its three octaves, its envoy, its refrain, and its three rhymes, repeated and interlaced. In "Cyrano de Bergerac," M. Rostand makes his hero improvise a ballade while he is fighting a duel—a gorgeous example of bravado and bravura; and the verses, purporting to be put together in the very moment of deadly combat, abound in allusions to the structure of the ballade itself. And yet the basis of M. Rostand's ballade, with its refrain "à la fin de l'envoi, je touche," does not differ much from that of Lope de Vega, although the superstructure of the latter lyric achieves a certain originality. There are at least two English translations of M. Rostand's play; but any rendering of the flashing lines of the flamboyant original cannot but seem a little pale. Who was it first asserted that a translated poem was like a boiled strawberry?

Of all the Teutonic tongues our own English is the only one which has taken part in these international borrowings. Students of German poetry, of Dutch, and of Scandinavian have been unable to answer the appeal for lyrics from these languages suggested by Lope de Vega's sonnet. Apparently, the Northern tongues have not taken so kindly to the fixed forms as the Southern languages did. And yet no example of a lyric containing this conceit has been forthcoming from Portuguese or from Provençal. This last deficiency is the more remarkable, since the origin of all the fixed forms has been traced to that home of minstrelsy. The sonnet was invented by a Provençal lyrist, just as the rondeau seems to have been, and the ballade also.

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The sonnet established itself first, and gained the widest acceptance; and it is only of late that the rondeau and the ballade have achieved a certain popularity, far inferior to that of the sonnet. Indeed, of all the fixed forms the sonnet is at once the best known and the most noble. It has been used to convey the loftiest of messages; it has done this successfully without calling undue attention to the necessary artifice of its construction. The rondeau, on the other hand, and the ballade also, have seemed best fitted for lighter themes of minor importance. They carry more appropriately the ingenious prettiness of *vers de société;* whereas the sonnet has proved itself to be worthy of the most elevated themes.

In seeking to discover what poet it was who first devised a lyric in a fixed form, turning to the arbitrary difficulty of the form itself, there is no need to go further back than the Renascence, since the fixed form was a product of the Renascence, impossible until after rhyme had been elaborated in the Middle Ages. In the lyrics of Rome and Greece, with all their exquisite modulations of meter, there was no rhyme; and therefore no fixed form was possible, built upon an artful adjustment of repeated and contrasted rhymes.

In Hebrew versification, it ought to be noted here, the acrostic was held in high esteem; and it may be possible that there exists in Hebrew an acrostic, setting forth the difficulty to be vanquished by every bard who seeks to write an acrostic.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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TWO CHILDHOODS

LUMINOUS passions reign
High in the soul of man; and they are twain.
Of these he hath made the poetry of earth,
Hath made his nobler tears, his magic mirth.

Fair Love is one of these,
The visiting vision of eight centuries;
And one is love of Nature—love to tears—
The modern passion of this hundred years.

Oh, never to such height,
Oh, never to such spiritual light—
The light of lonely visions, and the gleams
Of secret, splendid, sombre suns in dreams—

Oh, never to such long
Glory in life, supremacy in song,
Had either of those loves attained in joy.
But for the ministration of a boy.

Dante was one who bare
Love in his deep heart, apprehended there
When he was yet a child; and from that day
The radiant Love has never passed away.

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And one was Wordsworth; he
Conceived the love of Nature childishly,
As no adult heart might; for poets sing
That exaltation, by remembering.

For no divine
Intelligence, or art, or fire, or wine
Is high-delirious as that rising lark,
The child's soul and its daybreak in the dark.

And Letters keep these two
Heavenly treasures safe the ages through—
Safe from ignoble benison or ban—
These two high childhoods in the heart of Man.

ALICE MEYNELL.

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FORT AMITY

CHAPTER IX

MENEHWEHNA SETTLES ACCOUNTS

WEARY as they were, there could be no thought of halting. The river and the plain lay far below them yet, and they must push on through the darkness.

Hitherto the forest had awed John by its loneliness; its night-voices, falling at rare intervals on his ear and awaking him from dreams beside the camp-fire, had seemed to cry and challenge across immense distances as though the very beasts were astray. But now, as he crouched behind Menehwehna, he felt it to be no less awfully inhabited. A thousand creeping things stirred or slunk away through the undergrowth; roosting birds edged towards each other in the branches, ever on the point of flapping off in panic; the thickets were warm from the flanks of moose and deer. And all this wild life, withdrawing, watched the four fugitives with a thousand eyes.

These imaginary terrors did him one service. They kept him awake. By-and-by his brain began to work clearly, as it often will when the body has passed a certain point of fatigue. "If these Indians on the ridge are Iroquois, why should I run? The Iroquois are friends of England, and would recognise my red coat. The man they killed was a Canadian, a *coureur de bois;* they will kill Barboux if they

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catch him, and also these two Ojibways. But to me capture will bring release."

He understood now why Menehwehna had called him a fool. Nevertheless, as he went, the screams on the cliff rang in his ears again, closing the argument.

Muskingon still led. He had struck a small mountain stream and was tracking it down towards the river—keeping wide of it to avoid the swampy ground, relying on his ears and the lie of the slope. Menehwehna followed close, ready to give counsel if needed; but the young Indian held on in silence, never once hesitating.

The debate in John's brain started afresh. "These Iroquois mean me no harm. I am sure enough of that, at any rate, to face the risk of it. Barboux is my enemy—my country's enemy—and I dislike in him the little I don't despise. As for Menehwehna and Muskingon—they, I suppose, are my enemies, and the Iroquois my friends." Somehow John felt that when civilised nations employ uncivilised allies, the simplest questions of ethics may become complicated. He remembered a hundred small acts of kindness, or of good fellowship; and he recalled, all too vividly, the murdered man and his gory head.

But might he not escape back and show himself without lessening his comrades' chances? It was a nuisance that he must always be thinking of them as "comrades." Was he not their prisoner? Would their comradeship help him at the end of the journey? . . .

The moon had risen over the mountain when Muskingon's piloting brought them out once more under open sky, at a point where the mountain stream met and poured itself into a larger one hurrying down from the north-east. A few yards below their confluence the river-bed narrowed, and the waters, gathering speed, were swept down through a rocky chasm towards a cataract, the noise of which had been sounding in John's ears while he debated.

Hitherto he had weighed the question as one between

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himself and his three companions. For the moment he saw no chance of giving them the slip; and, if a chance occurred, the odds must be terribly unequal. Still, supposing that one occurred, ought he to take it? Putting aside the insane risk, ought he to bring death—and such a death—down upon these three men, two of whom he looked upon as friends? Did his country, indeed, require this of him? He wished he had his cousin Dick beside him for counsellor, or could borrow Dick's practical mind. Dick always saw clearly.

And behold, as he stepped out upon the river bank, his wish was given him. He remembered suddenly that this Barboux carried a message—of what importance he could not tell, nor was it for him to consider. Important or not, it must be to England's detriment, and as a soldier, he had no other duty than to baulk it. Why had he not thought of this before? It ruled out all private questions, even that of escape or of saving his own life. The report of a gun would certainly be heard on the ridge above; and if, by forcing Barboux to shoot, he could draw down the Iroquois, why then—live or die—the signal must be given.

He scanned the chasm. It could not measure less than twenty feet across, and the current whirled through it far below—thirty feet perhaps. He eyed his companions. Barboux leaned on his gun a few paces from the brink, where the two Indians stood peering down at the dim waters. John dropped on one knee, pretending to fasten a button of his gaiters, and drew a long breath while he watched for his chance.

Presently Muskingon straightened himself up, and, as if satisfied with his inspection, began to lead the way again, slanting his course away from the bank and back towards the selvage of the woods. Menehwehna followed close, and Barboux shouldered his musket and fell into third place, grunting to John to hurry after.

And so John did—for a dozen paces back from the river. Then, swinging quickly on his heel, he dashed for the brink, and leapt.

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So sudden was the manœuvre that not until his feet left the rock—it seemed, at that very instant—did he hear the Sergeant's oath of dismay. Even as he flew across the whirling darkness, his ear was listening for the shot to follow.

The take-off—a flat slab of rock—was good, and the leap well timed. But he had allowed too little, perhaps, for his weariness and his recent wound; and in the darkness he had not seen that of the two brinks the far one stood the higher by many inches. In mid-air he saw it, and flung his arms forward as he pitched against it little more than breast high. His fingers clutched vainly for hold, while his toes scraped the face of the rock, but found no crevice to support them.

Had his body dropped a couple of inches lower before striking the bank, or had the ledge shelved a degree or two more steeply, or had it been smooth or slippery with rain, he must have fallen backward into the chasm. As it was, his weight rested so far forward upon his arms that, pressing his elbows down upon the rock, he heaved himself over on the right side of the balance, fell on his face and chest, and so wriggled forward until he could lift a knee.

The roar of the waters drowned all other noise. Only that faint cry of Barboux had followed him across. But now, as he scrambled to his feet, he heard a sudden thud on the ledge behind him. A hand clutched at his heel, out of the night. At once he knew that his stratagem had failed, that Barboux would not fire, that Muskingon was upon him. He turned to get at grips; but, in the act of turning, felt his brain open and close again with a flame and a crash, stretched out both arms, and pitched forward into darkness.

. . . . . .

It seemed—for he knew no break in his sensations—that the ground, as he touched it, became strangely soft and elastic For a while he wondered at this idly, then opened his eyes—but only to blink and close them again, for they were met by broad daylight.

He was lying on the grass; he was resting in Muskingon's

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arms amid a roaring of many waters; he was being carried between Muskingon and Menehwehna beneath a dark roof of pines—and yet their boughs were transparent, and he looked straight through them into blue sky. Was he dead? Had he passed into a world where time was not, that all these things were happening together? If so, how came the two Indians here? And Barboux? He could hear Barboux muttering: no, shouting aloud. Why was the man making such a noise? And who was that firing? . . . Oh, tell him to stop! The breastwork will never be carried in this way—haven't the troops charged it again and again? Look at Sagramore, there: pull him off somebody and let him die quiet. For pity's sake fetch the General, to make an end of this folly! Forty-sixth! Where are the Forty-sixth? . . .

He was lying in a boat now—a canoe. But how could this be, when the boat was left behind on the other side of the mountain? Yet here it was, plain as daylight, and he was lying in it; also he could remember having been lifted and placed here by Muskingon—not by Menehwehna. To be sure Menehwehna crouched here above him, musket in hand. Between the shouting and firing he heard the noise of water tumbling over rapids. The noise never ceased; it was all about him; and yet the boat did not move. It lay close under a low bank, with a patch of swamp between it and the forest: and across this swamp towards the forest Muskingon was running. John saw him halt and lift his piece as Barboux came bursting through the trees with an Indian in pursuit. The two ran in line, the Indian lifting a tomahawk and gaining at every stride; and Muskingon had to step aside and let them come abreast of him before he fired at close quarters. The Indian fell in a heap; Barboux struggled through the swamp and leapt into the canoe as Muskingon turned to follow. But now three—four—five Indians were running out of the woods upon him; four with tomahawks only, but the fifth carried a gun; and, while the others pursued, this man, having gained the open, dropped swiftly on one knee and took aim. At that

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instant Menehwehna's musket roared out close above John's head; but as the marksman rolled over, dead, on his smoking gun, Muskingon gave one leap like a wounded stag's, and toppled prone on the edge of the bank close above the canoe.

And with that, and even as Menehwehna sprang to his feet to reach and rescue him, Barboux let fly an oath and, planting the butt of his musket against the bank, thrust the canoe off. It was done in a second. In another, the canoe had lurched afloat, the edge of the rapid whirled her bow round, and she was spinning down-stream.

All this John saw distinctly, and afterwards recalled it all in order, as it befell. But sometimes, as he recalled it, he seemed to be watching the scene with an excruciating ache in his brain; at others, in a delicious languor of weakness. He remembered too how the banks suddenly gathered speed and slid past while the boat plunged and was whirled off in the heart of the rapid. Muskingon had uttered no cry: but back—far back—on the shore sounded the whoops of the Iroquois.

Then—almost at once—the canoe was floating on smooth water and Menehwehna talking with Barboux.

"It had better be done so," Menehwehna was saying. "You are younger than I, and stronger, and it will give you a better chance."

"Don't be a fool," growled Barboux. "The man was dead, I tell you. They are always dead when they jump like that. *Que diable!* I have seen enough fighting to know."

But Menehwehna replied, "You need much sleep and you cannot watch against me. I have reloaded my gun, and the lock of yours is wet. Indeed, therefore, it must be as I say."

After this, Barboux said very little: but the canoe was paddled to shore and the two men walked aside into the woods. The sun was setting and they cast long shadows upon the bank as they stepped out.

John lay still and dozed fitfully, waking up now and then

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to brush away the mosquitoes that came with the first falling shadows to plague him.

By-and-by in the twilight Menehwehna returned and stood above the bank. He tossed a bundle into the canoe, stepped after it, and pushed off without hurry.

John laughed, as a child might laugh, guessing some foolish riddle.

"You have killed him!"

"He did wickedly," answered Menehwehna. "He was a fool and past bearing."

John laughed again; and, being satisfied, dropped asleep.

CHAPTER X

BOISVEYRAC

Along the river-front of Boisveyrac, on the slopes between the stone walls of the Seigniory and the broad St. Lawrence, Dominique Guyon, the Seigneur's farmer, strode to and fro encouraging the harvesters.

"Work, my children! Work!"

He said it over and over again, using the words his father had always used at this season. But the harvesters—old Damase Juneau and his wife La Marmite, Jo Lagassé, the brothers Pierre and Telesphore Courteau, with Telesphore's half-breed wife Leelinau (Lélie, in French)—all knew the difference in tone. It had been worth while in former times to hear old Bonhomme Guyon say the words, putting his heart into them, while the Seigneur himself would follow behind, echoing, "Yes, that is so. Work, my children: work is the great cure!" But Bonhomme Guyon was dead these two months—rest his soul; and the Seigneur gone up the river to command a fortress for the King of France; and no one left at Boisveyrac but themselves and half a dozen militiamen and this young Dominique Guyon, who would not smile and was a skinflint.

It was as if the caterpillars had eaten the mirth as well

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as the profits out of this harvest which (if folks said true) the Seigneur needed so badly. Even the children had ceased to find it amusing, and had trooped after the priest, Father Launoy, up the hill and into the courtyard of the Château.

"Work, my friends!" said Dominique. He knew well that they detested him and would have vastly preferred his brother Bateese for overseer. For his part, he took life seriously: but no one was better aware of the bar between him and others' love or liking.

They respected him because he was the best *Canotier* on the river; a better even than his malformed brother Bateese, now with the army. When he drew near they put more spirit into their pitch-forking.

"But all the same it breaks the back, this suspense," declared La Marmite. "I never could work with more than one thing in my mind. Tell us, Dominique Guyon: the good Father will be coming out soon, will he not?—that is, if he means to shoot the falls before sunset."

"What can it matter to you, mother?"

"Matter? Why if he doesn't come soon, I shall burst myself with curiosity, that is all!"

"But you know all that can be told. There has been a great victory, for certain."

"Eh? Eh? You are clever enough, doubtless; but you don't think you can question and cross-question a man the way that Father Launoy does it? Why the last time I confessed to him he turned me upside down and emptied me like a sack."

"There has been a great victory: that is all we need to know. Work, my friends, work with a good heart!"

But when his back was turned they drew together and talked, glancing now towards the Seigniory above the slope, now towards the river bank where a couple of tall Etchemin Indians stood guard beside a canoe, and across the broad flood to the woods on the farther shore stretching away southward in a haze of blue. Down in the south there, far beyond the

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blue horizon, a battle had been fought and a great victory won.

Jo Lagassé edged away towards Corporal Chrétien, who kept watch, musket in hand, on the western fringe of the clearing. Harvests at Boisveyrac had been gathered under arms since time out of mind, with sentries posted far up the shore and in the windmill behind the Seigniory, to give warning of the Iroquois. To-day the Corporal and his men were specially alert, and at an alarm the workers would have plenty of time to take shelter within the gateway of the Château.

"Well, it seems that we may all lift up our hearts. The English are done for, and next season there is to be a big stamping out of the Iroquois."

"Who told you that, Jo Lagassé?"

"Every one is saying it. Pierre Courteau has even some tale that two thousand of them were slaughtered after the battle yonder—Onnontagué's and Agniers for the most part. At this rate you idlers will soon be using your bayonets to turn the corn with the rest of us."

"Yes; that's right—call us idlers! And the Iroquois known to be within a dozen miles! You would sing to another tune, my friend, if we idlers offered to march off and leave you just now." The Corporal swung round on his thin legs and peered into the belt of trees.

Jo Lagassé grinned.

"No, no, Corporal; I was jesting only. To think of me undervaluing the military! Why often and often, as a single man with no ties, I have fancied myself enlisting. But now it will be too late."

"If M. de Montcalm has really swallowed the English," answered the other drily, "it will be too late, as you say."

"But these English, now—I have always had a curiosity to see them. Is it true, Corporal, that they have faces like devils, and that he who has the misfortune to be killed by one will assuredly rise the third day? The priests say so."

Corporal Chrétien had never actually confronted his

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country's foes. "Much would depend," he answered cautiously, "upon circumstances, and upon what you mean by a devil."

While Jo Lagassé scratched his head over this, the wicket opened in the great gate of the Seigniory, and Father Launoy came forth with a troop of children at his heels. The harvesters crowded about him at once.

He lifted a hand. He was a tall man and square-shouldered, with the broad brow and set square chin of a fighting man.

"My children," he announced in a voice clear as a bell, "it is certain there has been a great battle at Fort Carillon. The English came on, four to one, gnashing their teeth like devils of the pit. But the host of the faithful stood firm and overcame them, and now they are flying southward whence they came. Let thanks be given to God who giveth us the victory!"

The men bared their heads.

"When I met 'Polyte Latulippe and young Damase on my way down the river, I could scarcely believe their tale. But the Ojibway puts it beyond doubt; and the few answers I could win from the wounded Sergeant all confirm the story."

"His name, Father?" asked La Marmite. "We can get nothing out of Dominique Guyon, who keeps his tongue as close as his fist."

"His name is à Clive, and he is of the regiment of Béarn. He has come near to death's door, poor fellow, and still lies too near to it for talking. But I think he is strong enough to bear carrying up to Fort Amitié, where the Seigneur—who, by the way, sends greeting to you all——"

"And our salutations go back to him. Would he were here to-day to see the harvest carried?"

"The Seigneur, having heard what 'Polyte and Damase have to tell, will desire to hear more of this glorious fight. For myself, I must hasten down to Montreal, where I have a message to deliver, and perhaps I may reach there with these

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tidings also before the boats, which are coming up by of way the Richelieu. Therefore I am going to borrow Dominique Guyon of you, to pilot me down through the Roches Fendues. And talking of Dominique"—here the Jesuit laid a hand on the shoulder of the young man, who bent his eyes to the ground—"you complain that he is close, eh? How often, my children, must I ask you to judge a brother by his virtues? To which of you did it occur, when these men came, to send 'Polyte and Damase up to Fort Amitié with their news? No one has told me: but I will wager it was Dominique Guyon. Who sat up, the night through, with this wounded stranger? Dominique Guyon. Who has been about the field all day, as though to have missed a night's sleep was no excuse for shirking the daily task? Dominique Guyon. Again, to whom do I turn now to steer me down the worst fall in the river? Dominique Guyon. He will arrive back here to-night tired as a dog, but once more at daybreak it will be Dominique who sets forth to carry the wounded man up to Fort Amitié. And why? Because, when a thing needs to be done well, he is to be trusted; you would turn to him then and trust him rather than any of yourselves, and you know it. Do you grumble, then, that the Seigneur knows it? I say to you that a man is born thus, or thus; responsible or not responsible; and a man that is born responsible, though he add pound to pound and field to field, is a man to be thankful for. Moreover, if he keep his own counsel, you may go to him at a pinch with the more certainty that he will keep yours."

"What did I tell you?" whispered La Marmite to Jo Lagassé, who had joined the little crowd. "The Father's eye turns you inside out: he knows how we have been grumbling all day. But all the same," she added aloud, "he is young and ought to laugh."

"I have told you," said Father Launoy, "that you should judge a man by his virtues: but, where that is hard, at least you should judge him by your own pity. All this day Dominique has been copying his dead father; and the same

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remembrance that has been to him a sorrowful incitement, has been to you but food for uncharitable thoughts. If I am not saying the truth, correct me."

They were silent. The priest had a great gift of personal talk, straight and simple; and treated them as brothers and sisters of a family, holding up the virtues of this one, or the faults of that, to the common gaze. They might not agree with this laudation of Dominique: but no one cared to challenge it at the risk of finding himself pilloried for public laughter. Father Launoy knew all the peccadilloes of this small flock, and had a tongue which stripped your clothes off —to use an expression of La Marmite's.

They followed him down to the shore where the Echemins held the canoe ready. There they knelt and he blessed them before embarking. Dominique stepped on board after him, and the two Indians took up their paddles.

Long after the boat was pushed off and speeding down the broad waterway the harvesters stood and watched it. The sunset followed it, gleaming along its wake and on its polished quarter, flashing as the paddles rose and dipped: until it rounded the corner by Bout de l'Isle, where the rapids began.

The distant voice of these rapids filled the air with its humming; but their ears were accustomed to it and had ceased to heed. Nor did they mark the evening croak of the frogs alongshore among the reed beds, until Jo Lagassé imitated it to perfection.

"To work, my children!" he croaked. "Work is the only cure!"

They burst out laughing, and hurried back to gather the last load before nightfall.

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CHAPTER XI

FATHER LAUNOY HAS HIS DOUBTS

For a little while after leaving the shore the priest kept silence.

"Dominique," said he at length, "there is something in your guests that puzzles me; and something too that puzzles me in the manner of their coming to Boisveyrac. Tell me now precisely how you found them."

"It was not I who found them, Father. Telesphore Courteau came running to me, a little before sunset, with news that a man—an Indian—was standing on the shore opposite and signalling with his arms as if for help. Well at first I thought it might be some trick of the Iroquois—not that I had dreamed of any in the neighbourhood: and Chrétien got his men ready and under arms. But the glass seemed to show that this was not an Iroquois: and next I saw a bundle, which might be a wounded man, lying on the bank beside him. So we launched a boat and pushed across very carefully until we came within hail: and then we parleyed for some while, the soldiers standing ready to fire, until the Indian's look and speech convinced me—for it happens that I have been as far west as Michilimackinac and know something of the Ojibway talk. So when he called out his nation to me, I called back to him to leave speaking in French and use his own tongue."

"Yes, yes—he is an Ojibway beyond doubt."

"Well, Father, while I was making sure of this, we had pushed forward little by little and I saw the wounded man clearly. He was half-naked, but lay with his tunic over him as the Indian had wrapped him against the chill. Indeed he was half-dead too, and past speaking, when at length we took him off."

"And they had lost their boat in the Cedars?"

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"So the Ojibway said. The wonder is that they ever came to shore."

"The wonder to my thinking is rather that, coming through the wilderness from the Richelieu River they should have possessed a canoe to launch on the Great River here."

"Their tale is that they were four, and happened on a small party of Iroquois by surprise: and that two perished while this pair possessed themselves of the Iroquois' canoe and so escaped."

"Yes," mused the priest, "so again the Ojibway told me. A strange story: and when I began to put questions he grew more and more stupid—but I know well enough by this time, I should hope, when an Indian pretends to be duller than he is. The sick man I could not well cross-examine. He told me something of the fight at Fort Carillon, where he, it appears, saw the main fighting upon the ridge, while the Indians were spread as sharpshooters along the swamps below. For the rest he refers me to his comrade." Father Launoy fell to musing again. "What puzzles me is that he carries no message, or will not own to carrying one. But what then brings him across the Wilderness? The other boats with the wounded and prisoners went down the Richelieu to its mouth, and will be travelling up the Great River to Montreal—that is, if they have not already arrived. Now why should this one boat have turned aside? That I could understand, if the man were upon special service: the way he came would be a short cut either down the river to Montreal, or up-stream to Fort Amitié or Fort Frontenac. But, as I say, this man apparently carries no message. Also he started from Fort Carillon with two wounds; and who would entrust special service to a wounded man?"

"Of a certainty, Father, he was wounded, as I myself saw when we drew off his shirt. The hurt in his ribs is scarcely skinned over, and he has a fresh scar on his wrist. But the blow on the head, from which he suffers, is later, and was given him (he says) by an Indian."

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"A bad blow—and yet he escaped."

"A bad blow. Either from that or from the drenching, towards morning his head wandered and he talked at full speed for an hour."

"Of what did he talk?" asked the priest quickly.

"That I cannot tell, since he chattered in English."

"English? How do you know that it was English?"

"Why, since it was not French, nor like any kind of Indian! Moreover, I have heard the English talk. They were prisoners brought down from Oswego, twelve batteaux in all, and I took them through the falls. When they talked, it was just as this man chattered last night."

"Then you, too, Dominque, find your guest a strange fellow?"

"Oh, as for that! He is a sergeant, and of the regiment of Béarn. Your reverence saw his coat hanging by the bed."

"Even in that there is something strange. For Béarn lies in the Midi, close to the Pyrenees; and, as I understand, the regiment of Béarn was recruited and officered almost entirely from its own province. But this Sergeant à Clive comes from the North; his speech has no taste of the South in it, and, indeed, he owns to me that he is a northener. He says further that he comes from my own seminary of Douai. And this again is correct; for I cross-questioned him on the seminary, and he knows it as a hand knows its glove—the customs of the place, the lectures, the books in use there. He has told me, moreover, why he left it. . . . Dominique, you do right in misliking your guest."

"I do not say, father, that I mislike him. I fear him a little—I cannot tell why."

"You do right, then, to fear him; and I will tell you why. He is an atheist."

"An atheist? O—oh!"

"He has been of the true Faith. But he rejected me; he would make no confession, but turned himself to the wall when I exhorted him. *Voyons*—here is a Frenchman who

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talks English in his delirium; a northerner serving in a regiment of the south; an infidel, from Douai. Dominique, I do not like your guest."

"Nor I, Father, since you tell me that he is an atheist."

While they talked they had been lifting their voices insensibly to the roar of the nearing rapids; and were now come to Bout de l'Isle and the edge of peril. Below Bout de l'Isle the river divided to plunge through the Roches Fendues, where to choose the wrong channel meant destruction. Yet a mile below the Roches Fendues lay the Cascades, with a long straight plunge over smooth shelves of rock and two miles of furious water beyond. Yet further down came the terrible rapids of Lachine, not to be attempted. There the *voyageurs* would leave the canoe and reach Montreal on foot.

Father Launoy was a brave man. Thrice before he had let Dominique lead him through the awful dance ahead, and always at the end of it had felt his soul purged of earthly terrors and left clean as a child's.

Dominique reached out a hand in silence and took the paddle from the Echemin, who crawled aft and seated himself with an expressionless face. Then with a single swift glance astern to assure himself that the other Indian was prepared, the young man knelt and crouched, with his eyes on the V-shaped ripple ahead, for the angle of which they were heading.

On this, too, the priest's eyes were bent. He gripped the gunwale as the current lifted and swept the canoe down at a pace past control; as it sped straight for the point of the smooth water, and so, seeming to answer the roar it met, balanced it itself fore-and-aft for one swift instant and plunged with a swoop that caught away the breath.

The bows shot under the white water below the fall, lifted to the first wave, knocking up foam out of foam, and so dived to the next, quivering like a reed shaken in the hand. Dominique straightened himself on his knees. In a moment he was working his paddle like a madman, striking broad off

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with it on this side and that, forcing the canoe into its course, zigzagging within a hand's breadth of rocks which, at a touch, would have broken her like glass, and across the edge of whirlpools waiting to drown a man and chase his body round for hours within a few inches of the surface; and all at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, with never an instant's pause between sight and stroke. The Indian in the stern took his cue from Dominique; now paddling for dear life, now flinging his body back as with a turn of the wrist he checked the steerage.

The priest sat with a white drenched face; a brave man terrified. He felt the floor of the world collapsing, saw its forests reeling by in the spray. It cracked like a bubble and was dissolved in rainbows—wisps caught in the rocks and fluttering in the wind of boat's flight. Then as the pressure on heart and chest grew intolerable the speed began to slacken and he drew a shuddering breath; but his brain still kept the whirl of the wild minutes past and his hand scarcely relaxed its grip on the gunwale. As a runaway horse, still galloping, drops back to control, so the canoe seemed to find her senses and leapt at the waves with a cunning change of motion, no longer shearing through their crests, but riding them with a long and easy swoop. Still Father Launoy did not speak. He sat as one for whom a door has been held half-open, and closed again, upon a vision.

Yet when he found his tongue—which was not until they reached the end of the white water, and Dominique, after panting a while, headed the canoe for shore—his voice did not shake.

"It was a bold thought of these men, or a foolhardy, to strike across the Wilderness," he said meditatively, in the tone of one picking up a talk which chance has interrupted.

"There are many ways through those woods," Dominique answered. "Between here and Fort Niagara you may hear tell of a dozen perhaps; and the Iroquois have their own."

"Let us hope that none of theirs crosses the one you and Bateese taught to Monsieur Armand. The Seigneur will be

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uneasy about his son when he hears what 'Polyte and Damase report; and Monsieur Etienne and Mademoiselle Diane will be uneasy also."

"But this Ojibway saw nothing of M. Armand or his party."

"No news is good news. As you owe the Seigneur your duty, take your guests up to Fort Amitié to-morrow and let them be interrogated."

"My Father, must I go?" There was anguish in Dominique's voice. "Surely Jo Lagassé or Pierre Courteau will do as well?—and there is much work at Boisveyrac which cannot be neglected."

They had come to shore, and the priest had stepped out upon the bank after Dominique for a few parting words.

"But that is not your true reason." He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

Dominique's fell. "Father," he entreated in a choking voice, "you know my secret: do not be hard on me! 'Lead us not into temptation'——"

"It will not serve you to run from yours. You must do battle with it. Bethink you that, as through the Wilderness, there are more ways than one in love, and the best is that of self-denial. Mademoiselle Diane is not for you, Dominique, her father's *censitaire:* yet you may love her your life through, and do her life-long service. To-morrow, by taking these men to Fort Amitié, you may ease her heart of its fears: and will you fail in so simple a devoir? There is too much of self in your passion, Dominique—for I will not call it love. Love finds itself in giving: but passion is always a beggar."

"My Father, you do not understand——"

"Who told you that I do not understand?" the priest interrupted harshly. "I too have known passion, and learnt that it is full of self and comes of Satan. Nay, is that not evident to you, seeing what mischief it has already worked in your life? Think of Bateese."

"Do I ever cease thinking of Bateese? Do I ever cease

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fighting with myself!" Dominique's voice rose almost to a cry of pain. He stared across the water with gloomy eyes and added—it seemed quite inconsequently, but Father Launoy followed his thought—"The Cascades is a bad fall, but I think it will be the Roches Fendues that gets me in the end."

He said it calmly, wistfully: and, pausing for a moment, met the priest's eyes.

"Your blessing, Father. I will go."

He knelt

Generations of *voyageurs*, upward bound, and porting their canoes to avoid the falls, had worn a track beside the river bank. Dominique made such speed along it that he came in sight of Boisveyrac as the bell in the little chapel of the Seigniory began to ring the Angelus. Its note came floating down the river distinct above the sound of the falls. He bared his head, and repeated his *Aves* duly.

"But all the same," he added, working out the train of his thoughts as he gazed across the deserted harvest-fields, impoverished by tree-stumps, to the dense forest behind the Château, "let God confound the English, and New France shall belong to a new noblesse that have learned, as the old will not, to lay their hands on her wealth."

CHAPTER XII

THE WHITE TUNIC

JOHN À CLEEVE lay on his bed in the guest-room of the Seigniory, listening to the sound of the distant falls.

That song was his anodyne. All day he had let it lull his conscience, rousing himself irritably as from a drugged sleep to answer the questions put to him by Dominique or the priest. Dominique's questions had been few and easily answered, the most of them relating to the battle.

"A brother of mine was there beyond doubt," he had

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wound up wistfully. "He is a batteau-man, by name Baptiste Guyon. But of course you will not know him?"

"Ils m'ont tiré pour la battue, moi," John had fenced him off with a feeble joke and a feeble laugh. (Why should he feel ashamed? Was it not war, and he prisoner tricking his captors?)

But the priest had been a nuisance. Heaven be praised for his going!

And now the shadows were closing upon the room and in the hush of sunset the voice of the waters had lifted its pitch and was humming insistently with but a semitone's fall and rise. During the priest's exhortations he had turned his face to the wall; but now for an hour he had lain on his other side, studying the rafters, the furniture, the ray of sunlight creeping along the floor-boards and up the dark, veneered face of an *armoire*, built into the wall. Behind the doors of it hung Sergeant Barboux's white tunic; and sometimes it seemed to him that the doors were transparent and he saw it dangling like a grey ghost within.

It was to avoid this sight that he had turned to the wall when the priest began to interrogate him. Heavens, how incurably, after all, he hated these priests!

Menehwehna had answered most of the questions, standing by the bed's foot: and Menehwehna was seated there still in the dusk.

How many lies had Menehwehna told? John himself had told none, unless it were a lie to pronounce his name French-fashion—"John à Cleeve," "Jean à Clive." And, once more, was not this war?

For the rest and for his own part, it was astonishing how easily, the central truth being hidden—that the tunic in the *armoire* was not his—the deception had run on its own wheels. Why, after all, should that tunic frighten him? He, John à Cleeve, had not killed its wearer. He had never buttoned it about him nor slipped an arm into one of its sleeves. Menehwehna had offered to help him into it and had shown

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much astonishment on being refused. John's own soiled regimentals they had weighed with a stone and sunk in the river, and he had been lying all but naked, with the accursed garment over his legs, when the rescue-party found them on the bank.

How many lies had Menehwehna told? John could remember the sound of two voices, the priest's and the Indian's, questioning and explaining; but the sound only. As soon as he shut his eyes and tried to recall the words the priest's voice faded down the song of the falls, and only the Indian and himself were left, dropping—dropping—to the sound, over watery ledges and beneath pendant boughs. Then, as the walls of the room dissolved and the priest's figure vanished with them, Menehwehna's voice grew distinct. At one time it said: "What is done is done. Come with me, and we will go up through the Great Lakes, beyond Michilimackinac, to the Beaver Islands which are in the mouth of Lake Michigan. There we will find the people of my tribe, and when the snow comes and they separate you shall go with me to the wintering-grounds and learn to be a hunter."

In another dream the voice said: "You will not come because you weary of me and wish to leave me. We have voyaged together, and little by little my heart has been opened to you; but yours will not open in return. I would have made you to me all that Muskingon was; but you would not. When I killed that man, it was for your sake no less than Muskingon's. I told him so when he died. Of what avail is my friendship, brother, when you will give me none in exchange?" . . .

In yet a third dream the canoe floated on a mirror, between a forest and the image of a forest. . . . His eyes followed the silver wake of a musk-rat swimming from shore to shore, and in his ear Menehwehna was saying, "Your head is weak yet; when it grows stronger you will wish to come. Muskingon struck you too hard—so—with the flat of his tomahawk. He did not mean it, but his heart was jealous that already so much

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of my love had passed over to you. Yet he was a good lad. The white-coat called across the stream to him, to kill you; but he would not, nor would he bring you over the ford until we had made the white-coat promise that you should not be killed for trying to run away. The man could do nothing against us two; but he bore ill-will to Muskingon afterwards, and left him to die when we could have saved him."

So, while John had lain senseless, fate had been binding him with cords—cords of guilt and cords of gratitude—and twining them inextricably. Therefore he feared sleep, because these dreams awoke him to pluck again at the knot of conscience. Ease came only with the brain's exhaustion, when in sheer weakness he could let slip the tangle and let the song of the rapids drug his senses once more.

He turned on his side and watched the sunbeam as it crept up the face of the *armoire*. "Menehwehna!" he called weakly.

From his seat in the corner among the shadows the Indian came and stood behind him.

"Menehwehna, this lying cannot go on! Make you for this fort they talk of; tell your tale there and push on to join your tribe. Let us fix a length of time, enough for your travel beyond reach, and at the end of it I will speak."

"And what will my brother tell them?"

"The truth—that I am no Frenchman but an English prisoner."

"It is weakness makes you lose patience," answered Menehwehna, as one might soothe a child. "Let the weak listen to the strong. All things I have contrived, and will contrive; there is no danger and will be none."

John groaned. How could he explain that he abhorred this lying? Worse—how could he explain that he loathed Menehwehna's company and could not be friends with him as of old; that something in his blood, something deep and ineradicable as the difference between white man and red man, cried out upon the Sergeant's murder? How could he make

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this clear? Menehwehna—who had preserved his life, nursed him, toiled for him cheerfully, borne with him patiently—would understand only that all these pains had been spent upon an ingrate. John tugged away from the bond of guilt only to tighten this other yet more hateful bond of gratitude. He must sever them, and in one way only could this be done. He and Menehwehna must part. "I do not fear to be a prisoner. Moreover, it will not be for long: the river leads, after all, to Quebec, and the English, if they take Louisbourg, will not delay to push up that way."

"The white-coat used to speak wisdom once in a while," answered Menehwehna gravely. "'It is a great battle,' he said, 'that battle of If; only it has the misfortune never to be fought.' Take heart, brother, and come with me to the Isles du Castor. When your countrymen take Quebec you shall return to them, if you still have the mind, and I will swear that we held you captive. But to tell this needless tale is a sick man's folly."

John could not meet the Indian's eyes, full as they were of a wondering simplicity. He feared they might read the truth—that his desire to escape was dead. During Father Launoy's exhortations he had lain, as it were, with his ear against its cold heart; had lain secretly whispering it to awake. But it would not. The questions and cross-questions about Douai he had answered almost inattentively. What did it all matter?

The priest had been merely tedious. Back on Lake Champlain and on the Richelieu, when the world of his ken, though lost, lay not far behind him, his hope had been to escape and seek back to it; his comfort against failure the thought that here in the north one restful, familiar face awaited him—the face of the Church Catholic. Now the hope and the consolation were gone together. Perhaps under the lengthening strain some vital spring had snapped in him, or the forests had slowly choked it, or it had died with a nerve of the brain under Muskingon's tomahawk.

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He was not Sergeant à Clive of the regiment of Béarn; but almost as little was he that Ensign John à Cleeve of the Forty-sixth who had entered the far side of the Wilderness.

He wanted only to be quit of Menehwehna and guilt. It would be a blessed relief to lie lost, alone, as a ball tossed into a large country. As he had fallen, so he prayed to lie; empty in the midst of a great emptiness. The Communion of all the Saints could not comfort him now, since he had passed all need of comfort.

"You must go, Menehwehna. I will not speak until you are beyond reach."

"It is my brother that talks so. Else would I call it the twitter of a Wren that has flown over. Is Menehwehna a coward, that he spoke with thought of saving himself?"

"I know that you did not," answered John, and cursed the knowledge. But the voice of the falls had begun to lull him. "We will talk of it to-morrow," he said drowsily.

"Yes, indeed; for this is a thought of sickness, that a man should choose to be a prisoner when by any means he may be free."

He found a tinder-box and lit the night-lamp—a wick floating in a saucer of oil: then, having shaken up John's pillow and given him to drink from a pannikin, went noiselessly back to his corner.

The light wavered on the dark panels of the *armoire*. While John watched, it fell into tune with the music of the distant falls. . . .

He awoke, with the rhythm of dance-music in his head. In his dream the dawn was about him, and he stood on the lawn outside the Schuylers' great house above Albany. From the ball-room came the faint sound of violins, while he lingered to say good-bye to three night-gowned little girls in the window over the porch; and some way down the hill stood young Sagramore, of the Twenty-seventh, who was saying, "It is a long way to go. Do you think he is strong enough?"

Still in his dream John turned on him indignantly. And

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behold! it was not young Sagramore, but Dominique, standing by the bed and talking with Menehwehna.

"We are to start for the Fort, it appears," said Menehwehna to John.

"Let us first make sure," said Dominique, "that he is strong enough to dress." He thrust his hand within the *armoire* and unhitched the white tunic from its peg.

John shrank back into his corner.

"Not that?" he stammered.

Across the lamp smoking in the dawn, Dominique stared at him.

(*To be continued.*)

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To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," "The Author of 'An Englishman in Paris,'" and the contributors of "The Loss of the Cobra," "The Veil of the Temple," "Reviews of Unwritten Books," and "Lord Salisbury," besides the writers who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books "On the Line."

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

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A SECOND VOYAGE TO LAPUTA

CHAPTER I

NOTWITHSTANDING that very honourable mention hath been made in several quarters of the plain relation which I have lately given of my voyage into the Antipacific Ocean, yet I have continued hitherto in the opinion that we are at the present overstocked with books of travel, and the publick appetite well glutted on the narratives of the adventurous. And in particular I have forborne to publish any account of the second visit which I made to the island of Laputa, thinking this to be a journey rather than a discovery, and not worthy to be reckoned among my Voyages, upon which I was ever wont to encounter something new as well as marvellous.

But now, by the advice of two or three worthy persons to whom I have privily communicated the remainder of my papers, I venture to send into the world these inconsiderable passages, hoping that they may be, at least for some moments, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

I am, therefore, to inform the reader that after my return from that which I have named my Last Voyage, I stayed but three months with my wife and children; for my active and restless life had bred in me a lust of wandering, which I was moved to satisfy, if possible, before my strength should leave

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me. I desired, however, in this my riper age not so much danger as diversion, and therefore resolved to shape my course for Laputa and Balnibarbi, in which places I remembered to have suffered little or no apprehension for the safety of my person.

I took shipping then at Bristol on the 5th day of August, 1717, in the *Little Mary*, an old tub of good capacity but somewhat uncomfortable in rough weather. She carried a full cargo of Bristol milk, and was so deep loaded with it as to be half seas over during the most part of the voyage. I left her at Alaska, and chartered a half-deck fishing-boat in which to pursue the more private end of my adventure. Having stored this with victuals, I procured it to be taken in tow by the *Suni-jim*, a Japanese man-of-war homeward bound and commanded by a very obliging gentlemanlike officer. In his company I passed my time agreeably enough until he informed me that we were now by his lieutenant's observations in the latitude of 46° N. and of longitude 183°, this being the point at which I had told him I should be in the necessity of parting from him. We took leave of each other accordingly with many honourable expressions, and going on board my boat I cut the painter in fine weather a little before moonrise.

I shall not at this time trouble the reader with a particular account of my voyage to the main or continent of Balnibarbi, which lasted five days, and brought me in the dead of night upon the same coast whereon I had made my landing eleven years before. For the rest, I was now in a very different case, having a stout boat under me and no manner of disquiet in my mind. I had no need or inclination to seek out a cave for shelter, but lay aboard at my moorings till daybreak, when I landed, and began to look about with my perspective for some sign of the Flying Island. I discovered nothing all that morning, but about two in the afternoon, when I had taken some refreshment and was much inclined to sleep, I perceived all on a sudden the vast body of the island descending towards the elevation upon which I chanced to be lying. But at the

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same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold around it in every direction a number of opaque bodies of similar movement and appearance, but smaller in size by many degrees; and to hear proceeding from all of them a noise which for emptiness and monotony resembled the cawing of rooks or the bleating of sheep.

The principal island had now become stationary at a distance of about two English miles, but the others advanced nearer, and, as though animated by some feeling of emulation, descended upon me all together. This gave me, I confess, some inward motions of alarm, but I soon perceived that their approach was in no way hostile to me. Upon each of them stood a crowd of people surrounding a single individual, who appeared to be in a position of authority, for on looking circumspectly I could see that when he shouted those about him shouted more loudly, and when he raised or lowered his arm they all with one consent waved their hats and handkerchiefs. I found by their gestures that I was plainly visible to all of them, and it soon appeared that it was the determination of each of the leaders that I should join that particular band by which he was surrounded, in order, as I afterwards discovered, that I might add my voice to swell his own peculiar cry; for I could now distinguish several different noises or notes among them, but mainly two, which I have already described.

I conjectured, however, by the energy which they displayed in their gestures that in proportion as I made myself acceptable to one or other of these parties, so I should be an object of hatred to the rest. I decided, therefore, to attach myself at first to none of them, but to procure a footing, as I had formerly done, upon the principal island itself. I had acquired during my stay there a tolerable proficiency in the language and manners of Laputa, and I now made bold to proclaim in the loudest voice I could command, that my business was with his Majesty the King.

At this the several crowds turned again to their various leaders, and the whole of the smaller islands retired until the

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vociferations proceeding from them became once more as insignificant as the clamour of birds. The Flying Island, however, for so I shall continue to call the main bulk of this aerial system, now descended somewhat and moved to a position directly over me, those upon it having perceived my intention or being apprised of it by signals; a chain was let down from the verge, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself and was drawn up by pulleys into the royal city of Laputa.

CHAPTER II

At my alighting my first concern was to inquire of those nearest to me what might be the meaning of the concourse of islands which I had witnessed from below. A civil person of the better quality answered me that these platforms, as he called them, were indeed new-fangled and illegitimate in their nature, being an entrenchment upon the royal prerogative; for, according to the ancient government of that kingdom, the people had no leader but the King himself, and it was not tolerated that his lieutenants or deputies should make for themselves platforms, except it were each in his own garden or park, where he was at home among his proper friends. But of late, as I now heard, it had come to this, so many Ministers, so many platforms, and each of them moving from place to place more rapidly and incessantly than the others, with danger to the State and much injury to private persons. For whereas at my first coming among this people I observed that their heads were all reclined either to the right or the left, with one of their eyes turned downward and the other directly up to the zenith, I was now shown how that the most part were no longer so, but carried their heads at all manner of strange angles, and some even twisted once and twice round upon their necks. And this, as it appeared, had arisen from the efforts which they made to follow the movements, counter-move-

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ments and revolutions of the several platforms in their aerial flight.

I then demanded of my informant whether these platforms were indeed as like to the principal island in their nature and working as they were in their outward appearance. He said no, that there was in truth a vast difference; for in the first place the royal island had its foundation upon a base of adamant many hundred feet thick and in all probability everlasting, while these were but ephemeral structures, some of rubble and pasteboard, some of laths painted to resemble iron; and in the second place the great island is sustained by the magnetic force of the loadstone embedded in it and past the power of man to remove. Whereas, on the other hand, the little platforms are wholly supported by a kind of gas, which must be continually supplied to them by their makers or directors; and this skill being almost entirely a gift of nature and dying with each possessor, every such platform in its turn must one day come to the ground and be broken. And I afterwards found that in what he told me of the frailty of these little islands my informant was within the mark; for in that country leaders will abandon their platforms and make themselves new ones not only once in a lifetime but twice and thrice: and this they do when they find them uncomfortable or heavy to sustain or not much resorted to by the common people who assist at the making of gas—for this operation cannot proceed without the furtherance of a crowd. As for the use or meaning of these practices, they are upon the whole unaccountable, but I doubt not that they arise in some sort from the strong disposition which I formerly observed in the Laputans towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into publick affairs, giving their judgments in matters of State, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. And this quality, which they display both upon their platforms and in many other places, springs, as I have elsewhere noted, from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in

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matters for which we are least adapted either by study or by Nature.

It was necessary to give the reader the benefit of these observations, without which he would be at a loss to understand my emotions as I was conducted to the top of the island and from thence to the royal palace. When I was brought into the chamber of presence, I perceived that the King took not the least notice of us, being deep in a problem of mathematics, which he was considering with the aid of three of the most eminent among his financiers. His Majesty, like most of the Laputans, is exceedingly conversant with that kind of abstruse speculation in exact science. He hath invented a short method of calculations on the law of chances by means of numerical cards, and hath also composed thereon a manual, or "bridge for beginners," as they call it in their idiom. In problems of this kind the whole court is most diligently and profitably employed both by night and day, and the inferior nobility, so great is the influence of a salutary example in high places, are even more indefatigable, sacrificing to this only duty their affairs of all kinds, their wealth and most of the amenities of a social life. The temper of this devotion is with many so fervent that they have turned it, by the common bent of their national character, into a test of virtue and a proper part of their religion: they practise it accordingly upon their holy days more than at other times, and there is talk among them of a new coronation oath, by which the King upon his accession should once for all make a declaration of no trumps, as ours does of no Popery.

We attended an hour or more, during which I saw from a respectful distance one problem after another laid successively before his Majesty. He appeared to me to have a greater facility than any of his councillors for the conduct of these operations, and he presently rose from the table with an appearance of satisfaction which I did not remark in those who had assisted him. I was now presented, and made my duty in the customary form, when the King was graciously

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pleased to remind me of my first visit to his dominions. I replied that I had indeed had the honour of seeing him then, but it was during the reign of his predecessor and now eleven years since, so that I could but marvel at the tenacity of his Majesty's memory. And I was afterwards informed that both this prince and others of his family differ herein from many of the Laputan nobility, who will commonly fail to recognise the faces of some with whom they have met only the day before.

The remainder of our converse turned entirely upon mathematics. The King acquainted me with his preference for the study of kinetics, and asked me what principles we employed in my country for the sailing of yachts and the lifting of cups, and what formulæ were in vogue amongst us for expressing the relative swiftness of horses. He also informed me that these animals were the cause of an approaching crisis in the affairs of State; for his nobles being seized upon by an inordinate love of speed, had caused to be invented a kind of go-cart which ran of itself, and were now for prohibiting the use of horses, pigs, or children upon the highways. The commoner sort, on the other hand, had brought in a bill making it capital to be found travelling upon any publick road without visible means of persistence. This division proceeded to great lengths on both sides, with nightly maiming of horses and now and then considerable persons broken on the wheel: and it was still going forward when I left the island.

CHAPTER III

After my first presenting to this illustrious prince it was not my good fortune to see him again; and for this reason. It hath ever been his especial care to provide for the sick and wounded in the hospitals of his kingdom, and to that end he maintains in divers parts of the country pens or breeding-boxes of a kind of fowl, whose flesh is very fit for the use of such afflicted persons. And since the work of killing these

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fowls for the table is both wearisome and dangerous, so that few or none can be found willing to perform it, his Majesty is accustomed to take it upon himself with the aid from time to time of such neighbouring monarchs as are most humanely inclined. The birds are driven into narrow spaces by shouting and beating of well-disciplined troops, and are there despatched two at a time, or it may be singly; for in this business a man had need be fortunate as well as philanthropick.

The King therefore soon afterwards departing on this errand, I was minded to quit Laputa and resort to the mansion of my Lord Ladas, on the lower continent of Balnibarbi, where I had before had much hospitable entertainment. I was accordingly let down from the lowest gallery of the Flying Island in the same manner as I had been taken up, and proceeded without misadventure to the nobleman's country house, which, as I well remembered, hath the name of *Durdans*, or in our language, Primrose Hill. His Excellency received me in a little tent or tabernacle set up in a secluded part of the gardens, and hung with a pattern of horse shoes and rose berries. He bade me welcome with the most grateful condescension, but was pleased to warn me that I had come to a place of but poor entertainment, for he was now living more out of the fashion than ever, and spent his time for the most part in the lonely occupation of ploughing.

I perceived that although he spoke simply, yet he had meant more in his thoughts. I therefore ventured to inquire whether publick affairs no longer enjoyed his Excellency's attention. He answered that he had been in several minds upon this matter, but the last phase was forced upon him, and he was now intending to be reconciled with his friends some four or five times before the turn of the year. I asked discreetly what might be the urgent cause of these exertions. He replied, the condition of the Empire; for that since my last visit the country had been afflicted with a plague, of a kind unknown there since the dark ages, which under divers forms had depressed the vital spirits of the whole nation, and at last

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subverted the intellects of nearly one-half. That this disease customarily began with a period of imaginary depression, hatred of neighbours, suspicion of universal conspiracies, and fears of approaching ruin; it was then developed into one or other of its specific forms, which were all of them of the nature of delusions or desires *contra naturam*—such as Dumpophobia, in which the patient exhibited an insane impulse to expend money unnecessarily; Tariffyxia, when he would subtract in the belief that he was adding, call robbery protection, prosperity bankruptcy, and so on; or Fiscalitis, when the faculties were so gravely disturbed that two and two, for example, would appear to be equal now to five and now to three, or eighteen farthings to eight million pounds, and in general every set of figures to mean anything that the imagination might propose to itself.

Having practised the art of Surgery in my youth, I could not but admire to hear of a form of mania quite unknown among my own more fortunate countrymen; but I demanded of his Excellency, since he was no physician, whether he had not intended to speak rather of disease in the body politick than in the persons of individual citizens. He replied that I had not heard all; that this malady had been sporadic and in a manner harmless, until it had attacked a chief member of the Government, when it had suddenly taken the proportions of a publick calamity. That this had come about not so much by the further spreading of the disorder among the common people, which was little to be apprehended in so wholesome an air, as by the infecting of a number of the other Ministers. Whether or no they had indeed taken the malady, his Excellency could not determine, but the result was the same, for being very desirous of an unanimous spirit in the State, they resolved if they could not turn back their colleague to sanity, then to convert the rest of their countrymen to madness.

An argument was therefore prepared and issued by the Pamphleteer, as they call the First Lord of the Treasury,

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showing how the glory of science is to conquer nature and not to follow it; so that it behoves a nation, if they would advance themselves, to be in all things unnatural. The conclusion was that in all kinds of publick affairs the policies and methods of former generations must be fundamentally reversed.

His Excellency was good enough to give me many examples of the proposals whereby this policy was put into action; but the greater part have escaped my recollection. I remember, however, some few of them, such as that henceforth the Colonies were to govern the Mother Country, and the caucus to direct the Cabinet; Ministers were to be the least distinguished of the House of Commons, and the Premier to be the least powerful in the Ministry; curates to instruct bishops, and sergeants officers; the cavalry to be unhorsed and the infantry mounted; traders to sell in the cheapest markets and buy in the dearest. Certain other proposals of a like kind were abandoned, because, though sufficiently unnatural, they were believed to be impossible of execution; as that orders be given for merit, and appointments for knowledge of affairs; that the War Office be organised for war, the Navy trained to use their great guns, and children instructed in religion by those who believe in it.

CHAPTER IV

This Lord Ladas was a person of the first rank, and had been some years Governor of Lagado, the capital town, and afterwards of the whole kingdom; but, by a cabal of Ministers, was brought to a desire for retirement. At the time of my arriving he seemed, however, in a fair way to be employed again. Yet I discovered in him no sign of his being hurried or over-eager for this turn of fortune; for he was, of all those whom I remember to have seen in politicks, the one most strenuous in biding his time, and, besides that, the most apt to stand apart and find diversion in looking down upon the

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extravagant behaviour of his fellow men. And this I observed particularly when he took me into the town of Lagado to visit the grand Academy of Projectors; for by that name I had formerly known it, though it was now entitled the Imperial University of Technical Science.

I inquired what might be the meaning of this change, and was told that it imported much; for that afflicted Minister of whom I had before heard spoken had obtained a monopoly to call by the name of "Imperial" anything in which himself had a concern, and to forbid the use of the word to others who could show no such privilege. And for the rest of the former title, he disliked it heartily, having been called a projector himself in his saner days, which at present he abjured and utterly put from him; whereas the mere sounds of "technical" and "science" and "university" were now taken by the crowd for a charm or magick not less effectual, as I understood, than that blessed word Mesopotamia hath long been among our own people. So that the Academy was very fitly renamed, seeing that this Minister was now the Governor, Dean, and Principal Lecturer therein, the First Lord or Pamphleteer being his Sub-Dean or Deputy.

By this time we had entered the great gate of the University, and I found it to be much enlarged since my former visit, but the newer part of the court was in a taste which assorted ill with the older, and seemed less substantial in the building. Upon ascending the great stair we asked for the Sub-Dean, and were ushered at once into his room. We found him not yet arisen from his bed, though it was long past noon; but he received us with the most urbane effrontery and took us into his own workshop, where he bade us be seated upon the front bench. He had been employed, as he told us, for a year or more upon a project for making hay of everything. I asked him what he found to be the best material for this purpose: he replied that he had lately experimented upon an old wooden cabinet with good success. The method was to break it up very fine, to cast away the stouter portions, and

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add a little chaff or straw to the remainder; he thus obtained a litter of passable appearance, though hardly palatable enough for stable use. The process, he assured me, was an infallible one, and he intended to practise it upon every kind of matter that came in his way.

This Sub-Dean was undoubtedly a person of the most fertile invention, for he told us that the next ten or a dozen rooms were all of them used by himself for his own experiments. We assured him that we had rather bestow our time upon visiting these than any others, at which he seemed well satisfied. He then showed us a room in which he was about preparing a new project for the making of warming-pans out of materials such as would commonly be thought the least suitable, and therefore the more easily come by. For an example, he had lately found in a corner a disused pad such as boys have for keeping the wicket in their games of ball: this he had lined with tin, and was even now making trial of it in the Governor's own bed. It was not, he said, deficient in capacity, and since subtlety was nothing to the point in a warming-pan, he expected it to do very well for such brief time as it might be required.

In the next room he had several young men employed in drawing the mechanism of a new kind of revolver. This project was not yet brought to a completion; but from what I was shown of the plan I judged it to be as like to cause an injury to the holder as to any one else. Upon this I was told very courteously that I had mistaken its purpose; for it was to be loaded with blank and wadded with any soft stuff, such as lambsdowne. My opinion was still that it might easily burst, to which the reply was, that it was not designed to be shot off, but to be used only for pointing and for the moral effect.

We then entered another room very little and dingy, but encumbered with a multitude of clerks. This place, as the Sub-Dean informed us, had been a toy manufactory time out of mind, and many thousands of dolls were there turned out by the year, in full dress. But the demand for the common

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sort of toy-soldiers being now very pressing, and a project for making them out of paper having come to no good end, he had bethought him of procuring a supply of old ship timber from Belfast, from which he looked for the best results. I saw something of this timber; it was heart of oak and sound enough, but a little particoloured, of an orange tint.

The next room was a private chamber in which the Sub-Dean discharged his office of Pamphleteer, according to a project not less new than the others which we had seen. He had here collected a vast number of torn golf-cards, the most of them being clean or very nearly so. These he made up into little books of not more than one thousand words each, which he sold in great numbers, advertising them very artfully as economic Notes; for the word "cheap" is now held to be improper, though the quality of cheapness is privily as much favoured as ever it was.

In a little closet behind this room we were shown an ingenious machine devised some years before, and at present laid aside, for converting gold coins into silver, by which the projector declared the country would be much advantaged. For let gold be once of no more value than silver, then silver would be worth as much as gold, and a debt of a pound could be repaid with more ease than before. This was, he said, a great benefit from a small change; but it was the kind of small change that a nation of money-lenders did most dislike. For my part, being asked my opinion, I confessed that this project seemed to me as well included under technical science as anything I had seen in the Imperial University.

CHAPTER V

Our converse was broken at this point by a messenger from another part of the building, who informed us that the Dean himself was in the great hall, delivering a lecture; that he had

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been at it some two hours already, so that if we would hear him we had but little time to lose. I was overjoyed at this chance befalling, but my Lord Ladas, to his great sorrow, was constrained to forego it for himself, having by ill-luck appointed that hour for a certain person to wait upon him at his town house. We therefore took leave of the Sub-Dean, and went our several ways; the messenger conveying me to the great hall, where he made way for me to enter with some difficulty.

I enquired of him before he left me what might be the subject of the discourse I was to hear. He told me that it was upon the Religious Aspect of Arithmetic, which surprised me not a little; and I observed that a good part of the audience were also by their countenances perplexed or disappointed. These were a rustic sort of folk, labouring men and farmers, who had come, as one of them informed me, from the nearest poor-house in the expectation to be shown how their broken state might be repaired. They made some murmuring among themselves, but not loudly, being under the eye of their Chaplin, who had brought them thither; and several times at his bidding they gave applause, but not, as I thought, very hopefully.

The Lecturer was at a distance from me; but standing on a very elevated platform and turning continually about he contrived to keep himself in view of all. He was attended by a number of pupils in manner of a bodyguard, wearing the uniform of the Imperial Salvation Army, of which he was the founder and General. Upon his right and left hand stood two young men holding a kind of rag-bag or wallet, such as children use when wool gathering, from which they furnished him with figures whenever he paused for scantness of breath or of argument. They were veiled and blindfolded, so that the audience should not see their faces nor they the order of the figures, which appeared as if chosen at haphazard. These, as often as he received them, the Lecturer wrote down upon a blackboard and added them up aloud. If by chance the

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sum did not answer his expectation he rubbed it out quickly, saying very truly that it was but an illustration of his ideas and of no moment. When he had done this several times, he left the board on a sudden and made as though he would find something in the hinder pocket of his coat. Then, rising to his full height, he held forth in each hand a bun newly baked. By these, he said, it was clearly shown how carefully his examples had been cooked, for five pennyweights of flour had gone to making the one and but four to the other, yet he would pledge his hat that the two were now of equal size: the secret being that the deficiency was made up by the adding of some tea-leaves kindly lent by the Secretary for War.

At this the hall was filled with a tumult of cheering, and the Lecturer passed by an easy transit to his peroration. He warned his hearers in a tone of deep solemnity that although their Imperial system was based upon religion, yet even religion was nothing without arithmetic. It was not religion but arithmetic that would enable them to keep up Colonial bonds, to achieve the perfect Trust, and to leave a first-class security to every one of their descendants. But the arithmetic now practised among them was obsolete and unscientific; it had served for fifty years and was naturally worn out by long use. They must wake up: they must enfeeble themselves no longer by taking foreign food—above all by taking it lying down. Let them remember that one man's boom is another man's doom, and that in Imperial races the devil takes the hindmost. Let them follow manfully the sacred rule of a black eye for a black eye, and they might yet bring back the good old days when their nation lived under the blessing of divine protection.

At this moment, from some cause or other, I felt myself seized upon by a violent attack of nausea. I was conveyed from the hall to the town house of my Lord Ladas, who comforted me as well as he could and sent me two of his own physicians. They pronounced my complaint to be a kind of

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homesickness, which I had by all likelihood brought with me. So soon, therefore, as I could travel I took farewell of his Excellency and sailed for England, thinking myself fortunate to have escaped with my life. For my own belief was, and still is, that I had suffered some contagion or poisoning of the blood.

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ON THE LINE

IF we were challenged for some one proof that the England of to-day is still far from decadence, we should point to the vigorous unpopularity of her poetry. With a public such as ours immediate and wide success should not, it seems, be difficult. We know our national poets; both by tradition and by instinct we admire their work; we hate change and ask for nothing but the familiar. If a man has but a certain skill and taste in versification, surely he need only reproduce the form, the line, the cadence of the great masters; he will be recog nised for their legitimate successor by the sound of his voice; the crowd will be saved the pain of thinking, the lecturers will be able to pigeon-hole "the new poet" without disturbing their theories or their syllabus; the scholars will add to their stock of "parallel passages," every one will be congratulatory, and some perhaps will buy.

This is decadence; and it is this which has no hold upon our poets. The opportunity is undoubtedly there; to prove it, once in a century some weakling plays the mocking-bird, and feathers his nest for a season or two; when he falls at last, it is from a lack of endurance not in the public but in himself. Meanwhile poetry goes from strength to strength; loving the past too well to imitate it, and the future too much to sell its birthright of freedom; generally neglected, sometimes hooted, popular, if at all, by accident and not as poetry, or when long years have made some name at last as comfortably familiar as a barrel-organ tune.

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Among these consecrated and unassailable names will be one day that of Laurence Binyon; one day his poems, now the possession of a few, will be quoted by the orthodox to crush the claims of a succeeding generation. "Those were the days of our glory; then, besides Swinburne and Meredith, we had Bridges, Yeats, Binyon, Alice Meynell, Margaret Woods, and the rest—*real* poets, all in their prime at once," and some less mannerly may add: "Will any one contend that we have a poet *now?*" while the Churton Collins of the moment will lecture on "the Yattendon School," "the Binyonian *ethos*," and the place of our poet among the formative influences of contemporary thought.

The Churton Collins will be entirely right; and there will be no more interesting passage in his discourse than that in which he treats of the volume we hold for the first time to-day. The poem after which the book is named, **The Death of Adam** (Methuen, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is the most sustained piece of work, and one of the most successful, in which Mr. Binyon has yet shown his strength. It is better than any one of his Odes; even better than "The Renewal." Since it made its first appearance in our pages (February 1902) it has brought to many readers the conviction that Mr. Binyon is no longer to be reckoned among "minor" poets. In style it is simple enough to lose at once all chance with those who demand above everything a heated ecstasy and the beauty of disorder; it has no more "thrill" than a Greek marble, no more prettiness than a Michael Angelo. But the simplicity, however extreme here and there, never falters or wanders into weariness; and it attains on every page to a majestic beauty which no passing of fashions can ever touch.

> Peace also rests on Adam: not such peace
> As comes forlornly to men dulled with cares,
> Whom no ennobling memory uplifts;
> Peace of a power far mightier than his own,
> Outlasting all it fostered into life,
> Pervades him and sustains him: such a peac

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As bleaches mossed and mouldering architraves
Of pillars standing few among the wreck
Of many long since fallen, pillars old,
Reared by a race long vanished, where the birds
Nest as in trees, and every crevice flowers,
As mothering Earth, having some time indulged
Men's little uses, makes their ruin fair
Ere in her bosom it be folded up.

The conception is throughout worthy of the execution; the too obvious possibilities are touched and quietly left aside. We realise that Death is come upon earth for the first time in his natural and inevitable form, but for Adam the agony lies not in any doubt for himself, but in the prophetic dread of all that life may bring upon his children's children to the world's end.

He ended sighing: for his mind was filled
With apprehensions rolling up from far
The doom and tribulation of his race.
Looking upon the faces of his sons,
Well he divined their weakness from his own.
He knew what they should suffer; yet the worst
He knew not; had he known, he would have rued
Less to be parent of their feebleness
Than of their strength, the power to maim and rend
And ravage even that which to their hearts
Is dearest, though they know not what they do,
Trampling their peace in dust; had he seen all
The dreadful actors on the endless stage,
Sprung from his loins,—the triumphing blind hordes,
Spurred by an ignorant fury to create
An engine of fierce pleasure in the pangs
Wrung from the brave, the gentle, and the wise,
And raging at a beauty not their own
That taxes all their vileness; till the world
Discovering too late its precious loss,
Loves and laments in vain; had he seen this,
His grief had gone forth in a bitterer cry.

We refrain from quoting the final passage in which this thought attains its climax, and is answered by a strain full of solemn and uplifting music; music destined not for the pleasure of a

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careless moment, but for the profound and lasting consolation of humanity.

Mr. Dobell's curious book, **Sidelights on Charles Lamb** (published by the author, 5*s.* net) is one that no lover of Elia (and who is not Elia's lover?) can do without. In the first place, he has unearthed from the pages of the *London* three essays which have every right to be called Essays of Elia, whether or no Elia had anything to do with them. The hand may be anybody's hand, but the voice is Elia's voice.

Of these three essays, by far the finest is "An Appeal from the Shades." The other two are full of gracious humour; the "Whist Players" come of the same family as Mrs. Battle; the Donkey may have run her races in the neighbourhood of "The Old Margate Hoy,"[1] but this is written from the heart within the heart of imagination. It is deeply prophetical of the pathetic modern sentiment concerning ghosts. The author holds a brief for disembodied humanity. The lean thing, weaker than is "a wreath of thin wood-smoke," affects us, not with fear (he could not make even the man who had betrayed him for one moment afraid), but with horrified pity. It was a man, and it is not a man; and yet it is a man in everything but flesh.

> It were a brave stretch of human hospitality to entertain, not the outcast flesh merely, but the fleshless wanderer, more naked than the naked—from the Stygian coast forlorn. Shall there be no refuge for the uttermost destitution? Can the houseless have a claim above the worldless?

Towards the end comes a fine touch:

> Tremble not so wrongfully at a frail ghost's intrusion. Shrink not so abhorringly from his fond hand's impalpable grasp! 'tis for me to shrink, if shrinking must be, from the gross mundane clay.

The cry of Keats, "I feel the daisies growing over me,"

[1] Perhaps, as the Editor is at the pains to suggest, the Donkey *may* have been Hood's. Whoever claims it at the Judgment Day, 'tis a sweet Ass.

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finds expression here, when "the summer's springing flowers, with their stirring roots, tug at the buried heart."

This beautiful ghost of an essay comes among us, as a ghost should, with every circumstance of mystery. If it is not by Charles Lamb, whose can it be? He seems, without doubt, to allude to it in a letter to Rickman; yet the letter is dated 1808, and the essay was only published twenty-three years later. If, as Mr. Dobell supposes, it may have seen the light earlier in some obscure magazine, it is strange that, however obscure the magazine, there should be no allusion to it anywhere; and strange that, when he came to collect the scattered children of his fancy, Lamb should have left this lovely exile unfathered. Our part is clear enough; we "therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome." Perhaps he shunned a further manifestation of the hostilities evoked by "Witches" and by "New Year's Eve," when his more orthodox friends flung "Pilgrim's Progress" at his head, and Southey remarked that little boys who felt afraid of the dark had not been taught to say their prayers. Horror, in many forms, hung round his path, and dogged his steps. He knew what madness was on his own account—he knew it in his "guardian angel"—the friend than whom "a kinder friend has no man" was poisoning his mighty mind with a drug—the colleague whom he so much admired, "light-hearted Janus," *alias* Thomas Wainwright, about whom odd facts are told in this volume, was a murderer. He knew too much of the Night side of Nature to care to talk about it, though he could write of it with touches of Elizabethan familiarity. Is not this the explanation of the abrupt, apparently motiveless words recorded by the anonymous author of "An Evening with Charles Lamb and Coleridge," another brilliant piece of observation discovered by Mr. Dobell? Coleridge had said that he feared death, not because of punishment, not because of bodily pain, but because of a dread "lest, after the attempt to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' he should yet be 'thrown back upon himself.'" There was a pause; Lamb looked sceptical and made what was

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clearly a desperate attempt to turn the talk into a different channel.

> Coleridge smiled very quietly, and then spoke of some person (name forgotten) who had been making a comparison between himself and Wordsworth as to their religious faith. "They said, although I was an atheist, we were upon a par, for that Wordsworth's Christianity was very like Coleridge's atheism; and Coleridge's atheism was very like Wordsworth's Christianity."

Certainly Charles Lamb is not in the least like other men. Why do short and silly stories about him nail themselves into the memory when better stories about more solid people are fast forgotten? There is one here, and, having once been read, the story will not out of mind. It only amounts to this —that when great scholars mounted their high German hobby-horses and rode them to the tune of "Faust," Elia would insist on singing:

> Gëuty, Gëuty,
> Is a great beauty.

It was really rather foolish of him to call Goethe *Gëuty*, and if the little song was sung to "the Chelsea Jeremiah," Thomas Carlyle, why, then, as Mr. Dobell suggests, we have an explanation of a passage in his Diary, the detestable ill-nature of which has hitherto distressed his warmest admirers. There was never anybody who could not forgive Lamb anything—except Carlyle; but no doubt the little song tried his temper.

Who shall say wherein lies the charm of Elia? It is not a charm acknowledged out of England apparently; foreigners do not quote his name. It is not a charm that works among the people; readers of newspapers, of penny novelettes, do not read the Essays. Everywhere else he is a quiet passion. Ancient men and boys, husbands and wives, old maids and young, those who read everything and those who hardly ever turn a page, they are one and all devoted to the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, to Bridget, to Barbara S., to Alice W.,

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to the Dream Children, to every one and everything that Charles Lamb thought it worth while to talk about. He is a book for the country, a book for the town, a book for the seaside, a book for the sickroom, and—if he must be a book for the library also (and we incline to think that he must) then the **New Edition by E. V. Lucas** (Methuen, 7*s.* 6*d.* a volume) is justified. Except for the library, we cannot think that it is. A row of great big red volumes like these does not suggest the author of them. People who are fortunate enough to possess an old grey Talfourd will hug him to their hearts more closely. Others the little pocket editions will attract—and Canon Ainger. To our mind, every edition of Elia ought to be either old or small. But this is an individual way of thinking. There are who believe that his fame is increased by the addition to his published works of every unsuccessful farce, of every trifling acrostic and *jeu d'esprit* that he ever wrote in a friend's album because he was too kind-hearted to say *No.* They are entitled to their opinion, and for them this edition exists. Let them study it from cover to cover! We have only seen the second and fifth volumes, which contain the Essays and the Poems and Plays, and it is therefore impossible to write about the whole. Innumerable as epitaphs on young ladies are, the "Epitaph on a Young Lady" here given is very charming. Lamb was a master of exquisite compliment, and every one must rejoice at the inclusion of such lines as those "To Miss Burney on her Character of Blanch":

> the pure romantic vein
> No gentler creature ever knew to feign
> Than thy fine Blanch, young, with an elder grace,
> In all respects without rebuke or blame,
> Answering the antique freshness of her name.

But we cannot think that Elia himself would have liked this fussy Elia-hunting. He was dainty about his work. Born with a genius for selection, accustomed to select with faultless taste, for from his verdict there is no appeal, he held that only the best was worth preserving. Here the best and the worst are

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forced into equal prominence, printed as if there were no difference between. For ourselves we do not care to see a picture of Mackery End in Hertfordshire as it was in Lamb's time, to have a map of Blakeware and the Temple, and a portrait of the pretty girl who inspired "When maidens such as Hester die." It is just because these places and these people are not real that, in the Essays, they live for ever. When we see the actual presentment, it is with a shock of disappointment. Is that all? Why, there are a hundred thousand houses just like that, a hundred thousand girls very like this! No; let us keep every man his own Mackery End —his one especial Hester! Even to know her surname is impertinent. In a Life of Charles Lamb such things may have their place; never in that ideal Life which is called The Essays of Elia!

"A man is but his parents, or some other of his ancestors, drawn out!" If this be true, what a goodly line must have preceded that thorough-going Radical, Leigh Hunt! It was a favourite reflection. He would often, we are told, comfort himself for the ungrateful behaviour of some one whom he had helped and trusted, by remarking: "It is impossible to say what share, now, X.'s father and mother may have had in his doing so, or what ancestor of X.'s may not have been *really* the author of my suffering—and his." The words are characteristic of the kindly and beautiful nature that makes his **Life of Himself** the most delightful of all his works. The excellent new edition, edited by Roger Ingpen (Constable, 21*s.* net.), is warmly welcome. Biography that has in it the stuff of life is rare, but autobiography is rarer still. It demands a very uncommon blend of two qualities that are common enough, self-consciousness and simplicity. Autobiography is one of the finest of fine Arts; and no pieces of it except masterpieces can stand the shocks of time.

Among our English autobiographies this charming record of loves, friendships, fortunes and misfortunes takes a high

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place. "I am not naturally a teller of truth," said the author. Most people *think* they are telling the truth, even if their opinion be not shared by others. Goethe, indeed, protected his "Life of Goethe" by calling it "*Dichtung* und Wahrheit," but to do this is to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds. *I am not naturally a teller of truth.* He that could say this of himself knew a great deal of himself, and knowing himself, he knew others also, and felt assured that the simplicity of the statement would not offend. If a man can speak thus to his own character, he may be as inaccurate as he likes, we are bound to believe that he speaks truth in the main. And the assumption proves correct. It is truth to the inner and the outer world that makes this book such rare good reading.

The Golden Age of poets and critics was, as a sensitive age always must be, an age of friendship. Friend studied friend and wrote him down, as in the days of Boswell. They loved each other and annotated each other as they loved and annotated their books. Leigh Hunt, of course, would have lived in a book all his life long, if he had not possessed about fifty intimate friends, each one of whom was as good as a book, and better. His notes upon these existing classics with whom he ate, drank, and corresponded, are worth his notes upon the dead twice over; though these also are alive. He put friendship to the test, for, in the prime of life and in the full blush of success, he chose to annotate the Regent, and thereby got himself into prison. Thither his comrades flocked, transforming it into a Paradise of Poetry, a Fairyland of sweet flowers. Cebes and Simmias and the rest were not more constant to Socrates. His very chains and he grew friends, for he made a friend of the gaoler.

The man who tells the story of his own life is, however, his own hero, and it is by his portrait of himself that he stands or falls. By everything that he lets in, by everything that he leaves out, he must conjure up before the public an image that breathes and moves. This is the secret of the triumph of

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Benvenuto Cellini, and of the older Dumas in his "Memoirs"; it is the secret of the partial failure of Goethe. Perhaps genius of the highest order cannot consider itself apart from the Universe. It has no inclination to keep a diary. There is not a sign that Shakespeare or Milton ever attempted it. Genius of the secondary order has time to look about, around, and within. This genius of sympathy enlisting sympathy Leigh Hunt undoubtedly possessed. Who can but love the little eager, frightened child—the boy at Christ's who grew so weary of writing abridgments of *I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth* that he came to "prefer mirth to cheerfulness"—the youthful poet, resting in the Quakerly quietness and beauty of West's studio—the pert young journalist who drove the actors of the town mad with independent criticism when he was only twenty? Through every phase we follow him, laughing, and loving him. The serene hopefulness of pure, untroubled faith in the final glory of goodness never forsook him. He looked to meet again those who had gone before. He lived in large and perfect charity with his kind. In his heart at the moment of death were perhaps the words that he so touchingly records as the last words of the son who preceded him: "I drink the morning!"

There is a field of English literature, as yet not overstocked, which lies on the confines of serious history, but does not belong to the domain of historical romance; we mean the poetic historical monograph; to this form, in French, Michelet contributed a perfect example in his short study of the Crusades. We have now a volume before us of Miscellaneous Essays, collected from the ceaseless contributions to the literature of India, from the pen of its most felicitous historian, Sir William Hunter, **The India of the Queen** (Longmans, 9*s.* net), and we welcome in this collection two such prose poems, "A Pilgrim Scholar" and "The Ruin of Aurungzeb." They are fresh studies, spontaneously and easily thrown off, all stamped with the writer's sense of the dignity

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and pathos of Indian life, and they are worthy to take their place with "The Annals of Rural Bengal," "The Old Missionary," and "The Thackerays in India," which have attained such wide popularity. "A Pilgrim" is the great Thibetan scholar, Alexander Csoma, who worked under incredible difficulties for the British nation under the Viceroyalty of Lord Amherst, and died in 1842 at Darjeeling. "The Ruin of Aurungzeb" is a description of "the great puritan Mohammedan Monarch" who was the contemporary of Charles XII., and with whose downfall the Moghul Empire ends and the history of modern India begins. The narrative includes some of the ever-charming annals of the Taj Mahal. The description of the green grave of Shah Jehan's daughter at Delhi is given in contrast to the splendid tomb of his mother beneath the many-domed Taj at Agra:

> The grave lies close to a saint's and to a poet's in that Campo Santo of marble and lattice-work and exquisite carving and embroidered canopies of silk and gold, near the Hall of the Sixty-four Pillars, beyond the Delhi walls. But only a piece of pure white marble with a little grass piously watered by generations marks the princess's grave. "Let no rich canopy surmount my resting-place" was her dying injunction inscribed on the head-stone. The grass is the best covering for the grave of a lowly heart, the humble and transitory ornament of the world, the disciple of the holy man of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan. But the magnificent mosque of Agra is the public memorial of the lady who lies in that modest grass-covered grave.

"The India of the Queen" is the title of a noteworthy contribution by Sir William Hunter to the *Times* in the year of the Queen's first Jubilee, reprinted here; it reviews the changes which passed over India during the Victorian era. "England's Work in India" was written, Mr. Skrine tells us in his preface, as a counterblast to unpatriotic doctrines in 1879–80. We have difficulty in recalling these to-day, such a change has passed over the feeling of our democracy towards a high Imperial policy, but writers like Sir William Hunter may have contributed much towards the change. "A Forgotten Oxford Movement" is a pleasant addition to the history of

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missionary work, towards which Sir William Hunter's tone is so sympathetic. The following is valuable from his authority:

> I think it within reasonable probability that some native of India will spring up, whose life and preaching may lead to an accession on a great scale, to the Christian Church. If such a man arises he will set in motion a mighty movement whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. And I believe that if ever he comes he will be produced by influences and surroundings of which the Oxford brotherhood in Calcutta is at present the forerunner and prototype.

And again the following, which shows that this authority is inspired by the philosophic temper alone:

> Apart from other aspects, Christianity as a help to humanity is a religion of effort and hope; Hinduism and Buddhism are religions of resigned acceptance or of despair. They were true interpreters of Asiatic man's despondency of the possibilities of existence in the age in which they arose. They are growing to be fundamentally at variance with the new life which we are awakening in India. I believe that Hinduism is still sufficiently plastic to adapt itself to this new world; that it has in it enough of the *vis edicatrix naturæ* to cast disused doctrines, and to develop new ones. But the process must be slow and difficult. Christianity comes to the Indian races in an age of new activity and hopefulness as a fully equipped religion of effort and hope. And it comes to them in a spirit of conciliation which it did not disclose before. It thus presents its two most practical claims on human acceptance. For although to a fortunate majority Christianity may be a religion of faith, yet I think that to most of us it is rather a religion of hope and charity.

As regards Sir William Hunter's high place as a historian, "The India of the Queen" was not needed to confirm it. The MONTHLY REVIEW pointed out last April, when a batch of no less than seven volumes of reprinted essays was received for reviewing, that it is not the best way of arriving at the mind of an author. In this volume Sir William Hunter appears too generally optimistic, which he was not when he was writing serious history. Mr. Skrine, who was his biogragher, is, in his Preface, as usual, too eager; it is unnecessary to quote the remark that Sir William Hunter was "the discoverer of India in as real a sense as the early navi-

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gators who carried home such wondrous tales of its glory;" it is enough to say that Sir William Hunter's name will live on the roll of the historians, discoverers all, who have succeeded the Grand Old Dryasdust James Mill as historians of British India. Great credit is due to Lady Hunter for her selection and search among contemporary Indian journals; "The Pilgrim Scholar" and "The Ruin of Aurungzeb" are two more vivid studies added to the domain of the prose poem.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by John C. Tarver. Vol. I. 1870–1878. (Constable, 15*s.* net.)—M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" is likely to be the standard work on French history of thirty years ago, so far as a writer living so near the time can gather up in one and see in their due proportion events of such magnitude and import. He compares his own work to that of Henri Martin. The difference is that Henri Martin is a philosopher and M. Hanotaux a politician, though not a partisan; and having at the same time a dramatic imagination he has evoked a central figure of great dignity and interest, M. Thiers, the saviour of society and founder of the Republic. The book might almost be styled "The Thiersiad," so completely does the protagonist hold the stage. The modern world is inclined perhaps to underrate Thiers and to see his littlenesses rather than his greatness. France, in the crisis of her fate, has always needed and found a master hand, and she found it in Thiers. He rose at once to the need of his position, and grasped with no uncertain hand the hazardous power entrusted to him by the chances of disaster and revolutions.

He showed no weakness in the suppression of the Communard revolt; if anything, he is to be blamed for allowing his military instruments to act with too little control. If he had been a soldier, he would have led the party of order to attack the forts. Being a civilian and new to the headship of a nation which easily sets up and puts down its chiefs, he showed no resentment at the dragonades of General Gallifet, and

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permitted or encouraged the horrors of the Conseils de Guerre.

> If the chiefs for the most part escaped, the satellites or simple National Guards were cruelly punished. The number of men who perished in this horrible fray, without any other form of law, is estimated at 17,000. The cemeteries, the squares, private or public gardens, saw trenches opened in which nameless corpses were deposited, without register and without list, by thousands. The Councils of War condemned to various penalties nearly 10,000 persons. The number of denunciations was 350,000; the number of trials nearly 47,000. When one part of the nation rises up against the nation itself, and that, too, in the presence of the stranger, an unexampled fury takes possession of the whole social body. It fears its end. It is convulsed before the imminent danger. It strikes at the elements which are separating themselves. It strikes at itself, and blindly inflicts on itself the cruellest wounds. Its wrath is but slowly appeased. Paris cruelly expiated the faults into which she was hurled by light-headed men and criminals. Paris lost 80,000 citizens.
>
> After the heroism and the sufferings of the siege Paris did not deserve so cruel a fate. Pp. 227-8.

Such things, it seems, must always take place in France when revolutions are to be put down; we had rather wonder than judge; but we may feel regret for the fate of Rossel and for the multitudes who perished unjudged and unnamed.

The difficulties of M. Thiers only began after the suppression of the Commune. Abroad, he had to face the vast questions of delimitation of frontiers, settlement and payment of the enormous war fine to Germany, emancipation of French territory occupied by the foreigner, and alleviation of the hardships incurred by the captive provinces.

At home, he had to re-create the army and renew its organization; to deal with the relation of Paris to the great towns and the country; to establish order and with it public confidence; to hold a balance in the combat of religion and politics, and the rival claims of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans to settle the Constitution; and of the Assembly to settle the Republic. This settled, he had to fight every point of the Republican Constitution, the definition

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and confirmation of the President's powers and his relation to the Assembly and the Ministers, and to meet, traversing and running through everything, the incalculable vagaries of experiment without experience, theory without practical compromise; domination of the phrase of the hour domination of the man of the hour; assertion of dogma without the means of enforcing it; the power of ridicule, the division and subdivision of parties and groups; such as these were the difficulties of M. Thiers, and of any man who aspires to rule France at a crisis. To have surmounted them all gives him the right to be called a great statesman; to have trusted and helped him in the gigantic task testifies to the greatness of the nation which he guided into the haven.

His fall was dramatic. He was cried out upon as a dictator and oppressor, but it was at a time when strong action was necessary; he was called a traitor by the men of the "Bordeaux Compact," entered upon in the interest of the Orleanist Monarchy as a "neutral ground," and converted by Thiers into an established Republic with himself at the head as President. He may have been an opportunist, but he was no traitor. His own argument was never answered: "There is only one throne, and there are three claimants"; but this did not prevent Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Orleanists from combining to overthrow him. His "loyal experiment," the experiment of the "Conservative Republic," was not accepted; it was thought that the President took too much upon himself when he refused to consider the Republic as an open question. He pleased neither party. He was neither a Sovereign, nor a Prime Minister, nor a constitutional cipher. He had ruled France at the crisis of her fate; he could not leave public affairs to transact themselves without him. This little Cromwell in spectacles was too powerful to be trusted with power. He had done so much that he would not consent to lay down power; and as he had not, like the greater Cromwell, got an army at his back, he could be removed from a position in which he was felt to be a difficulty and a possible cause of

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danger, both by the Monarchists and by the extreme Republicans, who saw in his "Conservative Republic" the ideal of the *bourgeoisie*.

Mr. Tarver's translation is very faithful — too faithful, indeed. We seem to be listening to M. le Comte de Florac when we read such Gallicisms as "the subscribers streamed to the wickets," "much surrounded and distributing indications," "one of the highest physiognomies of the Republican party," "the conquered majority pared his nails." To render French words by English words is not the same thing as to translate from French into English; students of French like to read books in French, and the English-reading public should be served in their own language. But, discounting this defect, we are grateful to Mr. Tarver for putting so important a book in the hands of English readers.

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> "This world so wide,
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried."

It would be strange if the weary Titan was not, at seasons, conscious of that "tired feeling" which is libellously stated to be the special birth-mark of his children in Sydney, Australia. One of these hours, I am told, came to many in this country after the South African War had dragged its slow length along to its appointed end. Together with a natural reaction came the equally natural wish on the part of social reformers at home to devote themselves once more to the problem of the condition of England. They were anxious to give domestic reform a turn again, and let the Empire and its affairs take second place for a while. It would ill become a colonist, blessed with the right of self-government and the leisure to use it, to sneer at this desire of English reformers. I am not so heartless as to forget the gigantic claims on their energies. Selfish, indeed, would be the part played by Britons beyond the seas if they did not sympathise with the labours of reformers in the Mother Country, or understand the paramount

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importance of the fights fought at Westminster for the factory hands and school children of England, or the tenant farmers of Ireland. Yet it would appear that the innings of certain postponed social questions is not to begin just yet. When you own an Empire you are apt to be reminded of it at the most unexpected times. This is all the more likely when the Empire's most daring and popular statesman is determined that you shall not forget it.

With the feeling of impatience above hinted at a colonist writing on Imperial subjects has perforce to reckon. Relatives —even affectionate relatives—cannot draw closer together without the possibility of some little friction. When the younger members of a family grow old enough to express views with freedom they may now and again irritate their elders. The old folks may be tempted to recall their own self-sacrifice and forbearance in the past; the young folks are prone to dwell upon their claim to rank as adults, with a right to opinions and a hearing. There are moments when tact and good humour are needed on both sides.

The burst of generous English applause which welcomed the aid volunteered by the Colonies in the Boer War has been succeeded by a certain reaction. There have been signs of restiveness in not a few newspapers—a restiveness that takes the form of suggesting that where the Empire is concerned the Colonies are inclined to say too much and pay too little. "We are told in season and out," say protesting Britons, "to value gratefully the affection of our Colonies. But this much-bragged-of affection does not induce them to contribute a farthing towards the Empire's army outside their own local forces, or more than a yearly three hundred thousand or so to the upkeep of the navy which we maintain to guard their shores. Their fiscal policy, too, is unfriendly. They make full use of England's open door, and in return keep their own doors three parts shut. Their tariff barriers rise higher and higher, and are built up with so much skill and pains as to shut out the British manufacturer." Protests to this effect, almost

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in these words, I read from time to time in this or that newspaper. Lately they have appeared more often than usual. But they are no new thing. Nor is the feeling they give voice to confined to any special political section; at one time the military party express it; at another, some of the friends of peace and free trade. Just now it finds utterance as part of the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's vision of fiscal Imperialism.

I do not wish to hint that these feelings are acute. Usually they do not go further in expression than a little good-humoured growling. Now and then, however, they do go further. And it might be a mistake to ignore symptoms because they are not violent. If in what I am writing I try to meet some of the complaints above hinted at, and put the case from a colonist's point of view, it must not be supposed that I forget for a moment the immense reserve of goodwill which England has for her daughters. Nor, however warm some passing controversy may grow, have colonists any business to ignore the historic debt they owe the Mother Country. Men who grow up in young countries, well fed, well clothed, educated, with room to turn round in, and enjoying peace, social freedom and self-government, are sometimes, it may be, apt to take these good things a little too much as matters of course. They look upon them as natural rights, and are tempted to think hastily that England in giving her Colonies full scope to work out their own destinies only did them simple justice. It may be so. But how often in history have the strong been fully just to the weak, and the great indulgent to the small? The record of the relations of Mother Countries and Colonies, from those of Corinth with Corcyra to those of Spain with Cuba, is often so melancholy that students who try to learn lessons from history are sometimes disposed to claim, that for the last two generations the daughter States of Great Britain have held the most fortunate of mankind. That being so, it is the duty of friends of the Imperial bond at once to meet with fair argument anything that appears to make for

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irritation. The lot of the Colonies has been so lucky among nations, the growth of their relations with England so happy, that a hundred reasons exist on both sides for not impairing the good feeling which has quickened and increased, and which was never better or stronger than it is now. We all—home-staying Britons and colonists alike—belong to a proud and rather sensitive race. Eighteen hundred years ago Tacitus in the life of Agricola wrote a passage which is thus rendered by the Elizabethan translator, Sir Henry Savile:

> The Britans endure levies of men and money and all other burdens imposed by the Empire patiently and willingly, if insolencies be foreborne; indignities they cannot abide.

This is still the way of the "Britans," whether dwelling in the northern hemisphere or the southern. If I plead for a patient hearing from the colonial point of view, I only ask for what colonists on their side should be prepared to give. I ask with confidence, because leading Englishmen and the best English newspapers habitually show a consideration for the Colonies which cannot be too fully acknowledged.

To begin with, then, let me point out, with all respect, that if, nowadays, colonists are found expressing opinions on English affairs, Englishmen have ever talked in the freest way of Colonies and colonists. Formerly Great Britain not only ruled the Empire, but, as far as Imperial policy went, governed it. She might make concessions to colonial public opinion, but these concessions were temporary or local. They were slowly and sparingly made—especially where they touched on the interests or sentiment of any foreign country. The self-governing Colonies were occasionally snubbed, and more often thought they were. They were reminded that they were small, unarmed, inferior communities—above all, that while the hospitality of the parental mansion would not be denied them, they must not give themselves the airs of "paying guests." Polite but chilly British officials kept colonial governments in their proper places. British journals gave them fatherly advice,

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delivered as from a pinnacle of infinite altitude—advice which often had the supremely intolerable quality of being logical. Above all, British tourists visited them, scanned them, and wrote books about them. When these note-taking globe-trotters were young Britons—and more often than not they were youthful—they were sometimes very hard to endure. For many years any colonist who was at all thin-skinned often had cause to writhe under the patronising virtue of politicians and journalists, and the social condescensions of nobodies. If, nowadays, John Bull grumbles that his children talk to him too much like equals, it must not be forgotten that, through the nineteenth century, the children had to put up with much plain speaking. Even now there are British newspapers which treat them regularly to heavy lectures illuminated with flashes of insolence. Their domestic politics, their social experiments, the character and manners of their public men, are treated in the freest fashion week by week in British journals. Above all, their finances and industrial condition are the subjects of unceasing criticism; and though this criticism is often fair, and occasionally well-informed, it is sometimes crudely ignorant and sensational. As long as the Colonies come to London to borrow money they must expect that their finances will be scrutinised, not always favourably. This they understand. None the less, they are stung and exasperated when money articles take the form of libels penned by writers who obviously do not know the A B C of their subject. Such attacks may do far worse than wound colonial pride. As a mere matter of business, the good opinion of Great Britain is of immense importance to young and indebted communities. A financial scare at home may precipitate a commercial crisis at the antipodes. The Australian Bank crash of 1893 broke many hearts and filled many graves.

Again, Democracy in Australia and New Zealand runs its course in ways that to Englishmen often seem strange and curious. A certain amount of critical interest is now being taken in these experiments. A number of English newspapers

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publish periodical letters from correspondents in the Colonies, dealing chiefly with them and with finance and industry. With but one or two exceptions, these gentlemen are anything but champions of the popular side in their respective communities. In consequence, that side seldom gets a fair hearing in this country. For this and other reasons one meets the quaintest and most unflattering views here about public life in the Colonies. I do not say for a moment that English speakers and English newspapers are not within their rights in criticising and trying to influence the course of colonial party politics. All I say is, that if they do this—and they do it every day—they ought not to wince if colonists talk and write freely about Imperial affairs, or even about British affairs when these blend with Imperial.

Passing from the suggestion that colonists are tending to be intrusive, I go to the much more serious complaint that they do not bear their fair share of the Empire's burdens. This is not to be disposed of airily. At first sight the case against us is very strong. We share with the taxpayers of these islands the protection of the British fleet and army, but towards the enormous cost of these defences we contribute what to the average Briton appears the veriest pittance. Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony pay £290,000 a year towards the navy. Little Natal gives £35,000; large Canada has only got to the stage of undertaking to organise a naval reserve. On land defence we spend about two millions a year, all locally. This, which seems a good deal to us, seems little enough to those who find the sixty-nine millions voted by the House of Commons at the demand of the Admiralty and the War Office.

There are English writers who are tempted to dwell with a touch of bitterness on the comparative well-being of the masses in the Colonies. They are comfortable, say these critics, because they escape the terrible weight of war taxation. Not long ago, a well-known Scotchman taunted a New Zealander in London by telling him that the people of his

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colony enjoyed Old Age Pensions at the Mother Country's expense.

Our answer to the charge of something like meanness is threefold. In the first place, the navy and army are almost entirely kept on foot for the defence of the United Kingdom, of Britain's trade, and of the vast tropical empire which belongs to Britain, and with which the white Colonies have virtually nothing to do. If Canada, Cape Colony, Australia, and New Zealand were to cease to belong to the Empire it is not likely that the British army would be reduced by a corps or the navy by a squadron. The Empire's war risks are not made by the self-governing Colonies. Few of the greater diplomatic troubles are of their making. It was Fashoda, not the Newfoundland shore or the New Hebrides, which brought England within measurable distance of war with France. Canada's interests have never been allowed to lead to war with the United States, and are not in the least likely to do so. In the Pacific the utmost care has been taken that the aspirations of Australia and New Zealand should not breed international trouble: almost everything which Germany, France, and the States have asked for has been given them. The late South African War, whatever be its merits or demerits, was not forced on England by Cape Colony. On the contrary, it is notorious that, had the issue rested with the Cape Government of 1899, there would have been no war. In truth, the feeling that the autonomous Colonies don't pay their fair quota towards the common defence is at least partly due to the habit of confusing them with tropical dependencies like Nigeria, half-way houses such as Egypt, Asiatic possessions such as the Malay States, and conquered countries like the new Boer provinces. Looked at fairly, the self-governing Colonies are not, and for many reasons have not been, a burden to the British taxpayer.

It may still be argued that they are a burden to the Foreign Office, and that the need for safeguarding their interests complicates foreign policy. But the history of

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diplomacy, as it has affected the Pacific since 1840, shows that Britain is in practice very far from permitting the ambitions of self-governing Colonies to endanger her relations with foreign Powers. I do not suggest that any of the groups of Polynesian or Melanesian islands which have gone to this or that European rival would have been worth a European war. I do believe that ordinary diplomatic attention might have protected valuable trading and other interests of ours. These in some cases have been sacrificed through sheer neglect. And if, in the past, Australia and New Zealand have had something to complain of, Canada's case has been much more serious. For four generations, from 1783 onwards, she has had the worst of almost every arrangement made between England and those hardest of bargainers, the people of the Stars and Stripes. The Halifax and Behring Sea settlements are almost the only exceptions I can call to mind. Canada is bitterly disappointed just now with her new Alaskan frontier. There would not be so much in that, if she had not had much greater reason to be angry with former boundary arrangements. Real as their anger is at this moment, the Canadians are not a hysterical people. The Alaskan decision is so incomparably less disastrous to them than former settlements, that it is not in the least likely to be the last straw upon the back of their loyalty. They know that Lord Alverstone is not responsible for the act of the sinister patrician who in 1783 gave Adams and Franklin whole territories which they did not expect to get; or for the flinging away of Oregon; or for the remark, put in the mouth of a certain British Commissioner, that he "didn't think much of a few degrees of latitude."

In South Africa the chief instance of a possible collision between a self-governing colony and a foreign Power—the difference between Germany and Cape Colony about Damara Land—was promptly settled by an enormous concession to Germany. History, indeed, shows how little risk there is, or has been, of Great Britain impulsively allowing her self-governing Colonies to drag her into war.

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A colonist, again, may be pardoned for pointing out that the present division of the Imperial burden, unequal as it may be, is England's own doing. It was part of her deliberate policy when she granted the Colonies almost complete freedom to manage their own internal business, but retained the control of Imperial affairs in her own hands. Started in the race of life by this wise and, as it has turned out, generous policy, the self-governing Colonies have grown and prospered. Their freedom has been a good thing for themselves; but then it has not been a bad thing for England. And though, in the end, the plan of throwing us on our own resources has proved the best possible course for us, it must be remembered that when England adopted it, she adopted it in part to relieve herself.[1] Before 1850, what are now the autonomous Colonies had given her a good deal of trouble and cost her a good deal of money. When her statesmen granted us our constitutions, most of them thought it the first step towards "cutting the painter." In the next place, a colonist is not, as an Imperial unit, on a level with a Briton. Englishmen rule others as well as their own land. The coloured subjects of Britain are ruled; the colonists occupy a middle position; they manage their own affairs, but do not rule other people. Nay, even in the management of their own affairs they have certain restrictions imposed upon them, and are subject to the veto of the Colonial Office. Their acts are occasionally disallowed. Thanks to abundant good feeling on both sides, this arrangement works well. If, however, we were called upon to contribute to the upkeep of the Imperial forces at the same rate per head as the people of the United Kingdom—or at anything like the same rate—the present arrangement could not go on. Colonists

[1] Mr. Cobden, for instance, speaking in 1849 of his efforts largely to reduce expenditure and give relief, especially to the agricultural classes, said: "It is with that view that I have directed attention to our Colonies, showing how you might be carrying on the principle of Free Trade, give to the Colonies self-government, and charge them with the expense of their own government."

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would expect to have not merely the complete control of their domestic affairs, but a full share in controlling the tropical dependencies, and in directing the Empire's foreign policy. In other words, a Federal Parliament or Legislative Council would have to be set up, ranking above the British Parliament. In such a body one-third of the seats might have to be assigned to the Colonies. Are Britons yet prepared to see so much of their Imperial sovereignty pass into their children's hands? Will not England, as yet, rather hold the sceptre? And what of the Colonies?—are they ready to pay the heavy price which may be justly asked of them if they are to take their place in the Empire's ruling council? I do not think that either side is yet resolved to face the consequences of the change. The navy and army are often spoken of as amongst the chief links of the Empire. In a sense they are. It remains, however, that their cost is, perhaps, the chief obstacle to the rapid attainment of federation—just as a thorough State organisation of intra-imperial transit and transport might be the strongest stimulus of it. No sober colonial statesman, with a due sense of responsibility, can avoid pausing before asking his fellow-colonists to shoulder a load anything like that frightful burden which militarism lays on the backs of the peoples of Europe.

The truth is, that the chief difficulty in the path of the sincere federalist is that the Colonies' position is so very advantageous. Constitutionally, as I have said, their status is inferior to that of Britons. In practice they are so engrossed in their own affairs, and their superior, the Mother Country, judiciously interferes with them so little, that their technical inferiority is hidden and usually forgotten. True, they are exposed to be involved in wars in which they have no concern and which they may dislike. But England's policy is so peaceful that almost half a century has passed away since her last war with a first-class Power. The Colonies' risk, therefore, seems small. Meanwhile, they have the comfortable feeling that the whole force of England is there to protect them against wanton aggression. What would be their case

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if they were cast off from the Empire? Fairly secure as they would be from attempts at conquest, they would have to spend more on harbour defences and mounted riflemen than they spend now; and Australia, New Zealand, and Canada might find it expedient to enter into some sort of league with the United States. They have no desire for anything of that kind. Fortunately, it is only wasting time to speculate about such a contingency. For the Colonies to "cut the painter" is, to the minds of this generation, unthinkable.

If I have here spoken plainly on the greatness of the military obstacle to federation, it is because there is no use in shutting one's eyes to facts. The Colonies, though ready to increase gradually their outlay on defence, cannot contribute to the Imperial forces on the same basis as the United Kingdom; nor will the United Kingdom federate, so long as the Colonies will only pay about what they pay now. And, frankly, a defence-tax, uniformly assessed throughout the white communities of the Empire, is out of the question; at any rate, while the army and navy cost anything like what they cost to-day. The gradual growth of pacific sense in Europe may enable the present prodigious war-tax to be cut down. Wise Imperialists should pray for this. In the meantime, as the Colonies become peopled it may seem more and more worth England's while to offer them a liberal compromise on war-taxation, and so pave the way for federation. The Colonies—*pace* Mr. Carnegie—are growing and will grow. Already they hold more than one-fifth of the whites of the Empire. As this proportion becomes a fourth and then a third, the old sense of inequality between mother and daughters must gradually die away. For a good many years I have believed that an All-British Parliament, set up by the free and deliberate will of its constituents, would be a fair sight and a hopeful beacon to mankind. I still have faith that I shall see it, though not now.

A word or two on the suggestion that the Protectionist Colonies are ungrateful, and, so far as their tariffs go, unfriendly to England. Admittedly, the Mother Country is their best

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market; admittedly also they have taxed her manufactured goods. Until lately they gave her no advantage over any of her foreign competitors. Even now, only Canada and South Africa have granted her preferences, though New Zealand is moving, and the Australian Government has promised to move in that direction. But do not exaggerate the exclusive policy of the Colonies. Do not speak of their tariffs as though they were the kind of walls which are built up round Russia, the United States, France and Germany! Compare the two sides of the following table:—

AVERAGE RATE PER CENT. OF DUTIES LEVIED ON CHIEF IMPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

Russia	130	Canada	16
United States	72	New Zealand	9
France	30	Australia	7
Germany	25	South Africa	6

Sir Robert Giffen, in a letter to the *Times*, argued the other day that it was doubtful whether the so-called Protectionist Colonies could truly be termed either Protectionist or manufacturing. His letter went to show that colonial tariffs are to a large extent expedients for raising indirect taxation, and that colonial manufacturing is a stunted growth. Though I am disposed to hold that our Protectionism is something more than a thin coating of jam disguising a large dose of taxation, I agree that, as Protectionists, we are, if compared with Europeans and Americans, but feeble folk.[1] Our large and growing consumption of British manufactures is the best evidence of this, and is a very fair answer to any charge that we are ungrateful for the English open door. In proportion to our population, we are John Bull's best customers. We are

[1] Sir Edmund Barton, speaking of the new Australian Customs tariff, has said: "It is lower than was the tariff of Victoria and of Queensland. It is lower than the tariff of New Zealand. It is much lower than the tariff of Canada, and it is immeasurably lower than the tariff of the United States. To say that it is an absolutely high Protectionist tariff, and almost prohibitive, is absurd."

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taking steps to secure him in this advantage. Can more justly be asked of us? England did not adopt Free Trade in a spirit of international philanthropy, but in a spirit of enlightened self-regard. We, in our industrial infancy, adopted Protection, not in order to be disagreeable, but because we want to be nations and not merely plantations. English newspapers note the quiet way in which the Colonies are looking on at the excitement of the fiscal struggle here. In the eyes of some of those who believe that taxes on the food of the English poor would be cruel, colonists may seem callous. On the other hand, some of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters may think them sluggish. Both sides, however, may fairly make allowance for our point of view. We look on the parent country as a fiscal unit. Should she approach us with proposals for a commercial treaty—for that is virtually what reciprocal tariff arrangements would amount to—we should conclude that she had decided that the step was to the advantage of her own people. It is not for us to answer the hard question of what is best for the British masses. The electors of this country have their destiny in their own hands. For us, the voice of the majority in these islands is the voice of the nation. It must be so. That is precisely how Englishmen look on Canada and Australia. If England approaches these she will find them ready, I imagine, to meet her at a business conference in a spirit of fair give and take. Just now they are watching to see what England will do, and naturally reserve a free hand as to details. Mr. Chamberlain himself recognises that they cannot allow protected industries vital to their development to be endangered. If Mr. Chamberlain's "great vision of the guarded mount," his scheme of a protected Empire, has not worked up colonists to fever heat, I must again remind your readers that a putting on or taking off of five or ten per cent. duties does not, with us, amount to a fiscal revolution. In this country it does. To colonial Protectionists it would wear the look of an ordinary piece of business. They are accustomed to see duties put up or put down, imposed or abolished. Used

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as they are to imposts ranging from ten to thirty per cent., suggested duties of five or ten per cent. do not seem to them at all startling or formidable. As for Mr. Chamberlain personally, they know that he wishes them well. A large majority of them think him the most sympathetic and vigorous English statesman with whom they have ever had to deal. If he should visit them and speak to them face to face, as he speaks to Birmingham, he would have a brilliant reception. It would make no difference that he is out of office. The man still interests them quite as much as did the Minister. But, as I have said, the assumption in the Colonies would be that he came with a reasonable bargain in his hand, a bargain profitable for England to offer and for us to accept—nothing more startling than that.

I have spoken of an Imperial Legislature as something not yet near at hand. And, indeed, the federation of the Empire, or some approach thereto, has been advocated for twenty years without leading to any tangible constitutional change. We seem no nearer any representative assembly than we were in the days of W. E. Forster. Even the great outburst of loyalty evoked by the South African crisis bore no fruit of this kind. We have lately witnessed the failure of a not very resolute attempt to transform the Privy Council into an adequate Imperial tribunal. And we have seen two conferences of Colonial Prime Ministers in London, presided over by the Colonial Secretary, but not attended by the British Prime Minister. The occasions of these conferences were ceremonial, a jubilee and a coronation. It is, however, suggested that they should be held every four years as a matter of business. Possibly this will come about, for such conferences have two special recommendations. They appeal to the public imagination here, and they are not distasteful to the Colonial Governments. Hitherto one of the chief difficulties in the way of getting together some sort of Imperial body—even consultative merely—to do any business has been the natural distrust felt by the Governments of distant demo-

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cracies of empowering anybody to act for them on the other side of the world. This distrust has been shared by their Parliaments and is reflected in colonial newspapers, where you may sometimes read mysterious hints thrown out about "subtle influences" which may be brought to bear on colonial delegates in this "seductive and brilliant metropolis." Doubtless this suspiciousness is dying down, or the Premiers themselves might not have been so ready to come here as they happily have been. Certainly the experiences of the Conferences of 1897 and 1902 ought to give it the *coup de grâce*. No one could accuse the Premiers who attended these gatherings of anything like subserviency. If, then, colonists have learned to look upon a council in London without suspicion we may yet live to see the setting up of a permanent advisory council of the White Empire. I say nothing for the present of India or the East. The periodical conferences of Premiers, so far from clashing with such a body, apply a new reason for having it. It would be ancillary to them. The time at the disposal of the visiting Premiers is but short; the claims upon it in London and the provinces are endless; hospitality is poured out upon them with a lavishness in keeping with British traditions. Providentially, colonial politicians are wont to be stout of frame and strong of head. But in a whirl of festivities which it would not be gracious or politic of them to shun, their time is apt to be trenched upon. In any case they cannot spend many weeks here. After a month they begin to be conscious that voices are calling across the sea—voices of departments, electors, or newspapers, and they grow as restless in London as any of Mr. Kipling's home-come warriors thinking of the East. A Premiers' conference may meet assiduously, and the discussions may be long and weighty. But the list of Imperial questions which come up for consideration is certain to present features which it is scarcely possible to deal with finally in a few weeks. What adds to the difficulty of the situation is that the Prime Ministers have probably not seen each other for years, and are about to

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separate not to meet again for years. Something is wanted to fill up the gaps between conference and conference; to prepare information and digest questions for the periodical gatherings; to thresh out business which may be referred to it by any conference. At the present time there is no body of experts whose business it is to probe Imperial questions. There is no department of the Empire. The Colonial Office is busied with the management of the Crown Colonies. The permanent officials of the self-governing Colonies have their hands full of local affairs. The sifting of Imperial questions is apt to be left to newspapers and magazines, to leagues, pamphleteers, and after-dinner speakers. How very far all these are in normal times from getting to the bottom of questions and educating either a Government or a people we know from recent experience. A Zollverein of the Empire, or some approach to it, has been talked and written about by well-meaning amateurs for something like a generation. How much did the average elector know of the matter when Mr. Chamberlain flashed his scheme upon their surprised eyes four months ago? Or, to pass from the average elector, how many politicians were there here or in the Colonies who had tried to think the Imperial fiscal problem out with any thoroughness? At the beginning of this year I ventured to write an unsigned article in the organ of the British Empire League, and therein to make the suggestion that an Imperial advisory council would be a proper body to take in hand an inquiry into such questions as fiscal arrangements between Britain and the Colonies. The article fell dead; I daresay no one read it; and the fiscal question has since been brought up in quite a different manner. I am not, however, convinced, even now, that my respectful and unnoticed suggestion was altogether wrong. An advisory council properly constituted would, at any rate, be under no suspicion of partisanship. It would be composed of men of experience representing the United Kingdom and the self-governing white Colonies. Some of the representatives of the Mother Country might be retired public servants

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who had served England across the seas; others might be what Mr. Morley would call Old Englanders. The colonial delegates would probably be men with some knowledge of English life and feeling. Most of the members of such a council would have some common bonds of sympathy; most of them would be ready to give and take to some small extent, and would be anxious to do good work. But, as they could not legislate or administer, no Government and no public would have reason to suspect them. They would be a kind of permanent Royal Commission at the service of the Empire, and especially at the service of the quadrennial Premiers' conferences. To set up such a body would not be a revolutionary stride; to propose it would scarcely excite enthusiasm. But to carry out the plan sincerely, and at the same time to reform the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, might, in my humble opinion, do Imperial efficiency a real service.

W. P. Reeves.

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THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

THERE is nothing new in attacks on the Cavalry. It is indeed an arm that has never been flattered by much encouragement in time of peace.

The lines of the modern Tyrtæus—

> Then it's "Tommy this" and "Tommy that," and "Tommy, how's your soul?"
> But it's "Thin red line of heroes" when the drums begin to roll—

apply perhaps more closely to the Cavalry than to the soldiers of any other arm.

That the days of Cavalry are over we have heard from some quarters for many a year, and even in war-time—at the beginning—before war experience had reasserted itself, we heard not long ago, on very high authority indeed, that unmounted men were "preferred"!

It is quite interesting to trace the successive lines, so to say, of entrenchments from which the opponents of the Cavalry have been driven.

From the day of Cavalry being over and unmounted men preferred, the first retreat was upon Mounted Infantry. If horsemen we must have, let them be Mounted Infantry—indifferent riders: horse only a conveyance, but shooting and walking all in all. This did well enough at home, but under the stress of war bad horsemanship gives sore backs, and the best of shots is of little value when he arrives too late. So they

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fall back again, this time, on the "Mounted Rifleman" whose horsemanship is all right, good enough even for charging if he had a suitable weapon, which he has not, and must miss many a fine opportunity and run many a deadly risk thereby.

For the gentlemen who say the days of shock tactics are over (among whom are included neither General Delarey nor the Burghers cut through with sword and lance by General French's Cavalry Division on the way to Kimberley; nor, more important than all, any one of our possible future enemies) seem to have a vague idea that to abandon the *arme blanche* is to abolish shock tactics. As well might a banker expect that by discharging his watchman and selling his shutters he would abolish burglary!

It is, on the contrary, evident that, so far from abolishing shock tactics, nothing more encourages their use than to leave one's own sword and lance at home; so much so indeed that, as in the case of a famous specific for a bald head, it will even produce them where they were unknown before: as witness the later days of the war, when our much-advertised abandonment of those weapons induced even the Boers, without either drill or arms for the purpose, to charge, and charge home!

But although abandonment of the *arme blanche* does not abolish, but even promotes, the use of shock tactics, it cannot be said that it is without effect. On the contrary, it produces an effect both definite and unvarying. For charging it substitutes being charged!

But, as said before, neither in such attacks on Cavalry, nor in the replies to them, is there anything either new or very important. But what is both new and of the most vital importance, is the fact that, for the first time in the history of the army, propositions hitherto considered as the outcome of ignorance or prejudice have been adopted, and even brought into practice by the highest authority! An Army Order has been issued which announces that the firearm, hitherto by British as by most foreign Cavalry relegated to the second place, "will henceforth be considered as the Cavalry soldier's principal

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weapon"; and which, although it does not actually abolish the *arme blanche* and turn the Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, goes so far in the spirit of such a change that it retains only the sword, a weapon which in its present form is notoriously inefficient, while it abolishes for all practical purposes the lance, which, however opinions may differ on other points, certainly enjoys above all other weapons the distinction of being hated and feared by every enemy against whom it has been employed.

Now, whatever the Cavalry itself may think, and however futile the arguments for the substitution of Mounted Infantry for Cavalry may hitherto have been, it cannot be denied that so complete a reversal of previous methods and beliefs, when effected on the authority of an officer so experienced as the present Commander-in-Chief, seems as if it might fairly awaken the highest hopes.

For it is not as if there were any element of imitation, or even of the companionship, of the armies of our rivals in this new departure. On the contrary, they steadfastly adhere to the methods which under the proposed changes we abandon; a divergence so acute that it must obviously confer on one side or the other an advantage which may well be decisive; nor did it at first seem unreasonable to hope that that side might be our own.

For, overwhelming as the preponderance of European military opinion against him may be, it is the British Commander-in-Chief, and not foreign experts, who has had the benefit of the latest experience under modern conditions, experience which seemed fairly to justify the hope that, profound students of warfare as they are, it would be his methods, not theirs, that would win success. It is deeply disappointing to be forced to admit that that hope must now be abandoned. For a Memorandum has been issued from the same source giving reasons and arguments for the change, which, among other surprising things, states distinctly that it is not from the Boer War, but from the wars of the past century that they have been drawn; that, in short, the lance is to

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be abolished, and the rifle given the first place in consideration of the very data which so far have led all European nations, including ourselves, to the opposite conclusion.

But, astonishing as all this is, disappointment may well become dismay when we find that the Memorandum, instead of the decision, or at any rate the summing-up of a judge, resembles rather the special pleading of an advocate; instead of the fresh conclusions based on new data of an unbiased leader, gives us the stale and hollow arguments, the false assumptions, and unsound conclusions with which the prejudice of partisans has long rendered us too familiar.

The Memorandum is divided into six headings, viz.: (1) "Cavalry Armament." (2) "Cavalry *v.* Cavalry." (3) "Cavalry *v.* Infantry and Artillery." (4) "Pursuit by Cavalry." (5) "Objections." (6) "Armament and Equipment." From the very first sentence under the first heading it betrays a complete lack of appreciation of Cavalry ideals. "The question of Armament," it says, "is of such vital importance to the efficiency of that branch that I have thought it desirable to analyse the part taken by Cavalry in the wars of the past century in order to satisfy myself whether the sword or lance or the firearm had proved the most effective weapon."

It has been said that a German can seldom speak French properly, because he even opens his mouth to speak in a different way to a Frenchman; and in the same way the Memorandum here, at the very start, takes a firm and decided hold of the wrong end of the stick! For the importance of armament to the Cavalry is not vital.

It is obvious, of course, in a general way, that to combatants of any kind armament must be of great moment, but when as much as this platitude covers is once admitted, the fact remains that not only is it not vital to Cavalry, but that it is one of the distinctive attributes of that branch that it is the only branch of the Service of which this can be said.

To Artillery, armament is absolutely vital; to Infantry, hardly less so; but so little is this the case with the Cavalry

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that it has even been stated by officers of the highest experience and position that if a really first-class Cavalry regiment were armed only with broomsticks they would still be efficient. And though some element of exaggeration may enter here, the statement none the less emphasises the fact that the horse, and no other arm, is the principal weapon of the Cavalry, mobility the one characteristic which is vital to its success.

So much for the inauspicious start made by the very first words of the Memorandum; the remainder of the argument, under the heading of *Cavalry Armament*, may be left till we come to the details.

Next comes *Cavalry* v. *Cavalry*, in which it is attempted to prove that the fire of Cavalry is of more importance than their use of the *arme blanche*, and which certainly contains some statements which nobody can deny.

That "if two Cavalries, both employing *l'arme blanche*, are opposed to one another, the stronger body, if well handled, will soon gain the upper hand," is as obvious as it is that if one side is victorious the other must get the worst of it, though one would hardly have thought that the first statement, any more than the other, was worthy of a place in the serious argument of so high an authority.

But the assumptions and deductions attempted to be made under this heading are less fortunate.

The drift of the argument, indeed, is so far from clear that it is necessary to turn at once to the conclusion assumed to be drawn from it before one can grasp its tendency.

"The conclusion to be deduced, therefore," it observes, "is that when large bodies of Cavalry employed to cover the fronts of their armies encounter each other, fire will be the main factor; but that small bodies, from their being able to act without being observed, may occasionally effect surprises and make use of shock tactics with great effect."

As the latter part of this contains nothing new, and is contested by no one, the first contention, that for large bodies

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of Cavalry fire will in future be the main factor, alone merits attention, and it is with great interest that we turn to examine the facts and arguments which are to prove that the universal practice of the past, and the preparations of all our rivals for the future, are alike mistaken.

But we turn in vain, for, astonishing to relate, nothing of the kind is proved at all, and the so-called "conclusion deduced" turns out to be, instead of the result of argument, the mere unsupported contention of a special pleader.

The desired conclusion could indeed be logically arrived at only by establishing one at least of two propositions—either, first, that the fire of Cavalry had proved more powerful than their shock tactics in the past; or, secondly, that, although this has not hitherto been the case, modern conditions encourage the expectation that former experience may be reversed.

Let us see how far these positions are maintained.

The proof of the first, so far from being achieved, is not even attempted; not a single instance is given where the fire of Cavalry has overcome its charge; not an argument is advanced tending in the slightest degree to convert the advocates of shock tactics to belief in the ascendency of the rifle in Cavalry combat; and the whole of more than ninety lines under this heading consists of desultory observations (many of them true enough, but of little bearing on the subject), of assumptions that are baseless and of reasoning that is inexact.

But let them speak for themselves.

The undeniable remark already quoted as to the combat of two Cavalries is followed by the observation that the weaker of the two will seek to readjust the balance by having recourse to fire. Possibly it may; the non-swimmer who finds himself in deep water will similarly seek to correct his lack of buoyancy by catching at straws! But it is certainly open to the gravest doubt whether an overpowered Cavalry far from Infantry assistance, which betook itself to fire instead of relying upon Cavalry's most vital power—mobility, would

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not be more likely to change defeat into disaster than to attain any other result.

For, be the merits of the fire action of Cavalry what they may, it is at any rate undeniable that the process is a slow one compared with mounted work; and although we have recently been familiar with situations where the exponents of fire action have had the speed of their opponents, we have yet to see the result of an attempt to carry out their tactics in the face of a Cavalry well armed and highly trained, which, on the contrary, has the speed of them.

The observations which follow, as they turn out to refer exclusively to Infantry fire, seem to have little or no bearing on the matter in question of Cavalry fire action until a chance expression in a footnote reveals that all this turns upon another fallacy—the unwarranted assumption that the fire of dismounted Cavalry can never be of equal value to that of Infantry. "There is a significant remark," says this note, "as to the value of firearms to be found" . . . in the account of the campaign of 1866. An Austrian officer writes: . . . "we should always have had the upper hand . . . if the Prussian Cavalry had not been always supported by Infantry (*i.e.*, fire)." And this is put forward as "significant" as a proof of the value of the fire of Cavalry, ignoring the all-important fact that (in spite of the expression "Infantry, *i.e.*, fire") Infantry fire and the Cavalry fire we are discussing are two entirely different things. For, setting aside the absurd disparity of the number of rifles which, reduce the horse-holders as you may, Cavalry as compared with their due proportion of Infantry can place in the field, half the horseman's heart is ever with his horse, and marksman though he may be, human nature will ensure that the man who has the power to mount and ride away will never be the equal in a tight place of the Infantryman, whose sole reliance is in his rifle, and who must do or die where he stands.

The remarks on the Cavalry of both sides in the wars in America and France bear but little on the subject, and not at

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all upon the argument, inasmuch as in both cases both sides used identical methods, and although the Americans are praised because their tactics—much like our own at present —were a combination of shock and fire, and the French and Germans blamed because they relied on shock, these instances, so far as they affect the writer's argument at all, are rather against it than otherwise, seeing that, of all four Cavalries, the only one which can be asserted to have seriously dominated its opponents is the German Cavalry of 1870, which was not only armed to a great extent with the lance, but was actually, in the case of a considerable proportion, without even a carbine.

So much for the attempt to prove the superiority of Cavalry fire over shock tactics in the past. So far, however, from there being anything surprising in the failure to prove such a proposition as this, it would have been astonishing if it had succeeded, as its sole foundation can be but the same considerations which have hitherto led all European armies to the very opposite conclusion.

The first proposition, then, has failed; the fire of Cavalry has not been proved to have been superior to shock in the past; and seeing that the author of the Memorandum expressly states that it is upon "the wars of the past century" he bases his case, it may, strictly speaking, be claimed that this failure is fatal to his entire argument.

As a matter of fact, however, it is the probabilities of the future, not the facts of the past, which are our real concern, and it may be freely admitted that on the latter failing him he may reasonably shift his ground at once to his only chance of success—the attempt to prove that the fire of Cavalry, though inferior to its charge in the past, has sufficiently improved to warrant the hope that the position may in future be reversed.

And this he forthwith proceeds to do.

"Fire," he says, "has greatly increased in range, in accuracy, and in intensity since 1870. Also, while no improvement either in horse, sabre, or lance can be looked for in the immediate future, it is acknowledged that still

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further perfection in the power of the modern rifle is practically certain."

Upon these statements rests his whole case, and it is of course undeniable that if both were true; if no improvement in the other qualities of Cavalry were possible, and if, too, the increase in the power of firearms were not only great, but also sufficient to effect so complete a reversal, his contention might be justified.

Unfortunately, in both instances, the reverse is the case. For, as regards firearms, the question is not whether improvements of a general kind have been made in the rifle. The real question, which is cleverly avoided, is whether the present rifle is more efficient than those of 1870 in the stopping of a Cavalry charge; and this part of his argument falls to the ground when it is admitted, as it must be, that it is not. It is less so. For Cavalry charges are not stopped by emptying a few, or even many saddles. Read the detailed descriptions of the very fights instanced on the next page of the Memorandum, in which Cavalry failed, and we find it was not the fall of riders, but of horses, that defeated the attack. And the modern rifle, so vastly improved in some respects, upon the improvement of which so much of the present argument depends, has one counterbalancing defect of the highest importance—it does not stop the horse!

For though a bullet may strike a vital spot, such spots are small, and every stalker who uses solid bullets in a wild country knows how seldom a vital place is hit by chance when the object is moving, even at comparatively close range. So, whereas the shock of a bullet from a Martini or a Chassepôt, still more a Snider, was apt to stop any horse, instances are not wanting to show that, with any number up to seven modern bullets in or through him, a horse may outlast a charge, and even complete his day's work.

But a Cavalry charge, like an attack by savages, must be stopped on the spot if it is stopped at all, and how much is the improvement in modern rifles worth here?

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So little, that among many of our men in Africa it became an accepted fact that rifle-fire (except of greatly overpowering numbers, or of men who were entrenched, or at any rate could not be reached by mounted men) did not stop the advance of galloping horsemen.

So much for the bearing on this question of the increase of power of firearms.

Now for the horse, the lance, and sabre, in which we are told that no improvement can be looked for!

It is a characteristic instance of the confusion and inconsequence which distinguish the Memorandum, that whereas we are here told that no improvement can be looked for in the sabre, under one of the very next headings it lays the greatest stress on the improvement that is to be made both in the sabre and its use, enumerating its present faults, and the method and importance of their correction.

But such details as these are insignificant beside the fresh proof given in this paragraph of the astonishing fact that a part at any rate of this Memorandum on Cavalry proceeds from the hand of a writer to whom the qualities which are the very essence and life of Cavalry success are things unknown and unconsidered. The rifle, he asserts, is improved; horse, sabre, and lance are not; he knows apparently of no other elements in the case, and on these he constructs his theory, forgetting, or in ignorance, that in the twin arts of horsemanship and horsemastership, making together mobility, lies an element of such overwhelming importance as to dwarf all others.

Here, to quote the Memorandum's opening words, is indeed "the question of vital importance to the efficiency of the Cavalry"; but it is not armament, but mobility! Here it is that there is room, and necessity too, for "improvement" on such a scale as to leave all improvements in arms, real or imagined, in the background.

Here, more important than all, is the direction in which the keen-sighted students of war who are our rivals in Europe have been moving and striving with all their energy for years,

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with a result which, when the time shall come, will be a revelation indeed to theorists who imagine the reform of Cavalry to be a question of arms and nothing more.

Perhaps, however, a faint suspicion that he is astray assails the author of the Memorandum here, for he finishes off the heading by a long quotation from Napoleon, which, so far from supporting the argument that rifle-fire must be the principal, instead of as at present a secondary reliance of Cavalry, has not a single word in the whole seventeen lines that goes one step beyond the universal practice of the present day, the sole opinion expressed being that now universally held, that all Cavalry should have a firearm of some kind!

An argument must be in a bad way indeed before such an apology for support as this can be thought "worth quoting *in extenso*."

(3) *Cavalry* v. *Infantry and Artillery.*

The first words under this heading form an epitome of the spirit of the whole. "Cavalry," it begins, "has never been able to beat staunch Infantry except by surprise, and now it is almost impossible for Cavalry to approach near enough to the enemy's firing-line to effect a surprise, except under unusually advantageous conditions of the ground."

The entire article under this heading consists, in fact, of a violently partisan attack of the ancient pattern on the Cavalry, and of attempts to prove, both by argument and instance, the powerlessness of Cavalry in the presence of other arms; instances where Cavalry failed being emphasised, and cases of their success being, so far as possible, explained away.

There is, indeed, nothing throughout which calls for notice or which distinguishes this from a thousand other attacks of the kind with which we are familiar, except the one regrettable fact that, for the first time in our history, such an effusion appears over the honoured signature of the Commander-in-Chief.

Nor is it official position alone which in this connection renders this attack somewhat surprising. "It may be argued,"

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says the third paragraph, "from certain occurrences in the war in South Africa that a mass of Cavalry, if boldly managed, might break through Infantry holding a position. But, as a general rule, Infantry will have behind it several echelons in the shape of supports and reserves, and will possibly be protected by hasty entrenchments. It will not consist, as in South Africa, of a thin line of skirmishers disposed at wide intervals, and the Cavalry which attempts to break through properly posted Infantry will probably meet with a worse fate than did the French Cavalry in 1870 at Woerth, Vionville and Sedan."

What are the "certain occurrences" here referred to? Can it be those which formed the turning-point of the war; the first decisive success of the campaign; the chief triumph alike of the country, the army, and the Commander-in-Chief, in the relief of Kimberley and the heading of Cronje and his force?

If so, it is deeply to be regretted that this depreciation of Cavalry methods should have included any mention of a success which none but Cavalry, and Cavalry employing the true Cavalry weapons of sword and lance, could possibly have achieved.

It is unnecessary to remark on the four instances given when Cavalry charged, lost heavily and effected nothing, or on the attempt to explain away the success of General von Bredow's well-known charge at Vionville; instances and their contraries can be produced in any number on both sides in the discussions on such subjects with which we have been long familiar—it is sufficient to oppose to these *en masse* the twelve cases given in Sir Evelyn Wood's "Achievements of Cavalry," in all of which Cavalry charged with brilliant success, mostly against vastly superior numbers, though it is worth attention, in view of the attempt to prove the firearm to have been a more effective weapon of Cavalry than sword or lance, that in these cases, brought forward merely as "achievements of Cavalry," without regard to weapon, that the whole of them (drawn also from "The Wars of the Past Century") relate to achievements with

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sword or lance, and not one to any success with the fire-arm!

But, as already said, such lists of Cavalry failures have been often enough compiled before by the enemies of the arm; what is new is the high position of the officer who appears to have joined their ranks, and who, it should never be forgotten, is Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry as well as of other branches.

That it has been customary to remember this may be shown from words of the late Commander-in-Chief, which form a fitting contrast to the Memorandum's depressing list of the failures and the losses of Cavalry who attempt to charge!

"In conclusion," says Lord Wolseley, "it should be instilled into the mind of every Cavalry soldier that his arm of the service is invincible, and more than a match under all circumstances for Infantry or Artillery, either singly or in masses. If he thinks otherwise, the sooner he exchanges into the Infantry the better. Every Cavalry soldier should be a fanatic upon this subject. All should remember the old Cavalry proverb, "Commend your soul to God, and charge home."

(4) *Pursuit by Cavalry.*

The points raised under this heading in support of the proposed new system are but two. First, that pursuit on a large scale is best carried out by heading the enemy and holding him by fire; and secondly, the theory is advanced that retreating troops armed with the rifle do not become so demoralised as was the case in the days of the musket, and therefore offer less opportunity to sword and lance.

But, as to the first, no "new system of tactics" need be adopted here, for the method is one which, on suitable occasions, is already practised, as also is pursuit with cold steel when opportunity offers.

No better instance, in fact, could be shown of a Cavalry master enough of all weapons to be able to suit its tactics to the occasion than was offered by our men in the case men-

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tioned under the last heading, when the same Cavalry who rendered possible the first great triumph of the campaign by the holding up of Cronje, mainly by fire, were also those who, but two days before, gallantly charging home with sword and lance, secured a success which no other method could have won in time, and which, together with the pursuit of Elandslaagte, spread abroad a terror of the lance which for months afterwards weakened many a stubborn stand, and won for us, at a lessened cost, many a strong position.

Then as to the second point: Retreating troops nowadays, we are told, who are armed with the rifle, and supported by guns, do not become demoralised enough for effective pursuit with the *arme blanche*. Do they not? The point may be debated; but retreating troops will not always have effective support from guns; and has it not been hinted that there were moments during the day of Magersfontein when a fresh brigade of lancers, such as would certainly be forthcoming in European war, let loose upon the Highland Brigade would have had some effect?

But let us take an example less near home, and see what the late Colonel Henderson, himself an official of the Headquarters Staff, and a soldier who certainly had no bias in favour of Cavalry, says on the point.

"To-day," he writes, "death has a far wider range, and the effect on the nerves is consequently far more severe. *Demoralisation, therefore, sets in at an earlier period, and it is more complete,*" and, quoting an eye-witness of the retreat of the 38th Prussian Brigade at Vionville, he continues: "They moved only slowly to the rear, their heads bent in utter weariness; their features distorted under the thick dust that had gathered on faces dripping with sweat. The strain was beyond endurance. The soldier was no longer a receptive being; he was oblivious of everything, great or small. His comrades or his superiors he no longer recognised; and yet he was the same man who but a short time before had marched across the battlefield shouting his marching

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chorus. *A few active squadrons, and not a man would have escaped.*"

It almost seems as if, even in the opinion of members of their own Headquarters Staff, the authorities who issued the Memorandum were somewhat in error here!

(5) *Objections.*

"I will now," says the Memorandum under this heading, "refer to two objections which have been urged against the system of tactics I propose to introduce.

"1. It is said that Cavalry cannot be trained to fight indiscriminately on foot and in the saddle; that on foot they will be very indifferent Infantry, and in the saddle very timid Cavalry.

"2 The South African War is brought forward as a proof that Cavalry can very rarely effect a surprise."

In answer to the first objection the Memorandum urges, first, that the American Cavalry were successful both when mounted and on foot; secondly, that as Infantry can fight equally well in attack and defence, Cavalry ought to be able to fight as well on foot as Infantry as on horseback as Cavalry; and thirdly, that although it is true that a timid leader, if dismounted tactics are constantly practised, will be more inclined to trust to fire than to a bold advance, it is certain that a timid leader will always miss opportunities, whether mounted or on foot.

As regards the first: America is, no doubt, a great country, and instances from America have long filled the *rôle* of the refuge of the destitute in many controversies.

If half-a-dozen persons are burned in London, we have nothing for weeks but descriptions of how much better such affairs are managed across the Atlantic; and when five times as many meet their death by fire in a New York hotel, all we hear is a reflection on the grand scale on which things in America are done.

And, in Cavalry matters, while an appeal to American instances is the unsuccessful pleader's favourite last resort,

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there are several cogent, though very diverse, reasons why such examples are inapplicable to armies whose operations must be conducted under European conditions.

For while, in the first place, there is much in the contention of European critics, at any rate in the earlier part of the American War, that from the combats of the uninstructed hordes on either side useful lessons could no more be drawn than from the struggles of two drunken men, in the second it is equally the fact that in the nucleus of hardy frontier pioneers such a country must in its infancy possess, it has material as far superior to that to be found in older civilised countries as is the discipline and science of European armies to the rough-and-ready methods of the backwoodsman.

"Cavalry," says the American General Rosser, quoted by Sir Evelyn Wood, and writing in 1868 of the war, "was not used on the battlefield as under Ney and Murat, because it was not Cavalry"; and adds, "the Cavalry soldier should never be dismounted to fight if you expect him to ride over masses of Infantry, and he should be educated to believe that nothing can withstand a well-executed Cavalry charge."

So much for American instances in the opinion of an actor in the war; in which, however, nothing was proved on the point in question, because the rudimentary methods of the one side were also used by the other.

What would happen were the disciplined science, but inferior material, of civilisation opposed to the indiscipline, but individual efficiency of the frontiersman, depends no doubt on the degree of each that was forthcoming in the particular case; but one thing of which we may be absolutely certain is that we have only to combine the faults of both, to graft the go-as-you-please methods of the hardy pioneer on to the untrained and often enervated material upon which civilised countries are too often forced to rely, to secure a certainty of disaster and defeat.

Apart from the reference to America, the answers to the objection are too feeble to require more than a word of notice. What can be more futile than to argue that because an Infantry

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soldier fights equally well in attack and defence, in both of which cases he relies on the same weapon, the same means of progression, and the same necessity of taking cover, that therefore a Cavalryman who is taught to believe that mounted and sword in hand he can override all opponents should, the moment he is on foot with a rifle, imbibe the opposite sentiments of the Infantryman? What analogy is there between such cases as these?

Again, when, so far from attempting to deny, it absolutely admits that the tendency of the proposed new system is to make a timid leader more timid, and less inclined to a bold advance, what sort of a defence is it to beg the question and evade the issue by throwing all on the man, and asserting that under all systems the bold leader will be bold and the timid timid? It is not by its influence on the man so bold that no system will daunt him, or so timid that nothing will bring him to the front, that the merit of a system must be gauged, but by its effect on the enormous majority, the average men whose qualities lie between the two extremes, with whom the difference between a bad system and a good is also that between failure and success.

It is for this that systems exist, and a system which is forced to admit that it has a discouraging effect is absolutely self-condemned.

What is meant by Objection No. 2 it is impossible to conjecture; it is merely an evidence that an advocate may get as completely lost in the fog of argument as soldiers may in the fog of war.

For, so far from the assertion that Cavalry can rarely effect a surprise being an objection to the proposed new system of tactics, it is its only possible justification.

But for surprise by Cavalry, the Mounted Rifleman, with plenty of time to regain his saddle and ride away (always supposing he can move as fast as, or faster than, the opposing Cavalry), would have a far easier time than he is ever likely to enjoy.

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But, unluckily for this famous system, Cavalry can, and do, as the Memorandum itself admits, effect surprises most frequently; surprises, too, not only in the ordinary sense of action at unexpected times, but also of action with unexpected results; unexpected at any rate to the enthusiasts of the rifle, to whom the numerous occasions on which rifle-fire has totally failed to stop bodies of galloping horsemen, both Boer and British, under circumstances which at sham-fights would have put them out of action ten times over, must have come as a cruel blow.

But, to quote Colonel Rimington, "rifle-fire does not stop charging horsemen"; a proposition which, if true, must alone be absolutely fatal to the theory of the possible ascendency of the rifle in Cavalry combat.

Such is the answer put forward to the objections which are the subject of this heading, as regards which it need only be remarked, that if no better success than this attends the answering of objections of his own selection, it is probable that the author of the Memorandum would find the attempt to answer the objections of others a greater failure still.

Before leaving this part of the subject, the possible charge of inconsistency may be anticipated that, whereas it has been claimed that our Cavalry at present are able to fight both mounted and on foot, the propositions of the new system, of the ascendency of the rifle in Cavalry fights, and of the possibility of men being equally good as Cavalry when mounted, and as Infantry when on foot, have been contested and denied.

Of the fallacy of these propositions, apart from the reasoning above given, we have evidence from the most diverse sources.

On the ill effect on Cavalry of a reliance on the firearm, which is generally admitted, we have, above all, the evidence of General Sir E. Hutton, who, so far from being on the Cavalry side, is the leading advocate of Mounted Infantry, he said, in 1901: "It would be inadvisable, I think, to convert the already too weak force of Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, *and so*

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destroy that spirit of initiative in a charge at a critical moment which is the very breath of life to a Cavalry leader."

Again, Sir Evelyn Wood writes in 1897 :—

"These enthusiasts assert that it is possible so to train men as to render them equally efficient on horseback as they can be made perfect when on foot; equally confident in meeting an enemy whether armed with sword, lance, or rifle. *That this is an error there can, I think, be no doubt.*"

The real fact seems to be that, while our Cavalry at present can act well when mounted and on foot, this all-round efficiency is apt to deteriorate the moment the true Cavalry spirit becomes impaired, and that, in exact contradiction to the spirit of the proposed new system, the more efficiently Cavalry can use the firearm the better, so long as they are never allowed for a moment to forget that it is their secondary, not their principal arm; and that, again to quote Sir Evelyn Wood, where he qualifies the above-mentioned words of General Rosser, "Cavalrymen should never be dismounted to fight where there is suitable ground for their employment on horseback."

"The conclusion, then, to be drawn from the above," to adopt a phrase from the Memorandum itself, is that, although Cavalry should be capable of action both mounted and on foot, the maximum efficiency can only be attained by troops which, while being made as efficient as possible in the use of the firearm, uncompromisingly abjure the heresy that that arm can in their hands ever hold more than a secondary place, and whose pride and trust is ever in their speed, good horsemanship, and the cold steel.

(6) *Armament and Equipment.*

The elaborate argument for the sword as against the lance, which forms a large part of the matter under this heading, would be most interesting were it not unfortunately based upon the unwarranted assumption that the so-called conclusions appended to the various arguments of the Memorandum had been logically arrived at, and that it really had

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been proved that both these weapons must give way to the rifle as the Cavalry soldier's principal arm. We have, however, just seen that, so far from this being the case, they are unsupported either by reasoning or by evidence.

For not one of its propositions has been sustained. The vital question for Cavalry is, we have seen, not armament but mobility.

In the Cavalry combats of the past century the sword and lance, not the firearm, have proved most effective. There is no reason to expect this to be reversed in future wars, but there are several for anticipating that, on the contrary, the advantage of cold steel when combined with mobility will be increased, and the long extract from Napoleon fails to support by a single word the Author's argument.

As to attacks by Cavalry upon Infantry and Artillery, the depressing strictures of one Commander-in-Chief have been balanced by the inspiring words of another, and in the wars of the present, no less than in those of the past century, it has been proved that success may still attend Cavalry who charge home.

In pursuit the lance, admitted even by the Memorandum itself to be superior for the purpose to the sword, is still the queen of weapons; for demoralisation of beaten troops, the supposed absence of which in the present day was the principal excuse for superseding the lance by the rifle, on the contrary "comes earlier, and is more complete"; and, in conclusion, the two objections to the new system selected by its author himself for reply have proved so difficult to rebut that it is not surprising that the more vital objections put forward by others should prove, so far as reason and argument go, more fatal to it still.

But this failure of the Memorandum to prove the ascendency of the firearm places its proposal to abolish the lance upon an entirely new footing.

For, if the rifle had been proved to be the principal arm, it would have been reasonable enough to decide on the style of

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arme blanche, irrespective of other considerations, which interferes least with dismounted work.

This is, no doubt, though not by so much as is sometimes supposed, the sword; and it was probably this fact, rather than any fair comparison of their merits, that occasioned the proposal to supersede the lance by that weapon.

But if sword or lance are still to have the first place, it is upon their own merits that they must be judged, and the merits of the lance are considerably greater than the Memorandum allows.

Its superiority in pursuit is freely admitted, but of its advantages in attacking artillery or convoys, where men taking refuge under waggons are secure from the sword, but easily reached by the lance, not a word is said; while even against Infantry in the open, a charge in the battle of Mars la Tour of which it is related, "When the Dragoons were unable to reach with their swords the agile French soldiers extended on the ground, there were frequent shouts among the German horsemen to call up Lancer regiments" is only one of many similar instances which could be brought forward of the unrivalled efficiency of the lance.

Again, in the enumeration of its disadvantages, the principal of them appears to be in the assertion that it is an encumbrance when scouting. This appears to be taken for granted, and at first sight one would certainly not consider it an ideal weapon for such work; yet it is unlucky for this theory that the only European troops for many years who have won distinction in this line, the Uhlans and the Cossacks, have both been lancers.

Some explanation of this may lie in the fact that the lance is at all events a silent weapon, and that although a patrol either of lancers or of mounted rifles, which sees the enemy first may lay an awkward trap for its opponents, it is certain that in the many cases which must occur in close countries, of patrols meeting unawares, the mounted riflemen, without

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time to dismount or the speed to escape, would meet with short shrift from the lance.

The Memorandum concludes with a detailed description of the method of improving swordsmanship and the sword, in which, not long before, we have been told that no improvement can be expected; a curiously hesitating instruction as to how the lance, although it "will not be carried on guard, in the field, at manœuvres, or on active service," will nevertheless, "not be entirely discarded"; practice with this deadly weapon in future being restricted to "hours of recreation" so long as "on no account it be allowed to encroach on serious work"; and a final paragraph of consolatory explanation that Cavalry, who, as we are told, "will generally act dismounted," may, even on the exceptional occasions when they ride on horseback, still be of some use; forming a topsy-turvy finale more suggestive of the methods of the Pirates of Penzance than of the British Army.

In the best interests of that army it is devoutly to be hoped that the present rage for forming Jacks of all Trades, a notion not affecting the Cavalry alone, but about to have also a most injurious effect upon the Infantry rifle (which there is no excuse for sacrificing to a purely imaginary necessity for assimilating the firearm of both branches), may prove to be but a passing craze, soon to disappear.

It is absolutely the reverse of the practice of every other profession at the present time, the tendency of which is in all cases to specialise more and more every day, and to substitute for doing two things well the doing of one thing better.

This is a system practised to the fullest extent by our rivals in Europe, who are bringing their Cavalry, as Cavalry, to a pitch of perfection in mobility unknown before, which would entail upon us a bitter awakening were we compelled to oppose to these accomplished horsemen a Cavalry trained after the manner of those of which Rogniat wrote: "How

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absurd is the manner of training our dragoons! When mounted they are taught that no Infantry can resist the impetuosity of their charges; when drilling on foot they are taught to consider themselves invulnerable against Cavalry. It is from these causes they are despised by both horse and foot."

It is but a few years ago that the military authorities, doubtless after mature consideration of "the wars of the past century," so extended the use of the lance among our Cavalry as to convert a regiment of hussars into lancers, and to arm the front ranks of the whole of our dragoons with that weapon.

This was done, no doubt, to place them on an equality as regards armament with the horsemen of the Continent.

Has anything happened since then to justify the proposed reversal of these measures?

On the contrary, the lance has proved itself, under circumstances of exceptional disadvantage, the one single weapon in the hands of our soldiers which has proved a terror to our opponents in the late war. The only two excuses offered for this change of front were: first, that the authorities had good reasons for their course; and, secondly, that it was on the advice of experts they had acted.

With the value of their reasons, so rashly disclosed in the Memorandum, the present article has fully dealt; but as to the advice of experts, it was somewhat staggering to find that although the mouths of the up-to-date Cavalry experts—our leading Cavalry officers who are actually serving—were of course closed, one retired Cavalry officer of distinction after another, far from supporting, joined in the strongest condemnation of the proposed new system; and, still worse, the only name of a so-called expert which leaked out in the House of Commons proved to be that of Sir Ian Hamilton, a gallant officer of Highland Infantry, whose command of any mounted troops, even as a General, has been little more than nominal, and who can be considered about as much of an

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"expert" in Cavalry matters as a gamekeeper may be said to be an expert in the management of a pack of foxhounds!

But, disturbing as all this is, worse remains, for, by the revelations of the War Commission, the mouths that had been closed have been opened, and, to the amazement of all who had credited the statement that "experts" had advised the abolition of the lance, it has been disclosed that not a single Cavalry leader of distinction supports the proposal, most emphatic of all in its uncompromising condemnation being the leading Cavalry experts of the day!

So much for the amount of expert support the new system has received; an amount about equal to its deserts! And, in the near future, when the lance has been reinstated, and our horsemen no longer "generally act dismounted," it is to be hoped that a merciful oblivion will swiftly enshroud the proposals of one of the most pernicious eccentricities that has ever threatened the efficiency of the British Cavalry.

EQUES.

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THEODORE MOMMSEN

ON November 1, Sunday, at 8.45 in the morning, Mommsen died, and in him the world of erudition has lost one of its very greatest representatives. It is no exaggeration to say, that what Joseph Scaliger was to the world of scholars at the end of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Mommsen was to all the students of Roman antiquity in our own time. The name "Roman antiquity" must be taken in its widest sense. Mommsen made personal and independent researches into every aspect of Roman civilisation, history, law, and private life. In a series of works which already in 1887 counted 949 numbers, representing 6824 folio pages, 1402 quarto, and 19,319 octavo pages, the great scholar investigated all the problems of Roman political history, chronology, numismatics, law, religion, &c. In fact, of him it may have been said what with less justice was said of Justus Lipsius: "Felicem hominem, qui per ea quæ repperit quæ disposuit quæ scivit, et vixit antequam nasceretur, et ita natus est ut nunquam sit moriturus!"

Mommsen's life was as simple, and with few exceptions as uneventful, as that of most scholars. He was born November 30, 1817, at Garding, in the Duchy of Holstein. His father was the vicar of the place, and had destined him for the study of philology and law. From 1844 to 1847 Mommsen, aided by a stipend from the Berlin Academy, made an extensive archæological journey through France and Italy. In 1848 he

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received a call, as Professor of Law, to Leipzig. However, on account of his participation in the revolutionary movement of the time, he was dismissed from his post. Two years later, in 1850, he became Professor of Roman Law at Zürich, and in 1854 he taught Roman Law at the University of Breslau. Finally, in 1858 he was appointed Professor of Ancient History at Berlin. Within a year or two before his death he continued to teach Ancient History at the first University of Prussia, and he must, at the lowest calculation, have delivered over ten thousand lectures to the students of Berlin. In his married life he was eminently successful, and his very numerous children (he had fourteen, we believe) caused him no particular trouble. Recognised as the head of the great historical school of Roman antiquity in Germany, honoured and venerated, not to say worshipped by sovereigns, princes, scholars and men of the world alike, he passed the last thirty years of his life in a position of exceptional dignity and influence. Even in his conflict with the Iron Chancellor he conducted his trial in person and with success. The Courts finally acquitted him of the political crime imputed to him by Bismarck. He travelled extensively, and especially in the last twenty-five years of his life he developed a perfect passion for the hunt of manuscripts. Printed books seemed to have lost their charm for him. What delighted him was a manuscript. He was a very frequent guest at the Bodleian and the British Museum, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and at the great libraries in Italy. Even manuscripts of the early Middle Ages—that is, manuscripts reflecting only the last dim rays of the sunset of antiquity, excited his interest in a very high degree; and the number of authors that he edited with the minutest care was very considerable. His mind was influenced chiefly by the aims and methods of the philologist and the attitude and ability of the student of law. Now that we may clearly overlook the whole career of that extraordinary man, it becomes more and more manifest that, although Mommsen is known to the general reader only or pre-eminently as the

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historian of Rome, as the author of a famous history of Rome, yet, on impartial and closer examination of the case, it will be found that Mommsen in reality had neither the passion nor the highest capacity of the historian proper.

His was the genius of analysis rather than of synthesis. He excelled in monographs very much more than in works putting together in their final expression a vast array of facts. This seems to be in utter contrast to the fact that Mommsen has published great treatises both on Roman public or constitutional law, on Roman chronology, and on Roman criminal law. However, applying to Mommsen the strictest measure of criticism, we cannot but see that every one of those great treatises is rather a collection of monographs than a work giving a direct and full insight into the working principles of Roman institutions. Mommsen classifies, shelves, labels, and numbers both neatly and well: he enlightens but little.

The danger of a man like Mommsen is the false impression under which thousands of scholars, and through them the general public, have been, about the real problems and the real importance of Roman history. The massiveness of Mommsen's information; the mere bulk of the works he has published to almost the last day of his life; the tone of finality and strict formality pervading every line he ever published, has naturally engendered the idea that he has not only furnished the vastest amount of material, but also the only method and the only guiding *aperçus* in the study of ancient Rome. It is time to say that while he has done the former he has not done the latter. He has, indeed, through the publication of the *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions, and similar very useful collections of material, very much increased our means of studying Roman history, more especially of writing more numerous books thereon. It is, however, equally true that his influence, the undoubted authority that he enjoyed both in and out of the Fatherland, has in a measure sterilised the study of the history of Rome. Thus in the last twenty odd years exceedingly few independent and elaborate works

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on the *ensemble* of Roman history have appeared either in England or on the Continent. The scholars of the world seem to be under the ban of Mommsen. To abandon his method; to doubt the essential correctness of his Roman Constitutional Law (*Roemisches Staatsrecht*) seemed, and still seems, to be not only impossible but indecent. In England, if we except a few short works, more particularly the brilliant and suggestive study on Roman history by Mr. T. M. Taylor, no attempt has been made to rewrite the history of the great empire-nation which in so many ways is so essentially similar to the Britons. In fact, it is part of the irony of things that the English have so far devoted great attention and great industry to Greek history rather than to Roman, although they are, from the nature of their own history and modern constitution, less apt to seize and clear up the factors and powers that made Greece; while they are eminently adapted for clearing up some of the most difficult problems of the history of Rome. Using expressions somewhat untechnical yet precise, we may say that Greek history ought to be written by the French and Roman by the British. In modern Great Britain alone can we still see institutions, the essential identity of which with those of the institutions of Rome ought to suggest to Britons in the first place, or to such as are intimately acquainted with Great Britain, some of that insight into the real nature of ancient Rome without which all study of history is blind.

It is almost impossible for a German scholar living in Germany to find any of those modern analogies to events and institutions in Rome without which we moderns are absolutely excluded from a real knowledge of Roman history. Mommsen's Roman History has accordingly very much more charm than real insight. Mommsen was a great artist; his style, like that of a few other North German writers, is both compact and fluent; clear-cut, plastic, and packed with information. It flows on majestically and resembles one of the Roman aqueducts; perhaps in more senses than one. There

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can be no hesitation in saying that, as a mere piece of reading, Mommsen's History is by far the best book ever written on Roman history. Mommsen—who shared all the passions and ideals of the revolutionary period in Germany, and who viewed Roman events in the light of the events he had lived to see in Germany in the forties and fifties of the last century—Mommsen was almost driven to write a Roman History both intensely interesting and essentially un-Roman. For the Roman world within the times of the Republic or in the times of the Empire was so utterly different from anything that had developed or grown up in Germany, that no diligence in research nor any philosophical effort of the self-sustained mind could enable a German to write up events utterly different in character and drift from those of his own country and time. It is well known how bitterly Mommsen has fallen foul of Cicero; how in the passages relating to the great orator and statesman Mommsen tried to excel in that *Schnodderigkeit* or caddishness with which great men of letters who were also statesmen have always been treated by the recluse scholar. Lord Bacon, Edmund Burke, Adolphe Thiers, and others are naturally hateful to the *politisirenden Philologen*, as Mommsen himself called them. No Frenchman or Englishman could have committed such an absurdity. Boissier in France and Professor Tyrrell in Dublin, the latter in his magnificent edition of Cicero's letters, the former in his exquisite book, *Cicéron et ses Amis*, have long shown the inaccuracy and falsehood of all that Drumann and Mommsen had said about Cicero.

Both the British and the French scholar had from the history of their own countries been well acquainted with historical types not unsimilar to that of Cicero. The German had no such type to enlighten him. And as in this case, so in cases of far greater importance. Take, for instance, Mommsen's historic judgment on the most important institution of Rome, on the tribunate.

It is well known that the tribunate is at once the strangest and the most important institution of ancient Rome. The

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strangest, because no modern nation has at any time thought of investing any magistrate, whether a pope, a king, a minister, or a judge, with powers as extensive, as comprehensive, and dangerous as the Romans did with regard to their tribunes. The tribune was enabled, if unchallenged by one of his nine colleagues, to stop any wheel of any part of the Roman State machinery. The Senate, as well as the Assembly; the law courts as well as the religious institutions were, as it were, at the mercy of an irresponsible tribune. This, it must be admitted, is positively incomprehensible; and such of us as want to derive from the study of history more than a mere mass of names and dates, cannot but approach the Roman History of Mommsen with the hope and expectation to find some reasonable explanation of the fact that the Romans, that is, an eminently practical and sober nation, permitted their tribunes to wield a power greater and more irresponsible than that commanded by even the mightiest pope of the middle ages.

This is how Mommsen disposes of the problem of the tribunate. He calls that institution a strange magistracy (*seltsame Magistratur*); and the introduction thereof he calls a foolhardy experiment (*verwegenes Experiment*) or a *pis aller* (*Nothbehelf*).[1] In other words, Mommsen disposes of the whole problem by sneering at it. In spite of the immensity of his studies of Roman constitutional law, he has never so much as approached the only question that is both interesting and instructive for us moderns. If the tribunate be so strange, abnormal, inorganic, as Mommsen, Schwegler, L. Lange, and all the other German writers declare it to have been, why then was it the only one of the institutions that even Sulla, in spite of the boundless power he wielded, did not dare to abolish? Why did the tribunate not become obsolete by the middle of the fourth century B.C., when the plebeians had obtained practically all the rights that the tribunes had been introduced to protect? To all this Mommsen does not vouchsafe us the

[1] *R. G.*, p. 276 (8th edition).

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slightest reply. The reason is that Mommsen, absolutely unacquainted with magistracies whose powers are remotely similar to that of an ancient Roman tribune, could not possibly rise to a real grasp of that central institution of ancient Rome. In England alone, of all modern countries, there has been in the last three or four hundred years a magistracy whose power and character are essentially that of Roman magistracies. The great difference between modern constitutions and that of the Romans is the simple fact, that we moderns attach the greatest importance to, and invest with the greatest powers, the members of the national assembly; whereas the Romans attached the greatest importance to, and invested with the greatest powers, the incumbents of a few high magistracies. Or, to put it even more shortly, the whole Roman constitution was based on personality. In England alone we find a similar principle at work, not indeed in every department of the British Constitution, yet in the department of law. Law in England, that is, common law, was entrusted to a few great judges who both administered and made it. When in the times of the Tudors, and probably before them, the incumbents of those great law offices abused their powers, it became natural to check and combat them by the introduction of a counter judge, likewise invested with unbounded power. The power of the justices of common law being purely personal and practically irresponsible, it became inevitable to check them by the establishment of the Lord Chancellors as Judges, who likewise created the law of Equity of their own goodwill, and practically without any responsibility. Lord Ellesmere, Chancellor under James I., "plainly claimed power to determine new cases on new principles, even against the law, and to legislate on individual rights" (Kerly, D. M., "Historical Sketch of the Equitable Jurisdiction," p. 96). The same relation then that we can follow and observe between the Lord Chief Justices and the Lord Chancellors in England; the same relation was on a wider scale and more comprehensively that of the tribune to the other magistracies in Rome. Just as the Chancellor

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was the natural complement and check to the Lord Chief Justice, and not an abnormal or inorganic institution in the system of English law; just as John Selden's (perhaps good-natured) sneer at the Chancellor's law is based on a total misconception of the real and inevitable function of that English magistracy, even so Mommsen's sarcasms and sneers at the Roman tribunate only prove his total misconception of this the most important institution of ancient Rome. The tribunate, far from being "abnormal" or "inorganic," "strange," or a "*pis aller*," was the most natural, the most organic, the most inevitable of all Roman institutions. It stood in the domain of Roman public law in the same relation to the other magistracies as does in the domain of Roman private law a *res facti* to a *res juris*; or as does in the system of Roman private law the *interdictum* to the *actio*, or any Prætorian legal institution to an institution of the *jus civile*.

On taking a broad view of Roman history and assuming, as all of us do, that a study of that famous nation ought to be not only attractive but also instructive, we soon see that there are especially three points in Roman history that appeal more particularly to our interest. These points are in the first place the marvellous political and military success of the Romans, in virtue of which they became the conquerors and rulers of an empire such as had never been before, and has never been after; an empire consisting of the most civilised nations in the world; secondly, the surprising fact that the Romans, who held trade and commerce in disdain, should have succeeded in building up a system of law which, especially in its sections dealing with trade and commerce, has proved to be of the same surpassing excellence that we admire in Greek art; and thirdly, the Roman political constitution, which both from the success of ancient Rome and from the imitation of that constitution by the mightiest body-politic of mediæval and modern times—by the Catholic Church—calls upon our closest attention and awakens our deepest interest.

If, now, we turn to Mommsen to obtain from him light on

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these three subjects, we are disappointed in every one case. The problem of Roman law he dismisses with another sneer, saying literally that there is nothing amazing in the fact that "a sound nation had a sound law," although he himself points out that the Romans did not excel in criminal law, in spite of their "soundness." As to the second problem, the military and political success of the Romans, we derive little if any light from the treatment of Mommsen. We still stand before the *Fortuna Romanorum* as before the Sphinx, and we do not even know whether the decrepitude of the nations conquered was not greater than the fortitude of the Romans. We are still ignorant of the strange connection of facts which permitted every single nation of antiquity to defeat the Romans in more than one pitched battle, and yet in the end be compelled to submit to the Roman yoke. We still inquire wonderingly into the great problem why the Romans alone not only transmitted their own idiom to the conquered nations, but also rapidly promoted what the Greeks or Byzantines in the East could never do—the rise of neo-Roman languages.

When at last we try to obtain some real insight into that Roman constitution which Mommsen in his series of volumes has tabulated, formulated, classified, and systematised, we get from him indeed a number of useful schedules similar to the official lists or *annuaires* published by modern Governments, enlivened by much juristic and legal formulation. It is not denied that the Roman officials and magistracies may rightly and legitimately be formulated from juristic standpoints, such as we apply in canonical law to the officials of the Catholic hierarchy. The juristic person of a bishop or an archbishop is a great, important, and interesting subject. However, it is equally certain that the most refined legal systematisation of the Catholic or the ancient Roman hierarchy or magistracy does not advance us at all with regard to a true insight into the historic life and political drift of those officials. What is wanted is historic systematisation and not juristic. It is like in Church history—we must not mix up dogmatics with

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Church history. What Professor Mommsen has done to Roman constitutional history is precisely what his colleague Harnack of the Berlin University has done to the history of Christian dogmatics. While Harnack's work is deeply engaging and learned, it advances only little our insight into the Church history proper. Mommsen's book would have been an inestimable manual for the officials of the first century of the Roman Empire, but it does not help us very much in the comprehension of the Roman Constitution as a product of living history.

The preceding remarks no doubt appear both harsh and ungrateful. However, a little further consideration will show that it is, we take it, necessary to say, and to say very frequently, what many a serious student outside Germany has long felt to be the case. We mean the over-estimation of German *Wissenschaft*, of German methods of research, more especially of German ways of writing history. This over-estimation is not likely to be felt as such unless it is shown up, especially in cases where German scholars have done real and great services to the interests of knowledge. The greater the real merit, the greater the danger that the merit will be exaggerated. Just because Mommsen has done so much, and has laid all students of Roman history under an obligation hard to overrate, we must try to get at a just appreciation of his more constructive work, of the thought of his historical work, lest by considering it in the same light of unconditional admiration as we do his work as a collector of material we fall into an unjustifiable attitude of uncritical adoration. The Germans chiefly lack what many a British and French scholar is amply provided for—experience with the realities of life. If it be true that knowledge in the first place must come from our senses, although in the latter stages our sense-impressions are worked up to concepts, it is undeniable that of past events, such as Roman history, we can no longer have any sense-impressions proper. The only way to replace those impossible sense-impressions is to study modern and contemporary institu-

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tions rather than events that have a real and essential analogy with those of ancient Rome. By the careful selection and study of those analogies alone we may hope to derive suggestions, if not solutions, towards a right and living understanding of Roman institutions. The Germans being practically excluded from this, the only method of supplementing the study of the Roman and Greek sources and of arriving at a true comprehension of ancient history, we cannot possibly admit that their innumerable theses, monographs, essays, handbooks, &c., advance our real knowledge of Roman history beyond what any British historian might very well do by selecting and studying carefully the undoubted analogies in British life and in the British Constitution with Roman life and the Roman Constitution. Surely we are all grateful to Mommsen, and his rare idealism, his combination of the charms and power of the artist with the learning and indefatigable industry of the true scholar, are models for all the world, especially for the younger generation. On the other hand, it is impossible to suppress a voice of warning against the over-estimation of methods of historical study, of which Theodore Mommsen has been the most illustrious representative, and which, we hold, increase the number of books of a purely archæological interest rather than augment the amount of real historical knowledge.

EMIL REICH.

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THE REPORT ON THE FLEET MANŒUVRES

ON all hands it would seem to be agreed that the Fleet Manœuvres of 1908 are the most interesting, instructive, and successful that have yet been held. As for their importance, whether we judge it by the number of ships engaged or by the magnitude and reality of the problem that was set, they have never been approached. Nor can we fail to note in them a growing power for designing the scope and conditions of such manœuvres, so as to reduce to a minimum those fictitious elements which so often rob peace operations of practical result, and by which our Army Manœuvres at home are necessarily so grievously hampered and spoiled. It is to be hoped that the public will recognise the really admirable work both of the Intelligence Department to whom the design was due, and of the officers afloat who interpreted it with such brilliant success.

No less a subject for congratulation is the promptitude with which the umpires have issued their report and decision. Sir Lewis Beaumont and his staff had no light task to accomplish owing to the multiplicity of returns that were furnished to them from individual ships. The importance, however, of issuing their report before the general interest in the operations had cooled was obvious, and with commendable energy they have set an example which it is to be trusted will become a permanent practice. That their report is not open to

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criticism, and even serious criticism, they would probably be the last to contend. Indeed, if it were not contentious, it would lose half its value. The discussions, both tactical and strategical, to which it must give rise are of far higher value than any cut-and-dried rule it might have established. Such discussion is, indeed, half the value of manœuvres, whose object should be to create a sound habit of thought, quite as much as to demonstrate particular propositions or to solve special problems. In the present case an examination of the reasoning by which the umpires arrived at their conclusion is unusually valuable; for the verdict, no less than the reasoning through which it is reached, may be said to stir the subsoil of naval strategy down to its very bed-rock.

To get into a position fairly to examine the whole case it is first necessary to apprehend the general idea of the Manœuvres and broadly grasp the lines of operation which the opposing admirals adopted.

Reading into the "General Idea" the corollaries and inferences of its laconic wording, we get the following result: A contest for the command of the sea had been in progress for some time between Great Britain (B) and an enemy denoted as X, which since it had been able to contest the command of the sea with the British fleet must have consisted of two or more allied powers. For the broad lessons of the Manœuvres this is important, and it will be well, therefore, always to speak of X as "the Allies." Shortly before the opening of the Manœuvres a battle had been fought approximately between Cape St. Vincent and Madeira, in which the Allies had defeated the British fleet on that station and driven it into its base at Madeira, where it was unassailable. At the same time the Allies had suffered severely in the action, and had been compelled to retire to their own base at Lagos Bay, just east of Cape St. Vincent, to refit and replenish their battleships. The Allied cruisers, however, were vastly superior to those of the Madeira fleet and were still able to keep the sea, and therefore in the umpires' opinion the Allies, as the result

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of the action, held "the command of the sea in those waters." These at least are the words they use to express the situation. The phrase is certainly open to objection and is the umpires' own. It does not occur in the "General Idea" as issued by the Intelligence Department, and as a good deal depends upon it we must recur to it later.

Whatever the umpires may have intended to convey, it is clear that the Allies' command of the sea even "in those waters" was not absolute. For in northern waters the British had so far gained the mastery that they were in a position to detach a battle fleet to the southward for the purpose of forming a junction with the Madeira fleet and with the intention of fighting the Allies so soon as the junction was complete. This was known to the Allied admiral at Lagos, and so insecure was he in his alleged command of those waters that both the British fleets were able to sail twenty hours before he had gathered force enough to justify his taking his battle fleet to sea. His object, of course, was if possible to prevent the junction by bringing either of the two British fleets to action in detail. To each of them he was superior, but to the combined British fleet he was inferior. Some doubt as to this appears to have existed during the Manœuvres, but in the reports of both the opposing admirals, as well as in that of the umpires, the combined British fleet is spoken of as the superior. In the British fleet were fifteen battleships as opposed to the Allied eleven—but the British numerical superiority of four was balanced to a considerable extent by the superior speed, power, and homogeneity of the Allies—a condition which, of course, could not exist in actual war. The armoured and large protected cruisers were so evenly balanced that for purposes of comparing the two fleets they may be eliminated.

Under these circumstances it was clearly the object of Sir Arthur Wilson, the British commander-in-chief, to effect his junction with Lord Charles Beresford from Madeira, if possible, somewhere to the eastward of the Allied fleet under Sir

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Compton Domvile, since, by thus interposing between the Allies and their base, he would have the best chance of forcing their faster fleet to action. If the junction were made to the westward of the Allies it was obviously impossible for the British fleet, with its inferior speed, to bring them to action if they chose to retire into their base. On the other hand, if Admiral Wilson attempted to effect the junction off the coast of the Peninsula, the danger of his being defeated in detail was very great, and he therefore chose to effect it at the economical point to the westward, that is, at the nearest point westward which both his fleets could be fairly certain of reaching before the Allies could get between them. This point was found to lie in the midst of the Azores; and thither, therefore, Admiral Beresford was ordered to proceed at the earliest moment allowed, and at the utmost speed he could maintain. From Berehaven Admiral Wilson did the same, with the result that the junction was successfully effected close to the given point, and without any sight of the Allied battle fleet. That this was so reflects no discredit on the dispositions of the Allies. The cruiser scheme which Admiral Domvile adopted for ascertaining the intended point of junction of his enemy was no less than masterly, while the way in which it was carried out by Sir Baldwin Walker, his cruiser admiral, is beyond all praise. The point and time of the junction were ascertained with wonderful accuracy; but still the error, small as it was, was sufficient to cause Admiral Domvile to cross Admiral Wilson's course close in his rear; and thus, after all, the British junction was effected between the Allies and their base.

So nearly had the Allies hit off the point of junction that within a few hours of its completion the two hostile fleets were in contact. Having sighted his enemy, Admiral Domvile, without forming battle order, proceeded to use his superior speed in an attempt to get round him. His object was before engaging to pick up one of his battleships and several of his cruisers which he had been compelled to leave at a ren-

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dezvous to the eastward. The British had also lost a battleship, but being now in a superiority of fourteen to ten they naturally misinterpreted the Allied movement, and saw in it an attempt to escape into Lagos without fighting. In order to escape, however, the Allies must necessarily move on an outer circle, and in spite of their superior speed there was still a possibility of bringing them to action. Admiral Wilson, therefore, made a desperate effort to close as the enemy edged round him to the southward. In doing that he necessarily somewhat exposed his van, and Admiral Domvile, as he tells us, saw his enemy were giving him "an obvious advantage in attacking their van whilst working round them." This advantage he resolved to take, and an action ensued.

It is impossible here to go into its details, full of interest as they were. The pith of it is given in the umpires' report. In their opinion, Admiral Wilson so far succeeded in forcing an action

> that he tempted X to engage his leading division while keeping on at his highest speed. B strove hard to keep touch with X by ordering what was practically a general chase of X's rear division, and when he found that his fleet was being drawn out and separated, and that he was unable to prevent X's passing out of his reach, he discontinued the action.
>
> The result of the general engagement . . . according to the probabilities of war, was that on B's side three battleships, one armoured and one protected cruiser were disabled, five battleships were damaged, and one protected cruiser lost; whilst on X's side one battleship and one armoured cruiser were lost, two battleships disabled, and one battleship damaged.

It is here that the decision first appears open to criticism. To begin with, it is difficult at first sight to understand how it could happen that when the British had five battleships damaged besides the three disabled, the Allies had only one damaged besides the one lost and the two disabled. The umpires explain that their decision is due to the fact that the British fire was almost entirely concentrated on the ship that was lost. Had it been more judiciously distributed they admit the Allies would have suffered more seriously. But clearly,

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according to the probabilities of war, it would have been better distributed could the British have seen the actual effect of their fire; it would have distributed itself automatically, and several more of the Allied ships must have been damaged sufficiently to prevent their maintaining their highest speed. Admiral Domvile would have been compelled to slacken off, with the result that a considerable portion of Admiral Wilson's untouched rear would have come into action, and Admiral Domvile's speed must have been still further reduced. The untouched British rear could thus have all come into action, and the Allied rear would have been exposed to a similar concentration to that which the Allies had brought to bear on the British van.

The contradiction between the facts as the umpires state them and the decision they came to is still more clear from another though similar point of view, of which the umpires take no notice. As we have seen, Admiral Domvile delayed taking battle order until he saw "his obvious advantage," or, as the umpires put it, "until he was successfully tempted by Admiral Wilson to engage." Owing to this delay, though the umpires do not note it, he came under long-range fire while still forming and while his two lines presented an excellent double target. Seeing this, apparently, Admiral Domvile made a signal to hurry the evolution, with the result that it was very imperfectly performed by his rear division. Another signal by which, when the action was growing hot, Admiral Domvile endeavoured to remedy the malformation of his line was wrongly taken in, as signals during action are only too apt to be, and the effect was still further to dislocate his line. The consequence was that the Allied rear was swung at no distant range into the concentrated fire of the British van, while at the same time they masked some of the fire of their own van, and again gave a double target. To this situation was due the loss or disablement of the last three ships of the Allies. But would that have been in actual war the only effect? Would it have been possible for any admiral having got his rear ships into

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so awkward a mess to carry on and desert them? Surely not. Admiral Domvile must have turned back to their relief, and the action would have become general, with seven of the Allies opposed to ten of the British, of which half at least were practically fresh and untouched. Under such circumstances Admiral Wilson must have been able to dictate the form of the action, and the result, on the probabilities of war, cannot have been doubtful. Admiral Wilson's own modest estimate of the action was that "it formed an interesting example of a fast fleet endeavouring to inflict damage on a slower fleet of superior force, that was anxious to bring it to action, by trying to attack one wing in passing." Might he not equally well have claimed that it was a brilliant example of a slow superior fleet bringing a fast superior one to action by temporarily exposing their van, and further of the danger an admiral runs of bringing his rear into trouble, when in the presence of the enemy he tries to direct its manœuvres from the head of his line?

The contradiction between the facts and the decision is plain, but the fault is not entirely the umpires'. It has been explained that artificial rules had been reduced to a minimum, but one necessarily remained. Every ship had to keep and send in a fire return. Unless some such precaution is taken an action in manœuvres would lose half its training value; but, so long as the umpires are bound to be guided by these returns, they cannot decide entirely by "the probabilities of war." It is clearly on the fire returns that the victory was given to Admiral Domvile. The pure "probabilities of war" would have given it to the bold and masterly tactics of Admiral Wilson. In his case there was no fault comparable to that in which his adversary was involved in failing to form his line. In the effort to close it is true Admiral Wilson drew out and loosened his line, but this is inevitable when a slow fleet tries to bring a faster one to action, and it would have been no fault at all had not Admiral Wilson been denied the reduction of Admiral Domvile's speed, that in

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actual war must have occurred when the British van-ships had fastened on the Allies' disordered rear.

Having decided the action in favour of the Allies, the umpires proceed to decide the campaign as follows:

> Judged, therefore, by the probabilities of war, and considering that the undamaged portion of X fleet was much superior to the undamaged portion of B, that B in effecting the junction had expended more coal than X, that B (*i.e.*, the Home Fleet) was further from its base than X fleet was from Gibraltar (? Lagos), and that on the morning of the 11th (two days after the action) X had joined his missing battleship and armoured cruiser, though he had lost the *Venerable* by a machinery breakdown, we are of opinion that at the end of the Manœuvres the command of the sea in these waters still remained with X.

To all this it might be objected, first, that according to the] true probabilities of war (apart from fire returns) the British undamaged ships would certainly not have been inferior to those of the Allies, and that the Allies did not renew the action as they should have done if left superior and with more coal. And secondly, that the British were left nearer to their base at Madeira than the Allies were to theirs at Lagos, and that, *ex hypothesi*, Madeira was quite as capable of receiving the combined fleet of the British as Lagos was of receiving the combined fleet of the Allies. How, then, can it be said that the Allies had established such a superiority over the British as to give them the command of the sea in any sense of the term?

But, setting aside all disputable points, let us examine this phrase "command of the sea in those waters" which the umpires adopt. The phrase is at least unfortunate, for it must tend to revive the idea, which is so hard to kill, that you may have command of one area of adjacent waters while your enemy commands another. The umpires would seem to commit themselves to the heresy that we might have command of the Narrow Seas while our enemy is in command of the approaches to the Mediterranean. Here, again, the trouble is not so much due to the umpires as to what we may call the

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lack of standardisation in the technical expressions of naval strategy. The fact is, that for such a divided domination the phrase *command of the sea* ought not to be used at all. So long as we do so use it umpires will never be able to avoid misleading, ambiguous, and unscientific decisions. The blame lies in our habit of using the phrase for at least three widely different strategical conditions. First, there is the condition when one belligerent has established such a superiority over another that the latter can no longer keep the sea with his battle fleet, and his navy has ceased to exist as a serious factor in the war, so that the dominating power is able to exert that exhausting pressure from the sea which no country can indefinitely resist. It is for this condition, and for no other, that the words "command of the sea" should be used. Secondly, there is the condition where a belligerent has established a working control over all the waters within his reach, but still has to leave his enemy free to act in certain areas which are beyond coal-endurance range of his own bases. For this second condition we might use some such phrase as "local control." Thirdly, there is the case of "temporary or special control," where one belligerent, though not in command of the sea or enjoying any undisputed "local control," is able temporarily to secure at some important point freedom of action for some special purpose vital to the war—such as the transport of an army, the relief of a fortress, or the passage of a convoy. It is not, of course, pretended that this classification exhausts or adequately defines all possible conditions. But here are, at any rate, three distinct senses in which we habitually use the term "command of the sea." In which sense do the umpires employ it? Certainly not in the first, for by the "General Idea" the contest for that command was still in progress, and both sides had fleets in being at sea. Their words hint rather at the second or "local control." But could the Allies claim this either at the beginning or at the end of the Manœuvres? At the beginning they could not prevent the Madeira fleet putting to sea, and at the end they were not

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in a position to blockade any part of the British fleet. There remains, then, the third sense, "temporary or special control." At the outset the Allies had certainly established such a temporary control of the waters between Lagos and Madeira that they were free to move troops or supplies across it. But at the end, had they maintained such control? Surely not. So long as the still active part of the British fleet was undefeated and based at Madeira, "those waters" could only be used for military purposes by evasion. The truth is that the control was with neither side. Accepting the tactical verdict of the umpires, it may indeed be said that the Allies were in a superiority, but certainly not in a superiority which gave them control of those waters, and still less "the command of the sea."

On the whole, then, there seems ample ground for appealing from the umpires' judgment. It is a judgment which, be it noted, the Admiralty refrain from endorsing; and naturally enough; for the umpires, by their curious variation of the phrase "command of the sea" as used in the "General Idea," purport to decide a case fundamentally different from that which the Intelligence Department stated. In legal parlance, therefore, we should move the Admiralty to enter judgment for Admiral Wilson on the ground that, although the "command of the sea" was undecided by the campaign, yet by successfully releasing the Madeira fleet from the precarious position it was in, he prevented his adversaries from establishing the "local control" they had been placed in a fair way to achieve.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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PUBLIC OPINION AND MACEDONIA

THE day when Turkish atrocities were put down as "coffee-house babble" is long past. The country is aware that the reports from Macedonia, though there may be exaggerations here and there, substantially represent facts. It is not necessary at this time of the day to argue on which side the balance of criminality falls in a struggle which would never have existed at all but for the presence of the Turks in Europe. Indignation is voiced by public meetings in every part of the country, and by a Press which is, with very few exceptions, in sympathy with the Macedonian cause. And yet with all this there is no real national uprising.

To what is this ill-timed moderation to be attributed? To the reasons devised to justify it; or to some deep-seated want of feeling and imagination, of disinterested enthusiasm? It will hardly be questioned, even by those who regard the Gladstonian tradition with abhorrence, that there has been a certain decay of these high qualities in the past twenty years, an increasing habit of keeping the eyes fixed upon the material aspects of political dominion. The prevailing view of empire, in spite of after-dinner speeches at the Colonial Institute, is not inspired by idealism, and the habit which it generates of taking a bird's-eye view of the world makes it almost impossible for the observer to put himself by sympathy into the position of a few hundreds of thousands of people on a

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single spot of the great map's surface. At home, urgent and high-sounding themes have absorbed our attention. No statesman, no orator, presents himself who can so picture the grim realities on the other side of Europe as to bring them home to the popular conception. The Transvaal War has exhausted our stock of sensation, and seems in some mysterious way to paralyse our efforts. There is a feeling among educated men that our reputation in Europe is such as to cast suspicion upon any action which we might take, and that it is even inconsistent in us to pose as the friends of rebellion; while, among working men, the desolated homes of South Africa—whether rightly or wrongly desolated they do not particularly inquire—are frankly, if illogically, quoted as a reason for letting the Sultan alone.

It may therefore be feared that to answer, even successfully, the objections urged as grounds for inaction would be useless. Still, it is worth while to put them to the test which they challenge—the test of sober reason. Every reader of the papers, the *Times* and the *Spectator*, no less than the *Daily News* and the *Speaker*, is now in possession of ample materials for judgment. The average amateur politician, by whom, not by travellers and specialists, the part of England in the Balkan tragedy will ultimately be decided, has dallied too long with the problem, solacing his conscience with the comforting reflection that there was something to be said on both sides. He has no longer an excuse for stopping short of a conclusion. And even if the tragedy should drag itself out to yet another and another scene of carnage, it will be something to the good if on each occasion the facts have been a little more thoroughly sifted and the elementary conditions of the problem made a little more familiar to the public mind.

Disentangling the current arguments, we find that they range themselves under one or other of two distinct assertions: (1) That the Macedonian question is irremediable, and if changeable, changeable only for the worse; (2) that English intervention, even in concert with some or all of the Powers, is, under the assumptions made, impossible.

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It is still widely held in some quarters that the population of Macedonia is, in the common phrase, "no better than the Turks." The assassination of spies, the extortion of money for the revolutionary funds, the attacks on Greeks and others who were hostile to the Bulgarian or Exarchist propaganda, the dynamiting of last summer, are quoted. To condemn assassination and extortion in such a case is to beg the question of whether this rebellion was or was not justified. Without such means no organised revolution against an absolute despotism could be maintained. As to the rest, it is not inconsistent to condemn, in the same breath, these outrages and the administration which made them possible. It is not difficult to understand their origin. It is a commonplace that a repressive government like that of the Porte, while it awakens a patriotic resistance, opens a hundred avenues to the latent ruffianism of a country seething with disaffection. The dynamiting was the outcome of despair. Given a just cause for rebellion, the rebel must use the forces at his command. One of these lay in the personal fears of Abdul Hamid, and especially in his well-known terror of dynamite. It was known that outrages on foreign property would alienate Europe, but sympathy from the Great Powers had long been despaired of; and no intervention, unless inspired by fear, was thought possible. It is with the callousness of the "Christian" peoples that the blame chiefly lies. When the present movement towards intervention arose among the Western Powers it was noticed that dynamite outrages immediately ceased. Whatever may be said of insurgent violence (and singularly little is told of it except in official Turkish reports), no one has contended that the revolutionaries have made war on women and children, that they have made the rising an excuse for a carnival of lust, or that they have mutilated the living with the dead.

Nor can we forget that the conscience of Europe requires nothing less than a first-class massacre to rouse it. This is a

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fact which gives food for thought. Fairly considering it, can we say that even the deliberate provocation of massacre would never be justifiable? The people of Macedonia suffer at the hands of tax-collectors, Moslem landlords, licensed brigands, and an unpaid and an uncontrolled soldiery, a daily and hourly oppression which is admitted to be intolerable. We, however, remain impervious to the sense of our responsibility, until something occurs sufficiently sensational to fill the headlines of an evening paper. Put the supposition at its worst, and grant that the insurgent leaders have not always shrunk from this one desperate method of appealing to the sympathy of Europe. Does it lie in our mouth to condemn them?

The fact that violence has been used by one section of Christians against another is often adduced, to condemn them all. That a popular uprising should be identified with a national propaganda is indeed to be deplored, but it should not discredit the revolt. So long as Macedonia remains an unallotted bone of contention, so long will neighbouring Powers eye each other with jealousy; and it is more surprising that the Serbs are not opposing the rebellion than that the Greeks are decrying it. Greece has nothing to gain by the revolt; therefore the Greeks in Macedonia have orders to abstain from it. But in a desperate attempt to defeat the oppressor, opposition is naturally treated as treason. It would be a very different matter if the movement were engineered from Bulgaria; but to any one who has known the sturdy mountaineers of the Macedonian ranges such a theory is ridiculous. Violence was justified because the quiescent attitude of the Greeks and Serbs was actually injurious to the Christians as a whole. Leading Serbs have for years admitted as much. Before the insurrection broke out the Serbs in Old Servia were regretting the attitude of submission adopted in that part of the country, and admitted that in the Bulgarian regions, where forcible resistance had taken place, the Turks had been frightened into a much more moderate retaliation. Even in Macedonia, where the rivalry of Bulgar and Serb was keenest, a Serb schoolmaster, sent by his Government to

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manufacture adherents at Prilep, admitted lately that Bulgarian violence (though he himself had suffered from it) kept the Turks in order.

Taking a broad view of the rebellion, it is clearly impossible to pronounce it unjustified, unless indeed on the ground that it was premature. The ethics of rebellion were never clearer. It is now fairly well understood that the ordinary life of the Macedonian peasant, whether Bulgarian, Servian, or Vlach, is one of grinding misery. The exasperating methods of taxation: the degrading poverty of an industrious people: the unbridled tyranny of the zaptieh: the irresponsible power of the armed Mohammedan over his unarmed serfs: the absolute insecurity of property, life, and chastity, in which the peasant must make shift to live—these are obvious to the most casual traveller. If it is criminal to protect your property from organised theft, it is at least not criminal to protect your person from stabbing and your daughter from abduction.

But the sympathy of Liberal Europe must be even more deeply moved when it realises that the sufferers are not merely fellow-men and co-religionists: that they are people capable of progress, and with a genuine passion for education. The index to the character of the Macedonian is given by the precedent furnished in Bulgaria. Twenty-five years ago Bulgaria was in the position of Macedonia to-day. Now there is an absolute consensus of opinion that Bulgaria is to Macedonia as civilisation is to barbarism. That best informed of recent observers, "Odysseus," observed that when you crossed the Bulgarian frontier you found civilisation advanced not twenty but two hundred years. Mr. Dicey, in 1894, said that Bulgaria was becoming a "bulwark to Russian aggression." The land is coming increasingly under cultivation: houses are rising where none stood before: every village has its school and every town its college. Pomaks and Turkish Moslems live at peace with their Christian rulers. Friendly tolerance is shown to a growing Protestant community. Commerce is weaving its network over the face of the country. With the statesmen of Sofia, such as Gueshof, and the late M. Karavelof, the

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Englishman might discuss the newest political theories and the latest work of English philosophy and literature. Many Bulgarians are regular readers of English newspapers. Neither is the national genius adaptive alone. The five great peoples of the world may read in their own tongue the romances of Vazof. And twenty-five years ago these men were little more than slaves. Surely not even in Japan has such a *tour de force* been surpassed.

Is the hopelessness of the situation to be found, then, in the racial divisions of the people? It may be readily admitted that these divisions will raise many difficulties in the distant future, but similar difficulties have arisen, and have in the main been surmounted, in every one of those provinces which, at intervals of about twenty-five years ever since the opening of the nineteenth century, have been detached one after another from European Turkey. Two facts are worth noting. Sectional disputes must always flourish where the political atmosphere is charged with constant irritation and constant unrest. Did not men ask themselves in 1848 whether Venice would ever join hands with Milan, or Brescia cease to quarrel with Verona?

Secondly, the elements of discord have been sedulously fostered by the Turk. He has so jerrymandered his territorial divisions that as far as possible no nationality shall predominate in any one of them. Where, as at Kumanova, the people were wholly Bulgarian, he creates a Serb propaganda by assigning to the Patriarch some lands of the Bulgarian Church. Where, again, the Bulgarian makes no claim, he develops, as at Prizrend, a congregation of Wallachs. It would be the slow but not difficult task of a European governor to take a census, to rectify these boundaries, and to discover the racial tendencies of the population. The work of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and of the Powers in Lebanon and Crete, are standing examples.

The claim of "Old Servia" to be Servian is undoubted. There is a fair Greek claim to certain parts of Southern Macedonia, where the inhabitants of the villages are Greek. But the dream of a Hellenic Empire over the Balkans has been abandoned. The vast number of Slavs who, before the establishment of

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the Exarchate in 1870, had received their only culture from the emissaries of the Greek Church, and who, as even Tricoupi said in his time, were "ready to be Bulgarian," have become Bulgarian to-day. Generally speaking, the real Greeks remain as traders in the towns. Their traditional friendship with Turkey, dating from the days of the Phanariot servitude, does not make them beloved in the Balkans. It is evident that, in point of numbers, they are not the dominant race in Macedonia. If they were, they would welcome the prospect of Macedonian autonomy. Yet it is very doubtful whether (in spite of discriminating Turkish proclamations) they would still prefer the Sultan's control to that of the Powers. Moreover, the decisive factor is the Slav peasant. It is he who tills the land, and if fire and sword spare him, he has come to stay. He has backbone and persistence and the political instinct. Nor is he intolerant. Sixty-five thousand Greeks, with their schools and churches, choose to live under Bulgarian rule; while no less than half a million Mohammedans, whose representatives in the parliament may be seen at sunset worshipping in their traditional manner, have found no reason to escape the government of the Giaour.

And it cannot be too often urged that these difficulties are not the difficulties of the present. Under the scheme proposed by all friends of Macedonia, including the Revolutionary Committee itself, they would not arise. That scheme is the appointment of a governor responsible to the European Powers with the whole local administration in his hands; there is no question of autonomy in the sense of representative government. The insurgents ask for security and equal rights; not till these are given can the question of territorial division be adequately examined, much less finally decided.

It remains to consider an objection which is still strongly felt, even by some who, but for its influence, would be among the advocates of intervention. It is the fear that the liberation of Macedonia would ultimately lead to some such absorption by Russia as has occurred in the cases of Poland

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and Finland. It is important to make clear precisely what the objection means. It is not a question of Russian diplomatic influence over the councils of a new State. That must be dealt with under a different head. What is here contemplated is the actual subjection of Macedonia to direct Russian administration—to the Russian police, in short. If such a calamity were probable, few would be found to advocate a change which would tend to bring it nearer. Yet it should be remembered, in passing, that the downfall of Turkey in Europe cannot be permanently postponed, and that, in the case supposed, the prospect would be the same at whatever date that downfall took place. At the very best, the only fruit of our inaction would be to delay by a few years the inevitable disaster.

But the history of Bulgaria seems to supply an answer to this fear. For twenty-five years Bulgaria has maintained her independence, and the likelihood of her losing it becomes less and less. Her people, though influenced by Slav ideas, are fundamentally akin, not to the Slavs, but to the Magyars. They share the intense suspicion of Russian influence, which pervades the whole Peninsula. Stambuloff had his enemies, and met his death at their hands, but he fostered a vigorous national sentiment which establishes itself more firmly from year to year. Independence of Russia is a familiar cry, and the principality has never regained the favour of the Czar. Roumania and Bulgaria stand as barriers between Macedonia and the Russian Empire, and make it infinitely more probable that, when once the bone of contention has been removed, a federation of free Balkan States, based upon the common danger of some imperial domination, will be the residuary legatee of European Turkey.

II

But granting that something can be done for Macedonia, there remains the question of the part which England should take in doing it. What, it has first to be asked, has she already done? Since February 1908, Austria-Hungary and

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Russia have been commissioned by the Powers to take the Macedonian question in hand. They were, and they remain to this moment, the *doyens* of the Concert. Lord Lansdowne very properly reserved the right of England to make any proposals, and in conjunction with the other Powers to take any active steps that might in future become necessary. This right, indeed, was one of which, since the Treaty of Paris, it would be hardly possible for the Concert to divest itself; and it clearly includes the revocation, if necessary, of the commission thus given to Austria-Hungary and Russia. These Powers, in pursuance of their commission, produced one reform scheme which has proved a total failure. They have now, in accordance with British suggestions, produced a second scheme of greater stringency. It is one which, if honestly and energetically worked, would give greater publicity to the details of Turkish administration, and thus indirectly benefit the Macedonians. But it does not go to the root of the matter; it does not cut the wires to Constantinople; it leaves an Ottoman governor, with full control over the province, under the direct orders of the Sultan. No one familiar with European Turkey would suggest that it contains a single element of finality.

Such is the position to-day. The new scheme must be tried. We cannot urge that our Government, having suggested it, should turn round and refuse to back it. But we must insist that they shall not leave the question alone, or allow England to fall into the background; that they shall use every means to see the reforms, such as they are, enforced. They will need the assurance of popular sympathy to do so with effect. For this purpose, if for no other, it is as necessary as ever that the English people should strengthen the hands of their representatives by expressing through every possible channel their determination to effect some real improvement in the Balkans.

But the policy of the friends of Macedonia goes further. There is every probability that the present scheme will meet with the fate of its predecessor; that the insurgents will reject

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it as offering no adequate guarantee for the elementary security which they demand; and that, after a lull during the winter months, the rebellion will break out with renewed force in the spring. What then? It is imperative that England should have its mind made up beforehand, and should formulate, at the earliest possible moment, proposals to meet that contingency. Few will question that, if it becomes clear that Austria and Russia have again failed, the inevitable step is the summoning of a Conference of the Powers. Fewer still will doubt that, in the circumstances, the scheme to which the adhesion of all the Powers should be invited is one of full administrative control by a Christian governor responsible to the Concert of Europe. Here, again, the expression of popular opinion is needed. Nothing will so smooth the path of British diplomacy as the certainty that England has a definite demand to make, and is prepared to support it. The end once determined, the finding of the means will present far fewer difficulties. Such a demand would be supported, not only by popular feeling, but by those whose view of foreign policy is dictated by the fear of Russian advance, and who, like Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and most British residents in the Near East, look with extreme disapproval on what they consider the abdication of Europe in favour of the two "interested" Powers. In making this demand, it is only natural for England to be the prime mover. Of the Powers without direct territorial interests, France is hampered by what remains of her understanding with Russia, while Italy would hesitate to move independently of the Triple Alliance. England alone is free from such ties, and whatever may be thought on the Continent of her general policy, she is not suspected of other than humane motives in the Near East.

It is not necessary that the active co-operation of every member of the Concert should be secured. That supposed necessity is a superstition, and the most recent of superstitions into the bargain. The most effective of the many past interventions in Turkey have been carried out by four, three, two, or even one Power. The virtual liberation of Crete was the

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work of England, France, Italy and Russia. Navarino, in 1827, was the fruit of Canning's alliance with France and Russia. The reorganisation of the Lebanon province in 1860 was due to England and France. France seized Mitylene last year to enforce the payment of a private debt. America this year sent a squadron to Beyrout to protect a missionary college. England herself presents two contrasted examples of isolated intervention. In 1878, she did not hesitate to run the risk of war by sending her fleet to the Dardanelles to arrest the victorious progress of Russia. In 1881, she sent it to Dulcigno, aud threatened to occupy Smyrna, in order to compel the Porte to fulfil its obligations under the Berlin Treaty to Montenegro and to Greece.

Two objections are raised to the policy here outlined. The first—the fear of Russian advance—can hardly be taken seriously. The Beaconsfield theory has already been abandoned by Lord Lansdowne. But even if it had not, the appointment of a Christian governor by the representatives of the Powers, instead of by Austria-Hungary and Russia, would obviously diminish, and not increase, the prospect of independent Russian influence. Such a fear, moreover, is strangely inconsistent with the second argument, which is frequently used in the same breath—the fear that such control would be actively resisted by Russia. The Czar cannot at one and the same time be aiming at absorption and resisting the means best qualified to secure it.

The fear of Russian advance is, in fact, incompatible with the fear of Russian resistance. The latter is the real motive in the minds of those who object to further action on the part of England. It is put, of course, in the vaguest possible form, and therein lies the difficulty of meeting it. A "European conflagration," whatever that may mean, is hinted at in awe-struck tones. This is the kind of objection which may be raised to almost any action in foreign policy; which might have been raised, and indeed was raised, before Lord Lansdowne showed the way, to the very suggestions which he has actually made. Its strength lies in its mistiness—*omne ignotum pro*

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magnifico. But it reduces itself, on examination, to more moderate proportions. The risk of armed opposition by Turkey to a demand backed by several Powers is laughable. The duty of yielding to overmastering force is a precept of the Mohammedan law itself. Austrian resistance is highly improbable. Austria-Hungary is getting the worst, even now, of her bargain with Russia; if she went to war, her position as second fiddle would be more patent still. Originally urged into Balkan politics by England at the Berlin Congress, and then left unsupported, she has found, in an alliance with Russia to maintain the *status quo*, her only available means of postponing that Russian advance which she, of all the Powers, has most reason to dread. Nor would she be sorry, at the present moment, to find herself free from responsibility in Turkey to deal with her domestic difficulties and perils. Germany, no doubt, has ambitions in Eastern Europe, and believes that she can utilise the Teutonic elements in Austria to facilitate or promote the "Drang nach Osten." But even if Germany's interests in the Near East are held to-day to be worth somewhat more than the bones of Bismarck's "single Pomeranian grenadier," no one has gone so far as to suggest that Germany would go to war to prevent the appointment by the Powers of a European governor for Macedonia. Least of all would she go to war as the ally of Russia, whose Press has recently shown bitter hostility to her foreign policy. It is more probable that, as in the case of Crete, she would simply stand aside as a passive spectator and bide her time. The Concert can again make music without "the German flute." We are reduced, then, to this, that the real bugbear of the opponents of intervention is now, as of old, simply Russia.

It should be noted here that the fear of Russia, however well founded it might in some circumstances become, is at all events premature. What is proposed now is that England should, if the new reform scheme proves a failure, propose an alternative plan of European control. Until this preliminary step has been taken, the opponents of such "intervention" have no right to terrify us with the risk of war. The policy

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suggested is no dream. It is supported by the opinion of responsible diplomatists. It would not commit us to offensive action. There would always be a *locus pœnitentiæ*. But it would define our position to the Sultan and to the world. It would relieve the national conscience of a burden which has not wholly been forgotten. It would make our action easier in future crises, even if it should fail in this.

Those who say that England should hold back for fear of Russia's resentment ought at least to have the courage of their opinions. Let it be openly acknowledged that we have decided, on what we consider adequate grounds, to shirk our obligation. Englishmen who are familiar with the Cyprus Convention will not come to that decision without some sense of discomfort. We have taken the pay and have not done the work. But no good can come of refusing to recognise the fact. We are repudiating our duty, not for fear of war, but for fear merely that our suggestions may not meet with approval. Are we, then, so crushed because Lord Lansdowne's proposal, to check the Turkish troops by the presence of foreign attachés, has been twice declined by the two empires?

It is, however, more than improbable that—especially if the adherence of France and Italy were first obtained—Russia would withhold her assent. In their Note of 10th November the two Empires themselves, while implying that their scheme is moderate when compared with the *tendance assez prononcée* towards one of European control, hint significantly at the probable consequences of the Sultan's resistance, *qui découlent logiquement de ce qui précède*. Recent visitors report that the Russian Government is abstaining from more drastic demands partly from the fear that England would step in and support the Turk in resisting them. If this prevailing impression is a wrong one—and Lord Lansdowne would be the first to admit that our policy has altered—surely the resources of diplomacy should be used to dispel it. There is no reason to believe that an English proposal, obviously dictated by humanitarian motives, would be resented in Russia. The expectation that England will naturally have her say in the Near Eastern

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question is far from extinct at St. Petersburg. An article in the *Novoe Vremya*, written before the recent British proposals had been made, referred to the suggestion that England was preparing a new reform scheme in these words: "Far from arousing apprehension, this discussion must be greeted with sympathy, and if the British Government has really put together a project of reforms, at once feasible and calculated to pacify the Macedonian vilayets, it will certainly receive Russian support." Two facts should be noted with regard to Lord Lansdowne's well-timed, though limited, departure from the Beaconsfield tradition. The first is that it was received with surprise in the official circles of St. Petersburg and Vienna, which have not discarded the opinion, only too well justified in the past, that England's policy is to "bolster up the Turk." The other is that this surprise was followed, not by opposition, but by acceptance, thinly veiled by the diplomatic formula that the British suggestions "had already commended themselves" to the Governments concerned. This illustrates the fact that Russia cannot afford to be the opponent of reform if other Powers urge it. The vast influence of Panslavism and Orthodox Church feeling make an avowed anti-Macedonian policy impossible. Russia, like Germany, naturally hopes to obtain some advantage in the ultimate readjustment of the Balkan Peninsula. But at present she is not ready for such a readjustment, and for the moment her principal interest is that the territories in question should remain neutral ground, and should not assume their final political form. Both these conditions are fulfilled by the establishment of a joint European control. There would be no rearrangements of territory to frighten the diplomatists. There would be some gain in point of political stability; but the relation of Russia to the Balkan Peninsula would remain almost precisely what it was.

The upshot is that no sufficient evidence of the risk of war with Russia has yet been given; while attention has not been directed to the opposite risk, the risk involved in the *status*

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quo. The present situation contains a real danger to the peace of Europe. Inaction in cases like this has often brought war; united action never.

It is highly probable that Bulgaria will go to war. The confidence of her army is not shaken by the probability, in the eyes of outsiders, of its being beaten in the long run. And the nation at large, however phlegmatic its temperament, cannot continue indefinitely to watch the slaughter of its kinsfolk without striking a blow in their defence. When that blow is struck, the match will have been applied to the bonfire, and no man can say when or where the flames will be extinguished. At the least it is certain that, whatever ambassadors may threaten, there will be no returning to the *status quo* after the prolonged and widely extended struggle which must inevitably follow.

We do not belittle the horror of a "European" or any other war; but we deprecate the use of the supposed danger as a reason for inaction, unless some evidence is given of its reality. Every movement in foreign policy is attended by some conceivable dangers. The real assumption of those who so lightly threaten us with the risk of war, is that a line must be drawn between material and moral interests; and that, while we may promote the former, even to the extent of recklessness, any risk, however remote and shadowy, justifies us in abandoning the latter. Ministers, so this theory runs, must be prepared to plunge the country into war to gain or keep an outlet for our commerce; but they must risk nothing, even should the people desire it, to discharge a moral obligation. We hear much of the folly of "ostentatiously disarming ourselves" by throwing away the "weapons" of fiscal conflict. Is it not much more foolish to proclaim on the housetops that, though England's voice may be heard on the side of freedom, it will never under any circumstances be backed by force?

It is hard to believe that a nation can be healthy which allows so emasculating a doctrine to pass without a protest, and discounts its generous instincts in advance. The action of Canning in regard to Greece, and of Lord John Russell in

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regard to Italy, recognised no such distinction. It did not neglect the material interests of England, but it was based on the view that the nation's temper and character must necessarily be reflected in her foreign policy; that the English were a liberty-loving people, and that it was not the business of their representatives to insist on their standing idle when freedom was at stake. This is a stronger case, for towards Italy and Greece we had incurred no direct responsibility.

It is not only from a cosmopolitan point of view that some recognition of moral claims in our foreign policy is to be desired. If it would put heart into the friends of liberty all over the world, if it would give strength to the advocates of an honourable foreign policy in every nation, these are benefits which would react on those who bestowed them. As every arbitration, even though one side may suffer, brings the whole world one step nearer to the distant goal of international disarmament, so every disinterested national act elevates the standard and purifies the atmosphere of European politics, and so diminishes the dangers which every State has to fear from the greed or deceit of its neighbours. Nor is it a small thing to regain for England the moral prestige which she has lost, to make her again the object, not of the suspicion and hatred, but of the love and honour of foreign peoples.

And some account should surely be taken of the influence which a generous foreign policy could not fail to exercise upon national character. While conservative of the best of our traditions, it would raise the plane of public life, and give a new meaning to patriotism. It would arrest the growing predominance of purely material motives; it would sound the note of chivalry, the *sursum corda* which, when all is said, is the first and the last condition of the permanence of great empires.

NOEL BUXTON
CHARLES RODEN BUXTON } *Balkan Committee.*

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXV

"ARE these your notes for the discourse you are to give us this afternoon?"

The question was addressed by Miss Leighton at breakfast next morning to her host, whose coffee-cup was dwarfed by the neighbourhood of a pile of letters and documents.

"No," replied Glanville. "I only wish they related to anything half as important as the questions which we have all been quarrelling over, and on which I am hoping to-night to give you my own opinion. These questions must wait till to-night. Most of to-day I shall be busy—and busy, can you guess about what? Ask Mr. Seaton if he thinks that these great envelopes look as if they contained disquisitions on the reality of the immortal soul, or of miracles, or on the moral struggle, or on the possibility of our union with the Absolute. Come, Alistair, come, Miss Leighton—guess. What are the urgent, burning, elevating, soul-absorbing questions on which I have just been asked by certain very important people to concentrate all my interest and all my mind to-day—indeed, for a good many days, and perhaps for the rest of my life—instead of on the question of what my life is, and whether your lives and mine have any meaning or none? The great question," he continued, "which, since we got rid of our Bishop, has been occupying us here in one disguise or another, has

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been, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton with solemnity. "That is the question which every religion puts to us, and which only a reasonable, an open-eyed, an ethical religion can answer. I defy anybody to name one of deeper and more general moment."

"My important friends," said Glanville, "have proposed to me in these documents a variety of others, which to them are very much more engrossing. I'll give you a few specimens of them. How many more hundreds of thousands of white-thread stockings do we import from Germany to-day than we did twenty years ago? And how many fewer hundreds of thousands of vulgar and hideous neckties does Germany import from us? Does this country suffer, as compared with France, from any natural disadvantage in the production of silk ribbons? How many of the tons of cheese which we now import from America could we make for ourselves if only we knew our business? Is pig-iron a manufactured commodity?"

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed Miss Leighton in suave annoyance, "that anybody wants you to busy yourself with stuff like that!"

"What answer, my dear Alistair," said Glanville, "would Hegel give to these questions? What help should we get from a converted saint in an ecstasy? And yet—don't let us be too hasty. Hegel and saints deal in mysteries; and here is a solemn mystery which is specially commended to my attention. What proportion does our butter trade bear to our foreign? How many miles of shirtings, trouserings, and cambrics, manufactured in this country, are kept to cover British legs and chests, and be blown into by British noses? Is the mileage greater or less than that which we send abroad? In the opinion of the Board of Trade, could we only solve this enigma, we should know whether the Queen of Nations was truly alive or dying."

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"What's all this?" said Lord Restormel, looking up from a letter which was strongly scented, and adorned with an aggressively feminine monogram. "What's all this about trousers and pig-iron?"

"There's going," said Glanville, "to be a Board or Commission to inquire into the state and prospects of British trade; and they want me to be president of it. Here, Restormel, you can look at that paper if you like. It's an analysis of the questions as to which the Board of Trade is ignorant; so you won't wonder at the length of it."

Lord Restormel's eyes had returned to his scented letter, and were lingering over the last words. "He insists on my going abroad with him. Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye." The recipient of this flattering adieu thrust it into his breast-pocket, and took with a businesslike alertness a voluminous type-written document which Glanville had passed down the table to him. "We had," he said, glancing at it, "to go through all this in India. I'll come to your room with you afterwards, and explain to you what we did."

"I hope," said Mrs. Vernon, for whom all political conversation had the same attraction that water has for a spaniel, "I hope, Lord Restormel, you're in favour of protective duties?"

"I have," he said, "come to be so slowly, and after much reflection."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Vernon, "I became a Protectionist at once—the very first time that I heard the question started."

Miss Leighton's eyes caught Glanville's for a moment, and a spark of clandestine amusement showed itself in their grave depths.

"I am going," he said to her, "into a country so far away from that in which you and I have been lately wandering together, that I feel as if I must say good-bye to you, though I hope to be back by luncheon. It's hardly a country to which I could ask you to elope with me."

"I would," said Miss Glanville demurely, "be very quiet if I did come."

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"Yes," said Glanville, "but unfortunately, if you were there, I might not myself be quite as quiet as you were. Now, Restormel, if you're going to give me your advice—it's after ten already—let us grasp our nettle and be off."

XXVI

Luncheon-time came, and the two statesmen reappeared.

"Well," said Mrs. Vernon to Glanville, having managed to seat herself next to him, "I don't want to be indiscreet; but are you going to do what they want? We all hope before long to have you back in the Ministry."

"I believe," he replied, "that I shall do this one particular thing. These practical matters are a vortex that drags one into it. Anyhow, I shall be at the work for the rest of the afternoon."

"I cannot," said Mr. Hancock, who hated to be left out in the cold, "imagine an inquiry of a more interesting kind."

"I trust," said Glanville to Mrs. Vernon, "that he is not going to inflict his help on me.—I'll tell you what, Hancock," he went on, raising his voice, "I wish that this afternoon you'd help me by doing one thing. Draw up a little statement of the result of our past conferences, and the exact points on which you expect me to express an opinion.—That will keep him quiet," he added to Mrs. Vernon in a whisper.

It did so. Mr. Hancock felt that he was still an intellectual centre; and, contriving by a little judicious flattery to take Lady Snowden into his confidence, he concocted, with her assistance, the short statement that was requisite, and received, in a pause between their intellectual efforts, an invitation to spend a week at her Welsh castle in October.

When the company after dinner had again assembled in the portico, the statement, instead of being, as Mr. Hancock had intended, read out by him in his own neat voice, was asked for by Glanville, and handed to him, to be glanced at and used as notes.

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"It is a little difficult," he began, in a cold and almost careless voice, "when all day long one has been busy with pig-iron and cheese, and has realised that the question of whether these should be taxed or no will, in a few weeks' time, be exciting millions of human beings; when we think of the struggles it will give rise to, the shoutings, the speeches, the intrigues; and when, by anticipation, we feel ourselves drawn into the thick of the fray—it is a little difficult to bring oneself back to the mood in which such trifles as God, the soul, and eternity—

> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn—

seem of more importance than the prices of tea, tobacco, and bacon. At this very moment I feel I must, before I go on, point out to Lord Restormel something which he overlooked before dinner—that if British coal is to be counted as a raw material, we must treat the mineral oil of America as a raw material also. And now let me take the plunge. I'll do so by means of a text; but I won't start with telling you where the text is written. I'll invert this clerical practice, and invite you to make a guess. I'm keeping strictly—though you may not think so, Hancock—to the first point in your notes.

"'Let the names of the Lord be held in everlasting remembrance, and let the first man proclaim them. Let the wise and the understanding consider His names together. Let the father teach them to his son. Let them be in the ears of the shepherd. Let a man rejoice in the Lord that He may cause his land to be fruitful. His word standeth fast. The commandment of the Lord faileth not. The Lord gazed in His anger. He did not turn his neck. When the Lord is wrath who shall withstand His indignation? Wide is the Lord's heart, and His mercy never faileth.' And now listen to this. 'And the Lord divided the body of the great waters, like a flat fish that is split into two halves; and one half He stablished as a covering for the heavens; and He fixed a bolt, and He set a watch, that the waters which are below the heaven should not

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again come forth. And He fixed the stars in their places and He ordered the year and divided it. Into twelve months did the lord divide the year. And He caused the moon to shine forth that the moon might rule the night. And the hosts of heaven beheld what the Lord had done; and they beheld His bow in the clouds; and they saw that what He had made was good. And the Lord opened His mouth, and He spake what He had conceived in His heart; and He said 'I will take mine own blood; and I will take bone; and I will fashion it; and I will make man, and man shall inherit the earth.'"

"Now I daresay," Glanville continued, "you would most of you suppose that what I have just read consisted of fragments of Genesis, imperfectly remembered in a dream. It is really taken from the Seven Tablets of Creation—the book of Genesis which the Jews found by the waters of Babylon, and of which their own story is a sublimation. In other days we have eaten of the tree of knowledge. We know now how the Eden of our childhood originated. Science has driven us out from it, and from the whole world of special beliefs which had their birth within its borders. Only a few days ago, at an Anglican Church Congress, one of our Bishops warned his clergy against laying too much stress on the historical side of the Old Testament. Another cleric maintained that the story of the Fall should now be allowed to drop out of Christian teaching; and a distinguished Dean declared that the entire Christian scheme stood or fell with the reality of God's covenant with Abraham. What are these stories for us now—and others of a kind which have touched us far more nearly? We all know. Our old whole-hearted belief in their concrete veracity has gone. If we try to recover it by struggling back into the Eden where the Divine presence was once face to face with us, at each gate of the Garden is Science—is knowledge—this knowledge we cannot escape from—a flaming sword which turns every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. And so nothing is left us but liberty to till the ground—to break up the substance of the earth and stars and suns in the sweat of

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our faces, and try if we cannot compel them to yield us the bread from heaven.

"Well, Hancock—there's the first point to which you allude in your notes. After our opening conference we found ourselves driven out of Eden to look for our souls in Nature and our own experience, with Science and philosophy to guide us, as Virgil guided Dante. Some of us, I believe, fancied that Science was the most perfect guide imaginable. He was going to take us at once to some new spiritual Jerusalem, compared with which the Jerusalem of St. John was squalid. But when we watched our guide closely and saw what he was really doing, we saw that he was inviting us to contemplate a process of universal dissolution, under which not merely the special doctrines of our special religion, but the ultimate elements also of every possible religion disappeared. Religion implies two poles—the finite human personality, and the divine Infinity; and Science not only wipes out every sign of moral divinity for the one, but it reduces the other to a mere dissolving illusion; and between the two it leaves no possibility of any hopeful—of any reasonable relationship."

"You'll see," interrupted Mr. Hancock, "if you look at that little statement of mine—of mine and Lady Snowden's, I should say—that there were several protests entered against that conclusion. Transcendental philosophy, conversion, ecstasy, mysticism—all these were suggested to us as means by which experience shows us that the individual human being can unite itself to what you call the divine Infinity; and I believe it is claimed by those who believe in these methods that though they can be practised with success by only a minority of mankind, yet the ecstatic unions with the Divine which these people experience show that between the individual personality and the Universe there is really some moral or quasi-moral affinity. We want you to give us briefly again your own criticism of this position."

"Yes," said Glanville, "and, in part, I myself agree with them. I agree that the experiences of union with the Divine

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or the Universal, which saints and mystics and converted persons report to us, are genuine events—that they represent some crisis to which the constitution of human nature renders all men particularly liable, and that they throw an important light on what human nature is. I go further. I say the same thing of love, poetry, the delight in natural beauty, the effects even of colours and smells, all have something in them of this mystical element; but in the spasms of conversion or ecstasy, though I'm personally so unregenerate that I don't feel much sympathy with them, I admit that we see the workings of the mystical element most plainly. When a converted cobbler at a revival meeting sees himself enveloped in a divine light, and united to a seen Saviour—when the Blessed Margaret Mary sees the Bridegroom place her heart in his own—something has happened as definite as an attack of delirium tremens; and it's a something which originates in the general constitution of man, and is not dependent in its essence on any one system of belief. These crises are named differently, they are explained differently, they associate themselves with different imagery, according to the education and circumstances of the various persons who undergo them; but in their essential character, and in certain of their features, they are identical. They are generally associated with a visual sense of light, for example; and a deeper characteristic of them is a mental sense of union with some force or Being incomparably larger than the individual. The Indian ascetics, the pagan philosophers of Alexandria, and the founder of the Mohammedan religion, all of these had experiences absolutely the same in kind as those of St. Teresa, and the other Catholic mystics. The experiences of the Catholic mystics are again essentially identical with those of the converted Methodist who foams and goes into convulsions at a modern revival meeting. It is this essential identity amongst all accidental differences which makes these experiences so interesting to the really scientific mind. They neither originate in, nor utter, any special religious creed, nor any special philosophy. They come not of what men are

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as men; nor even of what they are as Mohammedans, or Buddhists, or Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, or Neo-Platonists. Well—in a general way, as I think I have said already—I look on these crises—and so do most modern psychologists—as resulting from temporary irruptions of the sub-conscious mind into the conscious; and they thus seem to me to bear the highest scientific significance. Professor Huxley prophesied that the next great discoveries of science would be in the sphere of psychology; and events have shown that he was right. The discovery that the conscious mind is nucleated out of a mind that is non-conscious is just as important as the discovery of ether; and the inference to be drawn from it seems to me to be this: the sense of things, as scientific observers see it, consists—to speak rightly—of three elements, or of one element in three conditions. One of these is the general substance of the Universe, which we commonly speak of as lifeless; the second is the same substance, exhibiting a life that is non-conscious; and the third is this non-conscious life nucleated into points of conscience. Such being the case, these spiritual crises which we are speaking about, and which Professor James, my good friend Mr. Seaton, and all who are now seeking for the natural genesis of religion, regard as the root fact in which all religion originates, seem to me to resemble the breathing of an individual blood-vessel, and the fusion of the individual blood with the common life-blood of the Universe. On such occasions the individual consciousness dies, and feels itself die into something more vast than itself; the logical or intellectual faculty suffering dissolution is the process. Well, though I fully believe in these rapturous crises and facts, and believe also that the subjective raptures experienced point to some other objective fact that corresponds to it, I utterly deny, for my own part, that they contain the essential ingredient of what we here, one and all of us, implicitly mean by a religion. These crises are, one and all of them, states of glorified passivity. Instead of exhibiting the will to us as an active, self-generating

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force, they, on the contrary, by a glorified process of unmasking, exhibit such a will as a delusion.

"And now, Mr. Brompton," continued Glanville, "I come to my text from your favourite prophet, Emerson, who, although he was a master of the art of philosophising in solemn epigrams, seems to me to have merely given us in his most brilliant and piercing sentences so many pins with which to prick the bubble of his general teaching. 'When I watch, says your prophet, speaking of the higher experiences of the mind, 'when I watch that flowing river which, out of a region I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of that ethereal water.' Precisely—that is the logic of all mysticism, of all ecstasies, of all conversions. In proportion as the individual concerned experiences the mystical crisis, he comes to realise that he is passive, not active—not the source of a river, but a bubble swept along a stream, and then lost in it; not a musician, but an instrument played on for a moment, and then broken. Science utterly fails to see in such crises any meaning outside themselves, except a negation of the unfettered, of the will, and anything like reasonable responsibility. If they suggest any religion, they suggest a religion of pantheism on the one hand, and psycho-physical determinism on the other. That such is the case, as I said the other night, is shown by the fact that the raptures of saintly ecstasy can be produced by a dentist who doses you with a little ether, just as well as we can by the saint's orison of union. In each case the soul of the subject is the surprised spectator, conscious for a moment that it is part of an infinite process, of which it is equally a part whether it enjoys this consciousness or no. Well, for this reason, I maintain that none of these moments of mystical, estatic, of saintly exaltation and insight, delightful though they are to the few people who experience them, give us any foundation on which to build a reasonable religious system. The utmost they prove is that the dissolution of the individual intellect may be, under certain circumstances, a far pleasanter process

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than its evolution. If we could associate these moments of insight with a theory of things which the ways of the Universe as we see them in our waking lives would support, the case would be different. But we can't. The baffling mystery of things remains as insoluble as ever. It gives us nothing objective to the subjective demands of our spirits. On the contrary, the more clearly we realise what the demands of our spirits are, the more clearly does Science, with each fresh development, deny them, break them to pieces, send them back to us shattered."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton. "But permit me, Mr. Glanville, to remind you that the Ethical Religion has already said all this. It protests against ecstacies just as much as you do. It teaches us not to face life turning up the whites of our eyes, but to recognise that for ourselves the only moral universe is embodied in our fellow-men who stand on our own level."

"I think," said Glanville, "you make a little mistake as to my meaning. I am not myself, as I hope to show you presently, a despiser of ecstacies, if we look on them as a clue to the meaning of religion; and if you will forgive me—for it's my business on an occasion like this to be honest rather than polite—I take exception to the religion which you offer us yourself, simply because it rests upon a kind of amateur ecstasy of its own—an ecstacy which, I grant you, is the very reverse of mystical—which is definitely related to facts of common experience—and which, tested by these, is shown to be—again I ask your forgiveness—at once unreal and artificial. Apart from ecstacies, and other kindred relations of the spirit, by which it is directed towards a mystical and trans-human something, the only object of religion which scientific thinkers have offered us, or which they can offer us, is the human race regarded as an entity or an organism. Well—Mr. Brock has shown us that the welfare of the human race, regarded as an object of action, does scientifically give us a very complete scheme of moral conduct—or, as I have called it already, a

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religion of two dimensions; but he also showed us—though he certainly did not mean to do so—that in proportion as this religion realised itself, it lost, as you were foremost in insisting, every element that made it a religion at all, and that it ended in reducing us to the condition of ants, bees, or beavers."

"Yes," said Mr. Brompton, "that's precisely the charge I bring against him. He gives us a *caput mortuum* with no religion at the end, because he has left out the essential element of all true religion at the beginning. He's a pedant, without an ounce of human blood in his body. He gives us an anatomical diagram of what you call our lateral duties; but he leaves them as dead and dark as so many steel wires. We warm—we heat these wires to a white glow with our sympathy, and our whole religious teaching consists in keeping this sympathy incandescent. We do this by habitual meditation—by continuously placing ourselves, as it were, in the presence of Humanity, as the theologians of my former Church used to say with regard to their Deity."

"Yes, yes," said Glanville, "we know all that. You've already explained it to us with admirable eloquence and lucidity. But, my dear Mr. Brompton, my own answer to you is, that this doubtless seems all very real to yourself——"

"I can vouch," said Mr. Brompton, "for that."

"But it does so," continued Glanville, "for one reason only. This is, that you are a person of wholly exceptional character. You, no doubt, have lost all care for your personal welfare, except in so far as it is associated with the welfare of unnumbered persons whose names you do not know, and most of whom are not yet born. Any loss or misfortune which might happen to fall on yourself is sweetened to you by the thought that other unknown people might gain by it. If you gain while others suffer, your own gain is intolerable to you. We all admire you; but we are none of us able to imitate you."

Mr. Brompton here began suddenly to apply his handkerchief to his nose, which, so he whispered to Mrs. Vernon, he

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feared was about to bleed. "But I won't," Glanville continued, anxious to prevent this catastrophe, "embarrass you with personal compliments. I will merely say generally, with regard to your ethical religion, two things. In the first place men and women, even the best of them, when living on their normal level, really care very little for the human race in its entirety, a large part of which is unknown to them, whilst the largest is at present non-existent; and in the second place, if they care little about it when they do not concentrate their minds on it, in proportion as they do concentrate their minds on it, they will inevitably care less. Your religion, in fact, Mr. Brompton, is in this most vital respect the precise opposite of all religions that have really moved mankind. In all these religions—the Christian religion, for instance, the more profoundly the believer meditated on the fundamental objects of his belief, the vaster, the more overwhelming, the more all-embracing did these objects seem. But the more profoundly we meditate on Humanity as a fact of the Universe known to us, the smaller does Humanity seem to us, the more parochial, the more evanescent. It is merely a lichen which mottles the surface of an insignificant planet. The whole race has no more importance than the meanest of its individual members. Its destinies have no more significance than the destinies of the mammoth or the dodo. The imagination makes it insignificant in the very act of enlarging it into a unity."

"Quite so," said Lady Snowden. "That's what I always felt when, as a girl, I heard the clever men, before Mr. Brompton was born, talking these things over in my father's house."

"But I have not," said Glanville, "finished my criticism yet. Mr. Brompton's ethical religion gives us Humanity as one pole of it, in place of a superior Deity; but, just as much as the Christian religion itself, it assumes the active, originating, struggling, free-willing individual as the other pole. Well, Mr. Brompton, what I say is this. Not only in the name of Science do you evict the responsive Deity, putting another object in place of Him of which the reason is even less

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tolerant; but you also retain as the other essential of your religion—as the other pole of it—a human personality, with a self-determining, a self-originating force in it, which is just as supernatural as the evicted Deity Himself, and more definitely repudiated by Science because it is itself more definite. Now please believe that I've no wish to be discourteous to yourself. We're talking of theories, not people; when I say 'you,' I mean not only you, but illustrious men like Comte, and the whole Positivist school; and to you, who in this sense of the word are offering us a substitute for Christianity, I say this: Christianity gives us two self-determining personalities—a God, and the human soul, both scientifically impossible. Of these two impossibilities, you retain one unaltered; and in place of the other impossibility you give us a manifest absurdity. Yes—let me go on—the doctrine of a self-determining human personality, which is the rock on which you build your whole doctrines of struggle and heroism, is even more unscientific than this Christian doctrine of God. Such a personality is the mirror in which the image of God is seen; and Science not only reduces this mirror to a kind of optical delusion, but it shatters the mirror which contains it into a thousand bits. The essential principle, Mr. Brompton, of your ethical religion is moral activity. Science reduces this supposed activity to passivity. It shows us that whatever moral or spiritual visions may come to us, whatever shocks of spiritual vigour may thrill through us, we are, in the words of your own chosen prophets, not causes, but merely "surprised spectators." If then you really accept, as I think you profess to do, what is both the logical teaching of Science and the admissions of men like Emerson, your ethical religion loses the only element which distinguishes it from the ethical system of our friend Mr. Cosmo Brock—a system according to which moral effort and heroism are merely signs that the social instincts of man are not yet—although they will one day be so—as well adapted to this environment as the social instinct of bees. They are the efforts or the contortions of men who are learning to skate or bicycle, and

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are every moment in danger of falling down. When they can skate or ride their bicycles perfectly, there will no be more heroism in keeping their balance than in walking. This, according to Mr. Brock, will hold good of the human race with regard to its social conduct, when men have become thoroughly socialised. We shall then be good bees shut up in our terrestrial hive, but we shall be shut out from the Universal, rather than united to it; and to me it seems that Mr. Brompton's religion offers no means of breaking loose from our prison-house."

"There," said Lady Snowden, "I for one am with you. I remember, when I was a girl, being impudent enough to tell John Stuart Mill that Comte's idea of humanity was the mere toy of a student's imagination, and that no one except a few students would play with it."

"I maintain," continued Glanville, "that nothing is really a religion which does not enable us to break loose from this prison-house—which does not enable the individual life to make, as it were, an electric contact with the absolute."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "but what I don't quite grasp is this. I am going to say something which Mr. Seaton has said already, though I've no doubt I shall say it in very much poorer language. Mr. Seaton maintains that philosophy, so long as it is sufficiently incomprehensible, does give the philosophers this contact with the Absolute which you speak about. He has tried, and he ought to know; and all these conversions and ecstasies, which you admit to be genuine experiences, seem, according to you, to do just the same thing. Now I, personally, should want a great deal more than all this; but I don't quite see what more you want."

"When an impassioned lover," said Glanville, "kisses the object of his passion, he is—to use what is perhaps an adequate phrase—very much gratified by the act. He would say that the universe was ecstatic. He would say, like Tennyson, that the East became rosy, and the South became rosy in consequence of it. But of such a lover's passion the kiss itself is a very small part. It is associated with a variety of beliefs with

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regard to the young lady's excellences—her character, her intellect, her unshakable fidelity to himself, her unique insight into his own interesting merits; and if these beliefs were shattered, the meaning of his kiss would be gone. Well, what the lover's kiss is to love, these ecstasies we have been speaking about are to religion. If they can unite themselves with a definite system of beliefs, which survives, justifies, and gives an intelligible meaning to the moment or the hour of rapture, then they are the germinating root of a living and reasonable religion; they are as portraits of the fulfilled promises which such a religion makes to us. They will vitalise all life, cementing it with the Supreme Powers of the Universe, and they will be for men the soul of a spiritual civilisation. But do they fulfil these requirements? Can the Universe, as we know it by means of the waking intellect, be harmonised with our visions of it in the passing moments of ecstasy? Does it not, on the contrary, when we view it with our waking eyes, seem to us the exact opposite of what in these moments we have fancied it? Does it not present itself to us, then, as a mistress would present herself to a lover who, having idolised her whilst her lips were on his, and having called her his Madonna or his goddess, discovers when he leaves her presence that she is a lying, heartless adventurer? If we take Science as our guide, we must certainly say it does. What I mean is, that the Universe, as Science sees it, is, if we take it as a whole, entirely devoid of any of the spiritual goodness, justice, love, and sacred promises to the individual, which the individual soul in its moments of ecstasy imputes to it. It is in no secret league with individual sanctity or aspiration."

"Every sane man," said Mr. Hancock pleasantly, "must by this time admit that. You see, Mrs. Vernon, what Mr. Glanville is urging on us is just what Tennyson, who was much ahead of his generation, has urged on us in his "In Memoriam." Whatever the Universe may be—whatever may be its character as a whole—it is, so far as we can observe,

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utterly indifferent to the individual. It makes no discrimination between the bad and the good. It discriminates only between the weak and the strong, except when, by a volcanic eruption, or some cyclonic wave, it destroys them both together, as if they were so many vermin."

"But surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "if it does not discriminate between the good and the bad in its external dealings with men, it does discriminate between goodness and badness through the sense of goodness and badness which it has developed in men themselves. These ecstasies you speak of at all events show us this—that the men who have experienced them realise that there is a higher and a lower; that spirit is more than flesh; that mind and soul are above the mud, the grossness, and—how shall I put it?—the mechanical working of matter. This surely is a sign that something like what we mean by a God exists."

"My dear Mrs. Vernon," said Glanville, "you are, at all events, a representative thinker. The vileness of the flesh, the grossness of matter, the essential lowness of all material processes, the insult we put upon thought and feeling by regarding them as inseparably connected with the cerebral and nervous system, the duty of regarding the impulse to which the life of every human being is due as the impulse which, before all others, wars against our highest welfare—all these ideas which are engrained in your own mind have been engrained in the minds not only of Christians generally, but also in the minds of Buddhists, Mohammedans, Platonists—of all the adherents of all the higher religions of the world. But consider these ideas in the light of that perception of the Universe which Science is now forcing on us. If we are determined to interpret in a religious sense the Universe as we now know it, and at the same time continue to despise all physical impulses as base, and the inevitable sequence of cause and effect as mechanical, what are we to think of the Universe as related to the Universal God? Are the phenomena of the brain, and of reproduction, and the facts of heredity, regrettable

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and perverse blindness on the part of the Supreme Wisdom? When He made our stomachs and our livers, did He do something low and disgusting? When people who believe in God, or the Divine Infinity, or the Infinite Holy Power, talk of the flesh being vile, or the mechanical conformity and structure of the physical Universe being low, what do they mean? How do they represent God? To me it seems that they think of the Universe as a heap of carrion, and of the Deity as a poodle that has rolled in it. I quite agree with such people that if we consider candidly and steadily the mechanical conformities of the Universe, the attractions and repulsions that govern all its movements, and the co-existence of the fleshy lusts to which the continuance of all life is due, with the so-called spiritual experiences in which human life seems to culminate, the so-called lower facts do seem to war against the higher, and utterly to rob them of all their supposed meaning. But if we admit such a war of principles as this view of things involves, how, on any grounds which Science or common sense can recognise, are we to establish and explain the division and hostility which we thus necessarily imply between the higher cosmic processes which we worship, and the lower cosmic processes which we abhor? The whole trend of Science is to unify everything, to merge everything in a single supreme whole; and the more clearly and rapturously our own union with the whole is felt in the ecstasies of the saint and the philosopher, the more incomprehensible to the intellect does such a division become. In other words, the religion which finds its consummation in ecstasy tends to refute itself in exact proportion as it completes itself. In uniting ourselves to what we call good in the Universe we unite ourselves to the bad also."

"Lord Tennyson's meaning," said Mr. Hancock, approvingly. "If we only allow our ears to be opened by Science, and listen to the processes of the universal sense of things, we hear—and we hear only—

> An ever-levelling shore
> That tumbles in the godless deep.

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"But surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "people only can feel this when they are wilfully blind to all that is good and beautiful in Nature, and confine their attention to the painful side of the picture."

"No," replied Glanville, "I assure you that it is not so. Were the evidences of goodness in Nature ten times more numerous than they are, the evidences of its badness would be no less fatally damaging to our belief in its divine perfection. You would not reverence a man as a spotless example of temperance if he drank only water on week days and muddled himself with brandy and thrashed his wife every Sunday; nor would you call a bank-clerk anything else but a scoundrel if he falsified his accounts and forged cheques on saints'-days only. If Nature or the Universe is to be considered as an object of worship, its moral perfection must be absolute, or it is not moral at all; and the higher our moral or spiritual standard is, the more morally monstrous, not the more morally admirable, does Nature seem to be when we apply such a standard to *her*. I acknowledge the vividness, the supreme subjective reality, of what saints call the sense of holiness. It shines out in our lives like a piece of magnesium wire ignited in a dark cavern; but it only lights up for a moment this cavern, which is the Universe, to show us that its walls are ice, its floor an obscene slime, and that its darker shadows are gleaming with the teeth of monsters. Now, for me, and, I think, for most people, the effect of such an illumination will be this. It will show us that if we apply to the Universe a moral standard at all, the result will be a vision at once so absurd, so appalling, so contradictory —such a mixture of wisdom and blunders, of love and hate and apathy—such a setting of a saint's head on the body of a satyr—that we can only take refuge in the conclusion that it is impossible to ascribe to the sense of things any moral qualities, in a human sense, whatsoever. We can only do what Mr. Spencer and our friend Mr. Brock do, and deduce that the character of the sense of things is, in its totality, unknowable—a negative conclusion that has this positive

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meaning, that there can, between us and it, be no intelligible connection except that which makes each of us an integral but passive part of it, and a part which, whether our conduct be good, bad, or indifferent, and whether our hopes be high or low, will be lost to-morrow or next day in the ocean of its supreme indifference. Thus, the more completely we unify, universalise, and neutralise the knowledge and conception of the Universe and of ourselves which Science gives us, the more surely and completely do we reach a paralysing something which is not religion, but a negative of it—a negative which robs Humanity, as a whole, of all meaning, just as completely as it robs the individual human life."

"My dear Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowden, "this is all very well; but it strikes me that you are a prophet who has studied in the school of Balaam. You undertook to bless us, and you are merely doing the other thing. You undertook to show us a way out of our difficulties; and all you do is to show us that no way out exists."

"Well," said Glanville, "if I have got as far as that I have brought you to the turning of the lane—to the critical point of our journey. I have shown you that Science as related to religious or even the mystical conception of life is a universal solvent. It leaves us the elements of social or lateral morality—a morality which, as we have seen, tends to end in a bee-like instinct; but all those upward tendencies—those aspirations—those liftings up of the desires, which culminate in the saint's ecstasy and the sinner's horror of sin, it wipes out, and renders utterly meaningless. Now, if this were all it did—if it merely wiped out the aspirations, the hopes, the fears of saints and converted sinners—the world at large, even if it did not like the operation, would, as it seems to me, have no great quarrel with it in the long run. In the end we should most of us accept it with a certain sense of relief. But this process of wiping out does, as a matter of fact, not end where it seems to end. It wipes out not the religious element of our lives only, but all the other interests, convictions, judgments, senti-

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ments and excitements, which lift the level of our lives above the level of the lives of pigs. Perhaps you will think that I have been laughing at ecstasies and conversions; and I confess that a converted cobbler, who thought it his duty to testify, would not be to me personally a very congenial companion. But the things which the cobbler has seen, which the Indian ascetic, or the Catholic saint has seen, contain even for all of you the quintessence of life's value, if life has any value at all—its alcohol—its pure spirit. Only we, as mankind generally, differ from such select persons in this—that we can't drink—we can't tolerate—the spirit of life neat. We must drink it diluted; and this, I maintain, we do in our sense of the beauty of nature, in poetry, in love, in ambition, in the devotion of philosophy and science to seemingly godless truth, and even in the mysteries and the mad orgies of Lampsacus. Their laws are a reaching towards the mystical nadir of things, just as other affections are a reaching towards the mystical zenith. The saint's ecstasy is like the burning coal laid on the prophet's lips. His lips could bear it. It would scorch ours. But the same coal, though we cannot bear it when burning, is the source whence unconsciously we extract those aniline dyes to which all our thoughts and experiences owe their brightest colours. Do you catch my meaning? Or do I seem to all of you to be talking nonsense?"

"Rather rot," said Miss Leighton, with an air of spontaneous seriousness, which was emphasised rather than diminished by the slang of her unadorned utterance.

"My dear," said Lady Snowden, "you have evidently very strong opinions."

Miss Leighton, who seemed to have been contemplating the tips of her pointed shoes, half turned her head, and quietly said, "I have."

"I," remarked Lady Snowden, "being older, am a little less confident. I was going to say to you, Mr. Glanville, that I find myself once again beginning to think that, with your nadir and your zenith of mystery, you're reducing everything again

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to the old dead level. You make the mysteries of Lamp-something—I don't know about the town, but I suppose it was extremely disreputable—you make these mysteries as mystical as the mystery of Nazareth."

"I'll come back," said Glanville, "to that point presently. But even if we admit that I do find these mysteries on a level, I have at least established one very important point—and this is, that human life instinctively aims at reaching a mystical level of some sort, and is not content with that order of facts only which Science is putting before us. The mystery of vice as such is as much beyond the grasp of Science as the mystery of ascetic virtue. Science can do nothing but equalise the experiences of both by showing that the extreme of each would be fatal to the existence of the race. A Simeon on his pillar is as anti-social as a Tiberius at Capri. But even if we are constrained to leave these antagonistic mysteries on an equality, we, at all events, by admitting that our lives are coloured by a mystical element of some kind—let this be what it may—have broken through the rind of the intelligible and mechanical impurities in which Science shuts us up, and have surrounded ourselves with something of an essentially different order. We apply to the intelligible order of things a kind of mystical criticism, for which the intelligible order gives us no warrant."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "I think I follow you so far."

"Well," continued Glanville, "let me now go back to the point which you raised just now. The life of men in general is, as we have said, coloured by a mystical, or trans-scientific, appetency of some kind; but the lives of men as individuals are coloured by a mystical appetency which is not general but particular. It is an appetency of a special kind, which is definitely different from all others, and to some of the others is antipathetic, or even inveterately hostile. These appetencies are like different windows with widely different aspects, through which different types of men look out into the Infinite. One man sees the Universe as the theatre of his own damnation, the whole air of it heavy with the thunder of an unsociable

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and vindictive righteousness. Another sees it as a kind of obscene temple, where the faces of Moloch and Libitina flicker through smoke-wreaths of a sinister incense. Calvin looks out of one window, Tiberius looks out of the other—and they seem to me, both of them, to be looking in the same direction. But other men look out of windows which face an opposite quarter; and instead of different kinds of overwhelming terror or degradation, they see beauty and glory and brightness, of types equally different. One man sees, as the divine centre of the Universe, the face of Christ appealing to him from under its crown of thorns. Another sees all the beauty of skies and seas and mountains, looking at him through the eyes of Aphrodite from under her crown of roses. Another sees existence as the stadium of the intellectual or the military conqueror; and another is laughing, for he looks out on a comedy."

"Surely," said Mr. Brompton, who was by this time extremely cross, "you wouldn't, Mr. Glanville, call laughter a religious or mystical exercise."

"I should," replied Glanville, "and I'll tell you for what reason. Laughter has its origin in a sense of incongruity with some implied standard. If a horse called Ephesus happened to win the Derby, a bookmaker would laugh at a parson who, hearing the animal talked about, imagined it to be not a horse, but one of the Churches of Asia. The bookmaker would have a standard of what a reasonable man's knowledge ought to be. This standard, I concede, is certainly not mystical. But in laughter of a higher kind—the laughter of a Cervantes, a Shakespeare, a Rabelais, or a Voltaire, the implied standard is the ideal of what the whole life of man ought to be; and the laughter is caused by the contrast between what it ought to be and what it is; and in this ideal of what his life ought to be we have the mystery of religion in solution. A religios mysticism is, in short, to life what radium is to pitchblende. Poetry, love, the sense of beauty, ambition, laughter, the scientific passion for truth, social refinement, and fastidiousness,

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and even the higher forms of luxury, would all be dead if it were not for this mysterious element."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "but you still evade my question. I see that by ascribing a reality to this mysterious element you add to morality what you call its third dimension. You give our lives upward and downward, in addition to merely lateral, movements. As to the downward movements, I should be inclined to dismiss them as forms of disease or madness. I don't see much difficulty there; but——"

"Yes," interposed Glanville. "I meant to have said just now that the downward movements of the spirit are a kind of spiritual cancer; and I don't see much to choose between the Calvinist's depraving seeing that he is depraved, and the craving of a Tiberius to deprave himself."

"Well," said Lady Snowden, "so much for your downward movements. We've settled them. It's your upward movements that puzzle me. They are all movements upwards, but they are movements towards different upper regions. The Catholic saint is looking in one direction, Goethe in another, and so on: and the essential characteristic of each looker is, that he believes his own direction to be the only right one. How are we to prove that any one of these men is really more right than the other? And yet, unless some one of them really is so, how, since they believe such very divergent things, can any one of them really be right at all?"

"I admire," said Glanville, "your sound practical sense. Yes—here we come to a difficulty. The downward movements of the spirit are condemned sufficiently by the fact that they are practically destructive of what I have called our spiritual civilisation. They are only, indeed, interesting in proportion as they are recognised as errors; whilst the upward movements are only interesting in proportion as they are movements towards truth—or what we take to be truth. But how to discriminate between these upward movements themselves—as Hamlet says, 'there's the rub.' They all tend to elevate us, to enrich our lives, hut to do so in various ways. It

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is easy to see that the lights on a Catholic altar, or the red velvet cushion on a Protestant one, represent a mystical movement more favourable to human life than the fires through which children were once passed to Moloch: but it certainly is not easy to say off-hand that the lights on a Catholic altar represent a mystical movement more favourable to human life than that which is represented now by the moonlight on the sea before us, or the light in a woman's eyes which seem to have all the stars in them, or the breath from the garden of spices, or the wind from the hill of frankincense."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel, "in the lover's confessional there is as much mystery as in the priest's. The Man of Sorrows and Apollo with his 'gloomless eyes' are opposed to each other not as low to high, but as one kind of elevation to another. The eternal holiness and the eternal feminine each seem to speak to us in the name of what is highest and deepest; and yet in each there is always something which seems to jar against the other. Personally," he said, with a slight glance at Miss Leighton, "I should, like Paris, give the apple to the eternal feminine. I could worship the Unseen more easily as the Feminine principle than as the Male. Instead of approaching the God like a Neapolitan beggar, and making an exhibition to him of all my spiritual sores, I should look in the eyes of the Goddess like a lover, and feel that my worship of her was not so much a homage as a wooing. I should hang up all my weary broken hearts in her temple, and on such a night as this, if I were thinking over the last breakage, I should feel that her breath came to me in the night-smelling flowers of memory."

"My dear Restormel," said Glanville, "let me recall you from sentiment to philosophy; and I'll do so by means of what you have just been saying. You told us the other night—and I'm sure all men will agree with you—that no woman would be worth breaking your heart about if she had no more will than a river, a rose, or a rainbow, and was merely a passing

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product of the endless process of Nature. You said that it was necessary to believe that she had some will of her own —that she made herself totter towards you, instead of being pushed against you. Well, Lady Snowden, however different in direction may be the upward movements of human nature to which our mental civilisation is due, one element in all of them is a belief in ourselves as sources of energy and determining causes of our actions, and a disbelief in ourselves as merely 'surprised spectators.' And along with this belief goes another, especially essential. This is the belief that the mysterious something, external to ourselves, and towards which we desire to move, is a something which responds to us, just as we aspire towards it; that it is better, more beautiful, or more superb than even our most impassioned conceptions of it; and that our life derives its higher and more satisfying qualities solely from the fact that we are in alliance with it—with this something which is kindred to, and yet infinitely greater than, ourselves."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "I take that in perfectly."

"Well," resumed Glanville, "and what I'm trying to insist on is, that this sense of freedom, and this sense of alliance with some superior power, are not only essential to goodness as taught in Sunday Schools and Catechisms, but to everything in our mental civilisation that is great, or beautiful, or interesting, or refined, or brilliant. They are as essential to the greatness of a Napoleon, a Byron, a Goethe, a Voltaire, or a Darwin, as they are to that of a St. Teresa, a Fox, or any converted Methodist with salvation staring out of his eyes. They are as essential to the civilisations of the world as they are to the existence of the Church. In other words, the entire nature of man, so long as he is strong, active, progressive, fit to survive in the struggle between individuals and races, is vitalised by the radio-activity of these two beliefs. That," said Glanville, pausing, "is one of my two points—my second."

"I think," said Lady Snowden, "you should have given us your first point first."

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"I have done so," said Glanville. "My first point was this—and I'm now going to return to it—that the sense of freedom, and of alliance with some superior and friendly power, constitutes precisely the quintessence of that conception of things, against which, from a greater or less distance, every scientific principle and every scientific discovery converges, with the effect of destroying it. The supreme power with which we desire to ally ourselves is necessarily conceived by us as consistently good or wise in some sense of these words akin to that in which we apply them to the other characters. Science exhibits the Universe to us as being, in its relation to ourselves, neither consistently good or great, nor consistently bad or stupid, but a jumble of both, which has morally no meaning at all. And as to ourselves and the sense of our own freedom, Science, as we have seen, not only reduces us from supposed activities to passivities which have no more freedom than Wordsworth's celebrated river, but it resolves our personal identities into so many transitory compounds of elements which, when discussed, have no personality at all. Well, we seem here to have come to an absolute deadlock. We do; and I want, as schoolboys say, to rub that fact into you; for, according to my now most firm and serious belief, the only way in which the upward, the religious movement of human nature can come to terms with Science is by a frank recognition on the ground that the two are intellectually incompatible. Science, no doubt, is compatible with a species of genetistic pantheism, brightened here and there by a few ecstatic visions, which have no more reality than the snakes seen by the drunkard in his boots; but it is utterly incompatible with any religion of any kind which has either a moral power at one end or a freely acting human entity at the other. And what follows from this? The conclusion which, even if I have not reached it myself, I believe the world will be forced to reach when it fully realises the situation, is not that religion is false because Science can make no room for it, but that Science can represent but a part of the truth only, because it leaves no room for those beliefs, activities

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and appetites of which all human civilisations have been the symbol and the pertinacious assertion. In this view," continued Glanville, looking towards Mr. Hancock, "I am supported by a distinguished friend of mine, who, though he admits, and indeed enthusiastically asserts, the universality of the scientific kingdom, declares that we must, as practical men and women, base our feelings and our conduct on a working hypothesis—the hypothesis that we are free agents, which differs from the scientific beliefs in the fact that it contradicts them altogether. I told you, my dear Hancock, that I agreed with you more than you yourself suspected, but in one way I differ from you more than you suspected either. It is all very well to base our lives for a time on what is an hypothesis merely, which has no recognised body of recognised fact to support it. But this cannot go on for ever. Your hypothesis at present is merely a piece of rickety scaffolding. We must use the scaffolding as the means of erecting a building which shall have a firm foundation, acknowledged and accepted by the intellect. We haven't got the foundation, and we must dig for it until we get it. The first step towards getting it is to dig for it in the right place. The first step towards digging for it in the right place is to give up digging for it in the wrong place; and what the coming generation will have to learn is that the wrong place in which to dig for it is the Universe as revealed by Science. That body of knowledge which we now mean by Science is not a revelation of the practical truth we seek for, but a closely woven veil, which, with every thread we add to it, more and more completely hides this truth from us. Somebody just now, I think, compared me to the prophet Balaam. Well, I don't mind taking the prophet's words as my own. Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said, and the man whose eyes are opened hath said, he hath seen the Son, the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, yet having his eyes open. I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not nigh. In this respect, perhaps, we are all more or less Balaams If we share the prophet's blind-

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ness, let us share his hope and his confidence. I have much more to say. I have only sketched out my meaning; but I'm not going to weary you by saying any more to-night. To-morrow, so far as I am concerned, you shall have a holiday from speculation, for I shall probably have to devote myself to that still more absorbing question of whether this country of ours still stands supreme as the manufacturer of shirtings and trouserings and pig-iron and cheeses, or whether her precious heritage is in danger of slipping from her, and transferred to spots some hundreds or some thousands of miles away."

THE END.

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CHARLES II. AND REUNION WITH ROME

IN 1660, at the very time when his fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb, Charles II. found himself, somewhat unexpectedly, called back to the throne of England. He came to it determined to do what he could to lead the country back to older ways, and to destroy as far as might be possible the influence of those Puritan ideas which had kept him so long from his rightful position, and which he loathed and detested from the very bottom of his heart. Especially in religious matters was he determined to make a drastic change. He hoped to be able to restore England once more to the obedience of the Holy See, repeating what had been done in the time of Mary, but undone again by her successor Elizabeth. True, he was not as yet himself a Catholic. Nor was he prepared, as Mary undoubtedly would have been, to make any very heroic efforts, or to run any considerable risk of being sent once more "on his travels," in order to bring about the end he desired. But Catholicism was the only religious system in which he had any belief at all. It was the religion of his mother and sister, and of most of the friends he had made upon the Continent. Intellectually he had long been convinced of its truth: first by the study of Father Richard Hudleston's little pamphlet, which he had carried off with him from Moseley Hall in the course of his flight from Worcester Field; and later by the conversations he had held at Paris with one of the most

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venerated of his friends, M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians.

Doubtless to Charles himself, ignorant as he was of the depth and intensity of English feelings at this period on all subjects connected with Rome and the Papacy, such a reconciliation as he dreamed of seemed much more feasible than it really was. What might not a King be able to do who came to his throne amid such universal rejoicing and enthusiasm? He had soon to realise how bitterly anti-Catholic were even Clarendon and the most loyal of the Cavaliers, and that in any desire to see the Pope brought back to England he stood absolutely alone, with scarcely a single supporter whom he could absolutely trust. But this discovery came later. At the moment of his accession he was sanguine, and full of hope that before many years had passed he would be reigning as a Catholic King over an England once more united to the Roman See. We can trace these aspirations in all the acts of his first years upon the throne. In the Declaration he sent from Breda to General Monk before he took ship for England he announced himself as being in favour of religious toleration. He refused absolutely to ally himself with any Protestant Princess, expressing, indeed, an intense repugnance for them. Nothing but a Catholic bride could be considered, and such a one was sought, first in France, and then, with more success, in Portugal. His marriage was celebrated in private by a Catholic priest, and nothing was left to the Anglican Bishop except to declare this marriage perfectly valid. He gave large sums to Catholic nuns, and built them a church for worship, not indeed in England itself, but still within the British Dominions, in the town of Dunkerque. He allowed two Catholic Chapels Royal to be erected in London, one at St. James' and the other at Somerset House, and caused both to be served by priests who were members of religious orders, recalling for that purpose English Benedictine monks from Douay and from Paris. Finally, he did all that he dared to suspend the operation of the savage Penal Laws then in force

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and to prevent them from being put in force against Catholics.

Towards the end of 1662, when he had been on the throne for two years, the King determined on a more definite step, which was no less than to communicate with Rome itself, and to try to open up negotiations for the reconciliation of the kingdom with the Holy See. He could not but be aware, however, that for such a step the profoundest secrecy was necessary. To communicate with Rome, no matter what the object might be, would have appeared the deadliest of sins to most of those by whom he was surrounded, and the premature disclosure of his intentions might well have raised such a storm as would have driven him once more from his throne and sent him again into banishment. We must not wonder, therefore, that, in consequence of this secrecy, no trace of such a mission appears to remain among the English records. Probably the papers relating to it never went beyond the King's own hands, and were by him destroyed when there was no longer hope of a successful issue. It is in Rome, and to a lesser degree in Paris, that documentary evidence of the fact can still be found, and it is from the Roman and the French records that the papers we propose to quote have been given to the world.

The agent on whom Charles fixed his choice was one Richard Bellings, an Irish gentleman of good family, who was acting as private secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria at Somerset House. He was, as need scarcely be said, a Catholic. He started from England in the autumn of 1662, ostensibly visiting the Continent for private reasons of his own, and bent his steps towards Rome so soon as he was free from observation.

The primary object of his journey, or rather the business which he was instructed to bring forward in the first place, and which he was to allow to be thought the sole object for which he had come, was to make request on behalf of the King for a Cardinal's hat for his kinsman, the Abbé d'Aubigny. This

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was Ludovic Stuart, a son of the Duke of Lennox and Gordon, who had been educated abroad and whom he had brought with him to England, and had made Lord Almoner to his Consort, Queen Catherine of Braganza, at St. James' Palace. To this end Bellings was entrusted with a memorandum on the subject, which for greater secrecy had been drawn up entirely by Clarendon himself, who was then Lord Chancellor, and copied by his own son. Every page of this memorandum bore the royal signature in proof of its authenticity, and the whole was dated from London, October 25, 1662. He had with him also autograph letters of introduction from the King to Cardinal Chigi, the nephew of the reigning Pope, Alexander VII., who was then acting as Secretary of State, and to Cardinal Barberini, who was Cardinal Protector of Great Britain and its affairs at the Pontifical Court. Both these letters appear to have perished, but two other letters, one from the Queen Mother and the other from Queen Catherine, both addressed to Cardinal Orsini, the Protector of Portugal, still survive. They are both written in French, and are as follows:

A mon Cousin le Cardinal Ursin.

Mon Cousin,—Je vous prie de vouloir bien favoriser de votre protection et appuy ce que doit négocier de ma part dans la cour de Rome le sieur Bellings, porteur de la présente, particulièrement ce qui regarde mon cousin monsieur d'Aubigny, grand aumônier de Madame ma belle-fille. Sa proche parenté au Roy Monsieur mon fils et ses autres mérites me donnent lieu d'espérer une heureuse issue de ce que je demande avec un instance très grande en sa faveur à Sa Sainteté. Les soins que vous y apporterez m'obligeront extrêmement; et aux occasions, je ne manqueray pas de vous donner des preuves de ma recognoissance, estant:

Mon cousin,

Votre bien bonne cousine,

Henriette Marie R.

De Londres, ce 30 *d'octobre*, 1662.

Queen Catherine's letter was of the same tone, but even more insistent:

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Mon Cousin,—Parmy la joye que j'ay sujet d'avoir, je ne laisse pas d'être sensiblement touchée de l'étrange estat de l'Eglise et aux Royaumes du Roy mon frère, et dans ceux-cy. Personne ne sait mieux que vous ce qui est du Portugal, puisque vous en aves si généreusement entrepris la protection; mais je puis vous dire que j'appréhenderois beaucoup les mauvaises suites du chagrin du Roy mon seigneur et époux, et de ses ministres, si la cour de Rome persistoit à lui refuser la faveur qu'il demande pour son parent Monsieur d'Aubigny, mon grand-aumônier. Je me remets au sieur Bellings que j'envoye pour assurer Sa Sainteté de mes obéissances, de vous exposer toutes choses au large, et vous prie de lui donner entière créance.

Je suis,

Mon cousin,

Votre bien affectionnée cousine,

CATHERINE R.

LONDRES, 25 *octobre*, 1662.

The original memorandum has not yet come to light, if it still exists, but a brief précis of its contents, or at least of the instructions under which Bellings was to act, and which presumably was put in writing by Bellings himself, is still extant. It is summarised under three heads as follows:

1°. His Majesty requests this promotion for the advantage of his kingdom, and in order to secure for the Catholic party an authorised head, closely united to the King by the ties of blood, on whom he can rely under all circumstances with the utmost confidence. The King, to use his own words, sees in the elevation to the Cardinalate of M. l'Abbé d'Aubigny "a condition essential to the good understanding which ought to reign between the Pope and himself, and he judges this measure to be of the greatest importance for the general good of his Roman Catholic subjects throughout the whole extent of his dominions."

2°. When once he is named Cardinal, his Majesty engages to support him with all the splendour which befits his dignity and title as a kinsman of the King.

3°. His Majesty commands his minister not to enter upon any other business until he has obtained entire satisfaction as to the promotion of Mgr. d'Aubigny. In case of refusal the envoy is to take leave and to return, without saying a word on the other points on which his Majesty has charged him to negociate.

Bellings arrived in Rome very early in 1668, and at once set about the work with which he had been charged. He called

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upon a number of the Cardinals whom he judged most likely to be of service, and found them, so far as we can gather, by no means hostile to the matter in hand. Cardinal Orsini sent him on with a letter to Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini. This letter, with another one written on the following day, has survived among Cardinal Pallavicini's papers. In the first, Cardinal Orsini says that he is leaving Rome the next day on business connected with his estates, but that he is writing to introduce Mr. Bellings, with whom he has just had an interview, and who has left him with the intention of calling upon Cardinal Barberini, and then, unless he were too long delayed, of going on the same evening to call on Cardinal Pallavicini. He goes on:

I have felt it my duty to let your Eminence know this beforehand, at the same time begging you, as I have already done in conversation, to help forward in every way that you can the success of a matter whose results may be so happy for the Catholic religion. I write this to your Eminence so that in case you should wish to speak with me on the subject, or it should be necessary for me to act in any way, you may know that it will be sufficient to communicate with Mgr. Orsini, and in a very few hours I shall be back in Rome. Meanwhile Mr. Bellings will come to see you; and I have already done with him all that seems to me most likely to lead to the happy termination of the business.

In the second letter, written the following day, he merely says that he has decided after all to put off his journey and not to leave Rome.

One other letter which throws light on Bellings' proceedings at Rome has survived among the archives of the Jesuits. It was written by Bellings himself to Father Thomas Courtenay, an English Jesuit at Rome, who held office as one of the Confessors attached to St. Peter's. He says:

I shall punctually obey the orders of Cardinal Barberini, and shall be careful to arrive in time to visit the Cardinal of Aragon. The King, his master, if I am well informed, is exceedingly desirous of the friendship of ours, and I shall not fail to make his Eminence understand that nothing will conduce more efficaciously to that end than loyal service in the matter of which I have come to treat. I am just returned from Cardinal Chigi, who received me with

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much kindness, and has given me good hopes that his assistance is secured. A thousand thanks to Fr. Vicar [1] for all his kindness.

I am ——,

R. Bellinos.

Meanwhile, much as Pope Alexander VII. and the Cardinals desired to accede to Charles' request, there were grave difficulties in the way. The Pope referred the matter to one of the Congregations of Cardinals, of which apparently Cardinal Pallavicini was acting as secretary, and for their guidance a *votum* or skilled opinion was drawn up by the theologians attached to that congregation in the capacity of consultors. This *votum* has been preserved, and is of considerable interest:

Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord,

The request of the King of England to our Lord [the Pope] for the promotion to the Cardinalate of his kinsman Aubigny, appears to merit kindly consideration from your Eminence on account of the great good to Catholicism which may be hoped for if it is granted, and also the great evil which may be feared if it is refused.

When King James, the grandfather of Charles II., at the moment when he had just been declared the successor of Elizabeth, asked Pope Clement VIII. to be so good as to create an English Cardinal,[2] the answer was that he would willingly do so, so soon as the King should himself have brought about some alleviation of the sufferings of Catholics in his dominions. Now, the condition which was then imposed upon James has been spontaneously fulfilled by Charles his grandson. In fact, from the very hour in which he first set foot in his kingdom, the King has been opposed to the penalties enacted against the Catholics, nor has he to this day allowed any layman, or any missionary, to be molested for their faith. He has been able to prevent any of them being sought out to take the double oath of allegiance and supremacy, although Parliament has continued to enforce this upon Presbyterians and all other Dissenters. Thus, in the last session of Parliament, which was prorogued till February 1663, when certain Catholics presented a memorial for the total abrogation of the Penal Laws, and there were secretly proposed certain limiting clauses which tended to divide the Catholics among themselves, and to prejudice

[1] This would be Father Paul Oliva, afterwards General of the Society of Jesus.

[2] Is there any other evidence of this request and its refusal? I do not remember to have met with any. Queen Anne of Denmark, the Consort of James I., made a request of this kind at a later date on behalf of Conne.

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the authority of the Pope, the King suppressed the memorial and prevented the plan from succeeding, lest they should be involved in internal dissensions, and end by exposing those who remained faithful to the Pope to all the rigours of the previously existing laws. . . . Further, when that protestation was presented by the Irish, so contrary to the obedience due to the Apostolic See, he never consented to receive it or to approve it; thus manifesting his respectful consideration for the august person of the Roman Pontiff. It cannot be doubted that the tranquillity which is at this moment enjoyed by the English Catholics depends solely upon the goodwill of the King and upon his sympathies with the Pope and with Catholicism. There is only one obstacle which hinder Parliament from proposing new measures of persecution, and the Protestant Bishops and the royal Law Courts from putting into effect all the cruellest details of the old legislation, and that obstacle is the fear of incurring thereby his Majesty's displeasure. But for this fear, and the conviction that the King really has the peace of Catholics at heart, all the scenes of persecution which have for so many years desolated the Church of England would soon reappear. We have therefore judged that it is highly desirable to accede to the promotion of Lord Aubigny, and by this act of condescension to confirm the good inclinations of the King towards the Pope and the Catholics.

To this *votum*, or formal opinion of the theologians to whom the question was remitted, there is appended a summary of the various ways in which the King had already shown, in the two years since his restoration, his desire to help on the cause of the oppressed Catholics of his realm. This summary was probably drawn up by Cardinal de Retz, who was visited by Bellings in Paris on his way out to Rome,[1] and is of very considerable interest, as no other record of several of these actions has been preserved. As, so far as we are aware, it has never before been printed in English, it will be as well to quote it at length, in spite of its being rather long.

[1] "Memoirs of Guy Joli," vol. ii. p. 81, where it is stated that Cardinal de Retz made a special journey to Hamburg in order to interest Queen Christina of Sweden in the project. It is also stated that Charles decided, at the instigation of Cardinal de Retz, to send a fleet of twenty ships of war through the Straits to lie off Civita Vecchia with a view of intimidating the Pope and frightening him into granting what was asked. It is unlikely, however, that this was actually done, though very possibly it is true that De Retz made the suggestion. It seems to be altogether inconsistent with what we know of the attitude of Charles at this time towards the Holy See.

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Benefits which the Catholics of England have received from his Britannic Majesty.

(1) The King has raised the sequestration imposed throughout the kingdom, during the protectorate of Cromwell, upon the property of a multitude of Catholics.

(2) He has suspended the execution of penal laws which bear with extreme severity on the Roman Catholics: as, for instance, in the case of the rich, to undergo the confiscation of two-thirds of their lands, and of their goods; in the case of the poor, to pay two pieces of silver every time that they did not present themselves on Sunday at the Protestant temple; and other regulations not less arbitrary.

(3) He has set at liberty all the priests and religious who were imprisoned in various parts of the kingdom; and among them several who had been condemned to death for no other reason than that they were priests.

(4) He has put a check on the despotic action of the agents of the public force and the collectors of taxes, who have been in the habit of ransacking the houses of Catholics in the hope of discovering priests hidden therein; an intolerable vexation, since any infraction of the law on this point involved for the delinquent the loss of all his goods, as well as perpetual imprisonment.

(5) He has insisted on marrying a Catholic, although heretic princesses were proposed to him who were possessed of an equal or even a more considerable dowry.

(6) He has authorised the opening in the town of London of two Catholic Chapels Royal: the one, that of the Queen Mother, served by English Benedictines who there sing the canonical hours wearing the habit of their order; the other, that of the Queen Consort, of which the administration is in the hands of the Capuchins. In these two sanctuaries the Catholics can, to their great consolation, assist at divine service with complete liberty.

(7) He has made frequent gifts to the English religious women established in Flanders. To those of Ghent in particular, directly he was proclaimed in London, and while he was still in Holland, he sent 1600 crowns, with a message that these were only the earnest of the assistance that he pledged himself to give them at a later date.

(8) These same nuns of Ghent have received from him permission to build themselves another convent, with a church, at Dunkerque. The buildings are nearly completed, and the King has contributed towards them not less than 12,000 crowns.

(9) He has deigned on several occasions to admit to his audience, with great affability, priests and religious, notably two Provincials of the Society of Jesus, the present one and his predecessor, and to all he has promised cordially his royal protection.

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(10) On a certain great feast-day he attended in person, with all his suite, at the chapel of the Queen Consort, where he heard a great part of the mass with much devotion, outside the tribunes and in full view of all. At the moment of consecration he was seen to give all the signs of profound respect.

(11) Thanks to him, the Catholic peers have entered in fair numbers into the Upper House of Parliament, with rights equal to those of the Protestant members; the like of which has not been known since the reign of Elizabeth.

(12) In the ports of the United Kingdom, Catholics are no longer, as formerly, obliged to submit on entering or leaving the kingdom to the humiliating oath of fidelity.

(13) Among the royal troops of the City of London, some thirty Catholics having refused to take the accustomed oath, on the ground that it was contrary to their consciences, the oath was modified in their favour, so that now it only speaks of fidelity to the King, and says nothing about the Pope, as the legal formula requires.

(14) In various parts of the kingdom and at the Court, he has raised several Catholics to positions of high dignity and much confidence. There are several Catholics among the Guards immediately attached to his person.

(15) At the beginning of the present year 1662, when there was an agitation in Parliament for reviving the penal laws against the Catholics, the King cut short the discussion, and severely reproached several members of the Chamber for desiring to persecute his most faithful subjects and best friends. Such were the terms that this good Prince applied to the Catholics.

(16) Lastly, by his opposition to the law in virtue of which Catholics, proved to be such, are condemned to forfeit two-thirds of their property, the King deprives his treasury of a considerable revenue. The same is true with regard to the confiscations and heavy fines which accrue to him whenever a priest is found in a layman's house, or a layman is detected assisting at mass or at any other religious ceremony.

Meanwhile it can fairly be objected on the other side, that this monarch has allowed the introduction of a form of oath or protestation of fidelity of which the sense is hostile to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. But it is only fair to observe that the larger part of the wrong belongs to N. N., who, after having composed and publicly promulgated this form of oath, has persuaded the King that it really in no way wounds a Catholic conscience.

There can be little doubt that Alexander VII., thus encouraged by the report of the theologians, would have been quite willing to accede to the request that had been made, and to create d'Aubigny a cardinal, and the more so as he would have been able by so doing to please not only King Charles II., but also Louis XIV. and Cardinal de Retz, the man to whom

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before all others he owed his own elevation to the Pontifical throne. But, unfortunately, there was a difficulty which arose from the personality of d'Aubigny himself. In his youth he had been carried away by the errors of Port-Royal, and had been a declared adherent of Jansenism. From this he was won back by the efforts of M. Olier and the priests of St. Sulpice, and for many years had been considered free from all taint of unorthodoxy. At a later date, however, he had reverted more or less to his earlier opinions, and certain letters of his to Arnauld and others show that he was prepared to go far in that direction.[1] This was known at Rome, and the Pope felt that it was impossible to put the ecclesiastical affairs of England into such hands, lest the result should only be to add a fresh difficulty and danger to those by which Catholicism in England was already so harassed and distressed. There was nothing to be done but to refuse, but the refusal should be couched in language as conciliatory as possible, and so skilfully was this done that Charles at once acknowledged the force of the argument, and, far from breaking off relations with the Holy See, as he had threatened to do in his earlier instructions to his agent, sent his commands to him to proceed at once with the more secret and much more important business which had been entrusted to his care.

This further negotiation, the secret of which was most jealously kept, and was probably not confided to any one either in England or Rome except to the two Queens, to Richard Bellings, and to the Pope himself, with perhaps the Cardinal-nephew who was acting as Secretary of State, had to do with a far more important matter than the mere bestowal of a Cardinal's hat. It was nothing less than a formal proposal of a scheme by which, as it seemed to the King, the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland might be brought back to the obedience of the Holy See. Of this further scheme Clarendon at least knew nothing, and he would undoubtedly have been bitterly opposed to it from every point of view.

[1] "Vie de M. Olier," vol. ii. p. 238.

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He had pushed complaisance with his master's wishes as far as he possibly could in assenting to the sale of Dunkerque, and in preferring a request to Rome for the promotion to the Cardinalate of the King's cousin. But at this very time, while Bellings was still absent on his mission, he was venturing from his place as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords to oppose in every way that he could the proposal of the King to grant liberty of conscience to all his subjects, Nonconformist as well as Catholic. Royalist and Cavalier as he was, he was also bitterly anti-Catholic, and no scheme which favoured reunion with Rome could possibly have found a moment's favour with him. Nor is it likely that on a point on which it was necessary to keep Clarendon in the dark, any other courtier or statesman would have been taken into the King's confidence. At this early stage of the negotiation the fewer entrusted with so dangerous a secret the better would it be for the safety of all concerned, and for the ultimate success of the vast project which was thus initiated.

The principal documentary matter which Bellings was now instructed to lay before the Pope was a formal profession of faith on the part of the King, which was to serve as the basis of consultation as to the possibility of a concordat. This document was written originally in Latin, and we give it, on account of its great importance and interest, in its entirety :

A Proposition made on the part of Charles II., King of Great Britain, for the reunion, which is so much to be desired, of his three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland with the Apostolic and Roman See.

His Majesty the King, and all those who aspire with him to the unity of the Catholic Church, will accept the profession of faith which Pius IV. compiled from the Council of Trent, and also all the decrees set forth either in that Council or in any other of the General Councils on the subject of faith or morals, and, further, all that has been decided by the two last Pontiffs in the matter of Jansenius, only reserving, as is done in France and certain other places, certain special rights and certain customs which usage has consecrated in each particular Church. They understand these decrees in the sense of all those restrictions which other œcumenical councils, acting in all prudence and

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after due consideration, have imported into them, of which the said profession of faith is an example. Whence it follows that nothing which is not contained in these must at any time be imposed either on the King or on any of his Catholic subjects, and that if at any time any of them should express his opinion on any one of these points, he is not to be considered as thereby committing a crime or as favouring heresy. On these conditions his Majesty is prepared at once to break with all Protestants and other religious bodies not in union with the Roman Church. Especially he declares that he detests the deplorable schism and heretical teaching introduced by Luther, Zwingli, Calvin Memnon, Socinius, Brown, and other wicked men of like sort, for he knows by bitter experience and better than any one else in his dominions how great are the evils which have been introduced by the so-called Reformation, which ought rather to be called a Deformation. For it has overthrown all settled government, and has introduced Babylonian confusion both in Church and State, so that all three kingdoms, and especially England, have come, in civil matters as well as in ecclesiastical, to be simply the theatre of a series of terrible disturbances enacted before the eyes of the whole world.

This remarkable declaration of faith on the part of King Charles is followed by a long series of twenty-four *Notes*, in which is drawn out in considerable detail the plan which it was proposed to follow in the execution of this difficult project, should the Pope see his way to giving his adhesion. The whole matter had evidently been thought out with considerable care, and a scheme finally arrived at which was thought likely to cause the smallest possible amount of friction or disturbance of vested interests. The existing archbishops and bishops were to remain on giving in their adhesion to the general plan, but they were to be reconsecrated by three apostolic legates sent from Rome for this purpose and for no other. The Archbishop of Canterbury was to be raised to the dignity of Patriarch of the three realms, and the whole administration of the ecclesiastical affairs within those realms was to be centred in him without any appeal to Rome except in a very few matters, the decision of which was to be especially reserved to the Apostolic See. Even these reserved causes were to be decided within the kingdom by a legate who was to reside in Great Britain and to be chosen from among the native-born subjects of the King. For the further government of the Church

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it was provided that provincial synods should be held every year, and a national council was to be summoned at fixed intervals. All the existing local privileges of the Church were to be retained, the King was always to nominate to any episcopal see that might fall vacant, and ecclesiastical property alienated to lay hands in the preceding reigns was in all cases to be secured to the existing holders. Liberty of conscience was to be granted to all, and neither Charles himself, nor any of his successors, were to be bound to treat harshly any of his subjects who preferred to risk their souls by remaining Protestant, but all such were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion, though at their own expense, and were to be reclaimed, if possible, to the Church by force of argument without any kind of coercion. With regard to the smaller details of the settlement, all bishops and clergy who accepted Catholic ordination were not merely to retain their benefices but were to be allowed to keep their wives, celibacy being introduced only for those who should be unmarried or ordained at a later period. The Holy Eucharist was to be given in both kinds to all who desired it to be so done, and the mass, though celebrated in Latin, was to be accompanied by English hymns. A summary of Catholic doctrine, carefully drawn up with full proofs from Holy Scripture, was to be published, and Catholic priests in their disputations with Protestants were to be instructed not to lay very great stress on miracles of post-Apostolic date, and in especial not to speak of material fires in connection with the doctrine of purgatory. Seminaries for the clergy were to be instituted as the Council of Trent directs. Some of the religious orders were to be revived, as, for instance, the Benedictines of St. Maur, for the public recitation of the Divine Office; others, again, for the sake of their life of enclosure within the cloister; others, for the care of the sick; even the Jesuits to teach in the schools; but all such religious, whatever might be their order or congregation, were to be subject to the ordinary jurisdiction of the bishops and the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Finally, it was provided that

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those questions which were most hotly debated, such as the infallibility of the Pope, his superiority over councils, and his right to depose kings, were not to be discussed either in the pulpit, or in printed writings, or in any other way.

Such were the lines on which it seemed to Charles that a reconciliation could be effected and England brought back to Catholic obedience. The scheme was certainly skilfully drawn up, and perhaps contains nothing which Rome would have found it absolutely impossible to concede, but we can see clearly, looking at it in the light of the later events of the reign, how entirely visionary and unpractical it really was. Charles was utterly mistaken in his estimate of the real feelings of the nation, which were intensely Protestant and bitterly anti-Catholic. No possible scheme for reunion with Rome would have stood the smallest chance of getting a hearing in either House of Parliament, and the attempt, had it been made, would almost certainly have cost Charles his throne and brought the Stuart dynasty to a rapid close.

How the negotiations really prospered we have no knowledge. The Pope may have understood the state of affairs in England better than Charles himself. Or, again, the state of opinion in Rome may have been such as to make it impossible even to discuss the granting of such concessions as those which the King demanded. No information on the point has come down to us, so there is no material on which to form an opinion. The extreme secrecy with which the whole affair was conducted has been successful in effectually concealing its result. All that we know is that the Pope did send an answer to the King and that Bellings brought it back to England. We know this on the authority of Charles himself in a letter written by him some five years later to the General of the Jesuits. But what that answer contained and in what terms it was couched we shall never know, unless some day a copy of it is discovered among the secret archives of the Vatican. The original, being too compromising to be preserved, was, in all probability, destroyed by Charles himself, either immedi-

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ately after he received it, or else a few years later when the nation had gone mad over the inventions of Titus Oates and the pretended Popish Plot. At any rate, no trace of it, or, indeed, of anything connected with Bellings' mission, has been allowed to remain among the English archives.

Here, then, unsatisfactory and incomplete though our story is, we must bring our history of these negotiations to an end. The whole scheme was premature and could not have led at that period to any fruitful result. Charles was before his time by at least a couple of centuries. But the facts are not without their permanent interest, as giving the story of the first attempt after the Elizabethan settlement to bring about a result which many since that time have longed for and tried to promote, and which, perhaps, may yet be brought about, on lines not so very dissimilar from those that Charles laid down, before any very great number of years have passed away.

ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

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A RAMBLE IN CLUBLAND

THE reign of Victoria saw the development of the club, and the extension of Clubland has kept pace with the expansion of the Empire. There are clubs in the chief cities of the colonies which rival the palaces of Pall Mall. But it is in London especially that the old order has been changing, and to the intelligent foreigner the clubs are not only among the most notable features of evolution out of architectural chaos, but a source of curious admiration. Even in Paris the Frenchman loiters behind: whether the *cercles* are strictly select or comparatively open to all comers, there is a depressing air of formality and gloom in antechambers, with silver-chained officials in *grande tenue* standing at attention as each member enters. The German is not a clubable man—the masses of the aristocracy are more or less impecunious, and the burghers still cling to the simple tastes which indulged themselves with pipe and tankard in the *gasthaus* or beer-cellar. The Russians and Hungarians have paid us the compliment of modelling their institutions closely on our own, and the fashionable resort of Golden Petersburg has been christened the English Circle.

In London, as any stranger can see at a glance, the clubs are the centres of life, light, and leading. Literally of light, for the ranges of great windows brighten the interiors in anything except the dark eclipses of a yellow fog. Of life, because there is perpetual going and coming through doors for ever on the swing. In times of political excitement in the leading

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political clubs, the crush and rush are tremendous, and the porter charged with the keys of St. Peter is one of the most notable men of the period. How brain and strength stand the constant strain is to me a mystery. He must have a royal memory for faces. When a member turns up, after long absence, he receives him as the old waiter at the Slaughters' welcomed Major Dobbin on his return from India, handing the letters awaiting his arrival as if he had been in daily habit of dropping in. He marks and notes each member's arrival and departure, knowing that if he makes a serious mistake he will undoubtedly be reported to the committee, and yet he must keep his temper with the equanimity of a saint, venting suppressed irritation in casual objurgation of his satellite pages. He must have an iron constitution, for he dare not break down, looking for consolation to the day when he may retire on a pension. Yet these hardy veterans seldom do break down; they generally drop and almost die in harness.

The select and senior clubs are certainly the centres of leading. There Cabinet Ministers hold unofficial council, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hobnobs, over Apollinaris and whisky at luncheon, with the chiefs of the naval and military departments who are encroaching with their departmental demands. It is startling to think how lightly some momentous compromise may be come to, involving the fate of a Ministry and possibly the peace of the world, when you are curiously looking on. Humbler members of both Houses talk themselves into clubs and caucuses which seldom come to much. The club dining-room at the luncheon hour is an invaluable safety-valve through which they blow off their steam. Late in the afternoon the judges come dropping in from the Law Courts, and the bewildered president, ruminating on a difficult decision, lays his head to that of a learned brother and gets a lead without sacrificing his *amour propre* or compromising his dignity. There is the gathering of aproned bishops and shovel-hatted deans when Church assemblies are in session, or some controversial Bill is before the Upper House—

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A RAMBLE IN CLUBLAND

THE reign of Victoria saw the development of the club, and the extension of Clubland has kept pace with the expansion of the Empire. There are clubs in the chief cities of the colonies which rival the palaces of Pall Mall. But it is in London especially that the old order has been changing, and to the intelligent foreigner the clubs are not only among the most notable features of evolution out of architectural chaos, but a source of curious admiration. Even in Paris the Frenchman loiters behind: whether the *cercles* are strictly select or comparatively open to all comers, there is a depressing air of formality and gloom in antechambers, with silver-chained officials in *grande tenue* standing at attention as each member enters. The German is not a clubable man—the masses of the aristocracy are more or less impecunious, and the burghers still cling to the simple tastes which indulged themselves with pipe and tankard in the *gasthaus* or beer-cellar. The Russians and Hungarians have paid us the compliment of modelling their institutions closely on our own, and the fashionable resort of Golden Petersburg has been christened the English Circle.

In London, as any stranger can see at a glance, the clubs are the centres of life, light, and leading. Literally of light, for the ranges of great windows brighten the interiors in anything except the dark eclipses of a yellow fog. Of life, because there is perpetual going and coming through doors for ever on the swing. In times of political excitement in the leading

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equally excited if less clamorous, than the congregations of jackdaws and starlings in a cathedral close—much is discussed and settled in informal convocation. And as for the military clubs, there the members resolve themselves into eternal councils of war, where each order and promotion is subjected to scathing scrutiny, and if either service is going to the devil, assuredly it is not for the lack of professional wisdom.

The club of the day is a social *bourse* for the expression of free thought and the interchange of ideas. It had its beginnings with the long peace, when the world began to breathe again after the fall of Napoleon. It is strange to recall the prejudices to be overcome from quarters that might have been supposed the most enlightened. Croker may be said to have stood sponsor to the Athenæum, but that literary club had no obstacles to encounter: literary men were understood to be free-lances, and the way for the Athenæum had been prepared by the Alfred, which was to wither under the shade of the greater establishment. But when Lord Lynedoch, almost simultaneously, proposed to found the Senior United Service, he had to surmount the most uncompromising opposition. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Huskisson were not to be conciliated, and Lord St. Vincent gravely pronounced it "unconstitutional." It is doubtful whether they placed their reasons on record, but perhaps their idea was that if not a school of vice, it would encourage extravagance among men not generally overburdened with money. As matter of fact, it is noteworthy that results have been the reverse. But if that was their point of view, there was presumption in its favour. The old proprietary clubs closed their doors to all except men of rank and high fashion, at a time when not to be in debt was disreputable, when Senators lived in chronic gout and intoxication, and when Ministers set the example of risking their future and their fortunes on cards and dice. If you passed the portals and the fiery ordeal of the ballot you must live the pace. At least there were only two roads to follow: one leading up through great ability or good connections to high politics, and the

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other along the ordinary track frequented by the loungers of Bond Street or Rotten Row, of gaiety, dissipation and slightly veiled profligacy.

The changes have been great since Dickens and Thackeray, as painters of manners, were in the flush of their fame and popularity. So far as I remember, no one of Dickens' middle-class characters belonged to any club, except Joe Bagstock, who, having come into a comfortable independence, when his brother died of Yellow Jack in the West Indies, must, of course, have belonged to the Service. Both novelists were, almost *ex officio*, members of the Garrick and Athenæum, but Dickens was never much of a clubman, and Thackeray, to the last, had a predilection for the free and easy symposium of the back kitchen. The tone of the clubs has refined and sobered down since he satirised the notorieties and celebrities in the "Snob Papers." Self-assertion of every sort is discouraged by opinion. Unfortunately the bore is always with us, and there are loud-voiced members, but Jawkins no longer takes his stand on the rug, laying down the law on European questions. No man dares to monopolise the papers like "Old Brown"; nor have we ever seen a Captain Shendy in the flesh, blowing the staff of the coffee-room sky-high because the mutton-chops were underdone. Nowadays the captain quietly backs his bill, and in due course his complaint is submitted to the committee. Indeed, I remember a case where the servants complained of the conduct of a baronet, "a harbitrary gent," who, among other things, had ordered a waiter to stand on a special square of the carpet and not to move without permission. The upshot was a special general meeting of the club, as amusing as any farce at the Palais-Royal, when correspondence was read and evidence taken. The meeting laughed itself into good humour, but the offender, who was fortunate in having two popular brothers, narrowly escaped expulsion.

Walker, in "the Original" writing of clubs as they were then, strikes the true note when he says that they are an

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admirable imitation of the comforts of a home, but only an imitation. For your entry-money and moderate subscription you may have the run of a palace, with the services of an admirably trained staff. But the luxury of the living is overrated, and the more celebrated the *chef* and the higher his salary, the less he concerns himself except on special occasions. Silenus' dinner in the strangers' room may be a great success, but Shendy's mutton-chop may still be unsatisfactory. What you do get is a fairly cooked meal at a moderate price, with undeniable wine. But the economy is not merely to be reckoned up in pounds, shillings, and pence. The youth who, a hundred or even fifty years ago, would have been dining at a Covent Garden hotel, at the "Blue Posts" or Long's, or in a tavern in Fleet Street, drinking port for the good of the house, going to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, or Cremorne, and winding up at "The Finish," the "Back Kitchen," or worse places, now has every inducement to finish quietly at the club. There is no more harmless recreation than the rubber or the game at billiards; the library, with its luxurious retirement, may encourage literary tastes if there is any natural bent that way, and the youth may do worse than lounge into the smoking-room, where nowadays the general conversation is correct as in a boudoir. No man now makes a smoking-room reputation by loose stories or indecent jests. Though now, indeed, as to smoking, the old restrictions are relaxed, and the difficulty is for non-smokers to hold their own even in the hall or the morning-room.

The most aristocratic of clubs is nevertheless essentially democratic, and nothing gives a better idea of the immensity of the Empire, of its resources in the way of talent, and of the importance of its great metropolis, than the way in which eminent men are submerged. They not only find their level; they often sink below it, and distinguished service is almost forgotten or ignored. At every turn you rub shoulders with an ambassador out of place, with a colonial governor who has just been paid off, with a pro-consul who has ruled a vast

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Indian dependency, with a retired general who has handled army corps in the field, or an admiral who has hauled down his flag and is thenceforth laid up in ordinary. There are few of them who do not meet with equals or superiors; at all events with men of more commanding position, who, in some cases, can still control their fate. Socially, the last elected member is supposed to be on an equality with all the rest, and, incidentally, membership becomes a stepping-stone to advancement on the ladder of aspiring ambition. In the political club, the man with something to say has opportunities of recommending himself to the chiefs of his party, with chances that would never come to him if he were vegetating in the country. I knew a case where a man of ready ability took a long step towards fortune by helping Lord Beaconsfield with his overcoat in the hall of a club. He had been a great traveller and explorer, and a casual remark struck his Lordship so much that he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him along Pall Mall, took his arm to the Coburg Hotel, and never lost sight of him afterwards.

Even more important to the aspirant in letters is membership in the leading literary club. The mere address on his card gives him a certain *cachet*. He is thrown in the way of those who can help him; he makes friends with the publisher who may bargain for his new book; he runs up against the eager editor who is looking out for bright articles; and he is brightened up over the luncheon or dinner-table by breezy talk with congenial spirits. Solitude may be in some ways favourable to inspiration, when you are thinking out the details of a plan or musing over a fixed idea. But there is nothing like the quick contact of mind with mind, the striking of flint and steel, with perhaps the glow of old burgundy or the sparkle of champagne, for striking out fresh and original suggestions.

Champagne suggests the Service clubs, where, though moderation in liquor is the established rule, there is always an atmosphere of conviviality and good-fellowship. Nothing has done more than these military societies to cherish the

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esprit de corps of the Services. They are veritably the hostelries of strange and happy meetings. The subaltern, who has run up from Aldershot to dine and go to the play, comes to a sudden stop in the hall as he recognises his old chum of the Academy, bronzed and weather-worn almost out of recognition. If they were Frenchmen they would fall into each other's arms and kiss on either cheek. Being Britons they exchange a hearty handshake and walk off to inspect the dinner-bill. There is no theatre that evening for the Aldershot man. As Desdemona hung on the lips of Othello, he listens to thrilling tales of adventure, told in matter-of-fact fashion, and in which the *raconteur* provokingly suppresses his own personality—it is his habit to leave the Victoria Cross to speak for him—till in the excitement of recollection he is swept along and they are away among sniping Pathans in the Afghan passes, hunting Dakoits through the Burmese swamps and jungles, or rushing a Boer position in the converging fire of rifle, pom-pom, and guns of position. The subaltern, who has never heard a shot fired in anger, is keener than ever to rival these exploits.

See the swarming and buzzing in one of these clubs, like the disturbance of a nest of hornets or the upsetting of a hive of bees, when the rumours of a great expedition have been confirmed by official announcements. The envy of the fortunate regiments figuring in orders—of the lucky fellows who are assured of desperate fighting, who have every chance of leaving their bones abroad, or of coming home crippled or mutilated, who will probably be decimated by deadly epidemics, and who will certainly look wistfully back to the much-abused club cooking. The war spirit is worked up to fever-heat, and, like the reserved stores of power in a hydraulic gun-carriage, will tell with tremendous effect when set free. There is no shadow on the joyous send-off dinners given to the departing warriors, though there will be a sad touch of solemnity at the regimental banquets when the memories of the missing are recalled.

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Though, indeed, in all clubs, but specially in the older institutions, *memento mori* might be inscribed over the doors—you may gauge the death-roll by the frequency of the ballots. Thackeray moralises over the vacant chair left by Tom or Dick, who is dismissed with a casual remark if his absence chances to be noted. And undistinguished members vanish unobserved, as they had lived in obscurity. But nothing is more impressive to the thoughtful man than marking the decadence of familiar personalities. As the wrinkles of care gather on the brow, the complexion fades to a corpse-like pallor, the strong back is bowed, and the legs begin to totter. The obsequious commissionnaire is eager to help the infirm member up the steps, and to offer the arm that is sometimes accepted with a smile of resignation, sometimes rejected with a touch of natural irritation. The silver chord is being loosed, and the bowl must soon be broken at the cistern. Men accustomed to domineer learn in good time a strange humility. I know an eminent philosopher—a man, as Mrs. Badger remarked of a former husband, of European reputation—whose vigour shines in his decay, and who shows extraordinary tenacity of life. Lost to sight for weeks and months, he turns up at long intervals. He lies on a sofa where he used to lay down the law, and contents himself with mutton broth at the table where he was wont to indulge. He used to hold his intellectual inferiors at arm's-length; now he is grateful for the inquiries and attentions of the humblest. I have seldom been more touched than when, not many years ago, I came across one of the most masterful of editors; he had been shelved, he had left bustling night-watches for seclusion, and was stricken with a mortal disease. Though always gracious with the courtesy of an autocrat, he had never been more than condescending. Even over the Lafitte and unlimited Heidseick at his hospitable table, it would have been dangerous to play with the lion. Now his face lighted up gratefully at a simple inquiry after his health, and when one dropped into a seat at his side, he clung like the club bore.

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Then there are the doctors, who show a determined face to the age and disease they used to fight in others. No man is more elastic than your fashionable physician—he is supposed to bring light and hope into the sick chamber and to cheer the spirit that he may strengthen the physique. He used to come up the steps with a bounding tread, and no man was more ready with jest and anecdote, when he dropped, *en passant*, on the elbow of the chair in which you were lounging. He was all spring and action. Perhaps, like one I remember, and who was universally lamented when he left us, he was a famous *bon vivant* and the life of a club dinner. Gathering in the guineas by handfuls, he was indifferent to the sum total, and if you went to consult him and he liked your talk, he would keep an antechamber full of anxious patients in expectation. His weakness was professional indiscreetness. He would let you into the confidences of the lady who had left the consulting-room as you were ushered in. And many a story he had to tell of masked majesties who revealed themselves involuntarily, and of mysterious summonses to patients, who paid largely in consideration of keeping their anonymity. He knew the bins of the club cellar better than the chief butler, and very much better than the wine committee, and when he dined with you, would call for his favourite vintage of port and recommend it to your favourable notice. But inevitably the day came, as to many of his brothers, when he had to be helped out of the professional coach with the sober horses and the steady coachman, for gout coming on the top of a complication of maladies had marked Hippocrates for its own.

That gout, like pale Death, comes with equal foot, knocking at the doors of all sorts and conditions. Perhaps it is most conspicuous in the Service clubs and in the clubs of the landed aristocracy. They may have gone through campaigning hardships in their time, they have indulged in every variety of field sports, but they pay the penalty of a long course of military excesses, when conviviality reigned supreme, or of keeping open house in their ancestral halls. Sometimes,

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they may be suffering besides for the sins of their fathers and it is hard for a lean and abstemious man to be racked into slow torture when he dines on the wing of a chicken and exhilarates himself with weak spirits and seltzer. In either case, nothing can be more painful than to see them limping upon crutches into the dining-room where they used to feast, looking wistfully over the dinner *carte* for the day, and resigning themselves to the invariable *menu* of mortification. You follow them in fancy into the dressing-room, where the faithful valet, with lint and *onguents*, patches up the feet which bulge in the boots of felt; to the injections of morphia which lull acute pain and prepare the victim for nightmares and troubled slumbers. Accustomed to good living and generous wines, it is a perpetual struggle for a tolerably painless existence. The society of old friends is seductive as ever, and each excess, or a single glass of champagne brings immediate and cruel retribution.

It is wonderful the respect that a younger generation pays to bodily vigour and an iron constitution. In every club there is "the fine old fellow," whose only claim to admiration is that nature has dealt mercifully with him in his slow decline, and that he has kept his faculties unimpaired. He may have been a master of foxhounds or a famous man in the saddle. He may have hunted with Assheton Smith; he has shot the coverts with Osbaldistone, and matched himself at pigeons with Ross or Delmé Radcliffe. He holds on like a tenacious eye-tooth when all its companions are gone; the marvels of his prowess in his prime are current coin in the smoking-room, and till he succumbs to paralysis or suddenly flickers out he moves in an atmosphere of admiration. He owes his apotheosis and happy despatch to the fact that "good fairies" gifted him in the cradle with phenomenal strength and an ample income. He is cherished to the last in a luxurious residence by affectionate relatives or attentive servants. Nothing can be more melancholy by contrast than the fate of other fine but friendless old fellows, who are unnoticed and ignored. They hold to life with equal

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tenacity, and yet they have long come to the conclusion that life is not worth the living. As a rule they are to be sought in the Service clubs. Struggling with debt, they could never afford to marry, till they retired or were superannuated for a harder struggle with half-pay. Their quarters are a dreary bedroom in St. James's, and though for a few guineas of subscription they have the tantalising splendour of the palace, sick or well they must exist in a glare of publicity. They turn out to the club for early breakfast and sit out the weary day with its intolerably long-drawn hours. They have never cultivated a taste for books, and if they did read there could be no purpose to inspirit them. The game has long been played out; their last aspirations have vanished. No men are more indefatigable skimmers of the papers, and no men must loathe the papers more. It is something of a sensation when the waiter brings in the last evening editions, yet there is no hope of an emotion when they glance at the telegrams. Like cats, they have their favourite corners where they nod and doze, till they drop off into the last sleep at their lodgings, with doctor, nurse, and undertaker in attendance.

That class of inoffensive invalids, in the words of Captain Cuttle, are objects of clemency, but there are others who are intolerable nuisances. A clubman who must know himself to be a nuisance, in consideration for his fellow-members, is bound to shut himself up. There was an old playwright—a dead hand at borrowing from the French and almost defying detection—who used to come to a literary club in the sultriest dog-days and insist on all the windows around him being closed. Of course the committee should have taken notice of it. For with him you were between the devil and the deep sea. If you submitted to being hermetically sealed up, you suffocated; and if you cruelly insisted on a breath of air, if he did not leave his unfinished meal with tragic action and impressive dramatic effect, he coughed you into a remorse that poisoned your own repast. That was an extreme case and few men are so egotistically selfish. But there is the asthmatic member,

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manfully struggling with his infirmity; and there are the inveterate snorers who are professing to read after dinner. Nightly, in the library, you may see another of the "European celebrities," making himself unconsciously ridiculous and a subject for the scorner. His closest friends are shy of waking him up and rousing his fiery temper; if they did he would shamelessly proclaim his innocence and turn to rend them in his wrath.

The man of many clubs is generally but a familiar of one. He inevitably trends to it when out for the day. Like Major Pendennis, he has his table and lounging-chair, which no *habitué* cares to dispute. The waiters know his habits, and he has seldom to intimate a wish. He is the oracle of his special *coterie*, and, like Mr. Puffington in "Sponge's Sporting Tour," is usually "an amazin' popular man," whom those who have not the honour of his acquaintance are content to admire from a distance. If he is energetic, with a superfluity of time on his hands, he looks closely after the *cuisine* and the cellars. Except when constrained to retire by rotation, he is a standing member of committee, and though he rarely puts himself ostentatiously forward, is understood to be a Power. Indeed, the proceedings of that tribunal, when the club is governed by a Venetian oligarchy, with absolute right of election, are shrouded in solemn mystery. The preoccupied secretary carries care on his brow, and the door is jealously guarded by servants on duty when it is in weekly session. But it is rumoured that one or two members are supreme, as Lord Melville, when he dictated to Scotland in the days of Tory ascendency. On the whole, these oligarchal administrations work admirably, and it is to be wished that in all cases the committees had *carte blanche* as to admissions. Were the right of election invariably vested in them, rejected candidates would have no reasonable ground of complaint. There can seldom be room for charges of injustice or caprice, when all claims are submitted to their judicial scrutiny. Popular election, on the other hand, has nothing to recommend it, except that it gives an ephemeral

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sense of importance to fussy folk, who are flattered and courted for their vote and influence. And when the candidate has been on the books for some sixteen years, his fate is a matter of no little consequence to him. His zealous partisans act as amateur whips, sending three-lined appeals to distant friends to come up to town specially for the ballot. It is ungracious to refuse—especially if you have been indebted to them yourself—however troublesome to comply. Then, on the afternoon of the ballot, the club is turned topsy-turvy, being a veritable bear-garden. There is no assurance of fair play, for an epidemic of black-balling may have set in, and the vendettas are running their ruthless course. The more conspicuous the candidate, the more precarious are his chances, and he may be "pilled" on political grounds or from personal animosity. I remember a case where there was a rush from a Cabinet meeting with no care for concealment, to exclude a writer who *had given* offence by anonymous articles, of which he was assumed to be the author. It was acknowledged that he had delivered his mind honestly, but that did not conciliate hostility. On the other hand, obscure men will slip in, who have no claim except their colourless insignificance, while eligible candidates dance attendance indefinitely.

No post demands more temper and tact than that of chairman at the general meeting. No assembly—and half the gathering is standing on its legs—is more intolerant of long-winded speeches. When business men, who speak briefly and to the point, are put up to move the resolutions, everything goes tolerably smoothly. When the committee is so ill-advised as to select an orator who rolls out rhapsodical periods and revels in poetical metaphor, then the chairman has to throw oil on troubled waters. And there is often some ill-conditioned member who fancies himself in the *rôle* of Objector-General — the sobriquet of a prominent member of the Geographical Society in the last generation. Then a happy interjection by the chairman is worth untold time, and I recollect how a famous judge silenced a can-

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tankerous acquaintance by a genial smile and a simple "I wouldn't have expected this of you, Mr. ——"

Few of the older clubs have escaped financial embarrassments, and almost all have been driven to raise the entry money and subscriptions. The financial details necessarily depend on the secretary, who should keep a tight rein on his staff and look closely into the outgoings. There was one striking example, not many years ago, where a great club, when nearly stranded, was floated off into deep water by a happy change in the management. The secretary who was superseded was naturally suspected of corruption; more probably he was only easy-tempered and careless. But, undoubtedly, dishonest stewards in all ranks of the service have great opportunities, and it is difficult to check them. It is not often that a man in trust is fool enough to give himself away, as when a *chef*, with a handsome salary, was caught pillaging and convicted in the Law Courts. But the practice of secret commissions, against which the Lords have been legislating, is one which it is difficult to detect and almost impossible to suppress. In all these establishments, where the larder must never be found lacking, there must be inevitable waste. If the broken victuals find their way to the poor, as they generally do, that is not much to be regretted. But there is a matter that touches the diners more nearly: it is the ignoring of responsibility for the quality of the viands. If you complain of the saddle, the sirloin, or the turbot, it is a conclusive answer that they came from certain fashionable tradesmen. It would be more satisfactory, and decidedly more economical, if the clerk of the kitchen had *carte blanche* to buy anywhere and be held answerable for all reasonable grounds of complaint.

As a rule, however, nothing can be better ordered than the service. Your tastes are studied and your wishes anticipated. Nowhere is courtesy to dependents more amply repaid. It is said that club waiters are spoiled for ordinary service, and that may be the case. They seem to recognise the truth of that themselves: they know when they are comfortably settled, and

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the best of them become fixtures. Nothing gives a more friendly aspect to the club than faces that have been familiar since you knew it first, and heads that have gradually silvered in your time. Nothing gives a kindly man more satisfaction than subscribing to the Christmas festivities below-stairs or the annual tips. You come to London from long absence abroad, and though it may be on an Easter Monday or in the depths of the autumnal dispersion, you are assured of a beaming welcome in the deserted halls. Servants will grow old, though never overdriven in their decline: they retire on their savings or are superannuated on pensions, but they live again in the sons to whom they transmit the succession—in the children who have been entered as "buttons" or knife-boys to step into the paternal shoes. The clubs have their faults, but had Johnson been living now he must have reconsidered his dictum, that a tavern chair was the height of human felicity, though with his habit of keeping his friends up to unholy hours, he would have been a sore thorn in the side of the waiters.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

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FORT AMITY[1]

XIII

FORT AMITIÉ

THE Fort stood high on a wooded slope around which the river swept through to spread itself below in a lake three miles wide and almost thirty long. In shape it was quadrilateral with a frontage of fifty toises and a depth of thirty, and from each angle of its stone walls abutted a flanking tower, the one at the western angle taller than the others by a good twenty feet and surmounted by a flagstaff.

East, west and south, the ground fell gently to the water's edge, entirely clear of trees: even their stumps had been rooted up to make room for small gardens in which the garrison grew its cabbages and pot-herbs, and below these gardens the Commandant's cows roamed in a green riverside meadow. At the back a rougher clearing, two cannon-shots in width, divided the northern wall from the dark tangle of the forest.

The canoe had been sighted far down the lake, and the Commandant himself, with his brother M. Etienne and his daughter Mademoiselle Diane, had descended to the quay to welcome the voyageurs. A little apart stood Sergeant Bédard, old Jérémie Tripier (formerly major-domo and general factotum at Boisveyrac, now at Fort Amitié promoted to be *maréchal des logis*) and five or six militiamen. And to John,

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as he neared the shore in the haze of a golden afternoon, the scene and the figures—the trim little fortress, the white banner of France transparent against the sky, the sentry like a toy figure at the gate, the cattle browsing below, the group at the river's brink—appeared as a tableau set for a child's play.

To add to the illusion, as the canoe came to the quay the sun sank, a gun boomed out from the tallest of the four towers, and the flag ran down its staff; all as if by clockwork. As if by clockwork, too, the taller of the two old gentlemen on the quay—the one in a gold-laced coat—stepped forward with a wave of his hand.

"Welcome, welcome, my good Dominique! It will be news you bring from Boisveyrac—more news of the great victory, perhaps? And who are these your comrades?"

"Your servant, Monsieur; and yours, Monsieur Etienne, and yours, Mademoiselle Diane!" Dominique brought his canoe alongside and saluted respectfully. "All my own news is that we have gathered the harvest at Boisveyrac; a crop not far below the average, we hope. But Father Launoy desired me to bring you these strangers, who will tell you of matters more important."

"It is the wounded man — the sergeant from Fort Carillon!" cried Diane, clasping her hands.

"Eh, my child? Nonsense, nonsense—he wears no uniform, as you see. Moreover, 'Polyte Latulippe brought word that he was lying at the point of death."

"It is he, nevertheless."

"Mademoiselle has guessed rightly," said Dominique. "It is the wounded soldier; I have lent him an outfit."

The Commandant stared incredulously from Dominique to John, from John to Menehwehna, and back again to John. A delightful smile irradiated his face.

"Then you bring us a good gift indeed! Welcome, sir, welcome to Fort Amitié! where we will soon have you hale and strong again, if nursing can do it."

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Here, if John meant to play his part, was the moment for him to salute. He half lifted his hand as he reclined, but let it fall again. From the river-bank a pair of eyes looked down into his; dark grey eyes—or were they violet?—shy and yet bold, dim and yet shining with emotion. God help him! This child—she was little more—was worshipping him for a hero!

"Nay, sir, give it to me!" cried the Commandant, stooping by the quay's edge. "I shall esteem it an honour to grasp the hand of one who comes from Fort Carillon—who was wounded for France in her hour of victory. Your name, my friend?—for the messengers, who brought word of you yesterday, had not heard it, or perhaps had forgotten."

"My name is à Cleeve, monsieur."

"A Clive? à Clive? It is unknown to me, and yet it has a good sound, and should belong to *un homme bien né?*" He turned inquiringly towards his brother, a mild, elderly man with a scholar's stoop and a face which assorted oddly with his uniform of captain of militia, being shrivelled as parchment and snuff-dried and abstracted in expression as though he had just lifted his eyes from a book. "A Clive, Etienne? From what province should our friend derive?"

M. Etienne's eyes—they were, in fact, short-sighted—seemed to search inwardly for a moment before he answered:

"There was a family of that name in the Quercy; so late, I think, as 1650. I had supposed it to be extinct. It bore arms counterpaly argent and gules, a canton ermine——"

"My brother, sir," the Commandant interrupted, "is a famous genealogist. Do you accept this coat-of-arms he assigns to you?"

"If M. le Commandant will excuse me——"

"Eh, eh?—an awkward question, no doubt, to put to many a young man of family now serving with the colours?" The Commandant chuckled knowingly. "But I have an eye, sir, for nice shades, and an ear too. *Verbum sapientibus satis.* A sergeant, they tell me—and of the Béarnais; but until we have

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cured you, sir, and the active list again claims you, you are Monsieur à Clive and my guest. We shall talk, so, upon an easier footing. Tut-tut! I have eyes in my head, I repeat. And this Indian of yours—how does he call himself?"

"Menehwehna, monsieur. He is an Ojibway."

"And you and he have come by way of the Wilderness! Now what puzzles me——"

"Papa!" interposed the girl gently, laying a hand on her father's sleeve; "ought we not to get him ashore before troubling him with all these questions? He is suffering, I think."

"You say well, my child. A thousand pardons, sir. Here, Bédard! Jérémie!"

But it was Menehwehna who, with inscrutable face, helped John ashore, suffering the others only to hold the canoe steady. John tried hard to collect his thoughts to face this new situation. He had dreamed of falling among savages in these backwoods; but he had fallen among folk gentle in manner and speech, anxious to show him courtesy; folk to whom (as in an instant he divined) truth and uprightness were dearer than life and judged as delicately as by his own family at home in Devonshire. How came they here? Who was this girl whose eyes he avoided lest they should weigh him, as a sister's might, in the scales of honour?

A man may go through life cherishing many beliefs which are internecine foes; unaware of their discordance, or honestly persuaded that within him the lion and the lamb are lying down together, whereas in truth his fate has never drawn the bolts of their separate cages. John had his doubts concerning God; but something deeper than reason within him detested a lie. Yet as a soldier he had accepted without examination the belief that many actions vile in peace are in war permissible, even obligatory; a loose belief, the limits of which no man in his regiment—perhaps no man in the two armies—could have defined. In war you may kill; nay, you must; but you must do it by code, and with many exceptions and restrictions as to

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the how and when. In war (John supposed) you may lie; nay, again, in certain circumstances you must.

With this girl's eyes upon him, worshipping him for a hero, John discovered suddenly that here and now he could not. For an instant, as if along a beam of light, he looked straight into Militarism's sham and ugly heart.

Yes, he saw it quite clearly, and was resolved to end the lie. But for the moment, in his bodily weakness, his will lagged behind his brain. As a sick man tries to lift a hand and cannot, so he sought to rally his will to meet the crisis and was dismayed to find it benumbed and half asleep.

They were ascending the slope, and still as they went the Commandant's voice was questioning him.

"Through the Wilderness! That was no small exploit, my friend, and it puzzles me how you came to attempt it; for you were severely wounded, were you not?"

"I received two wounds at Fort Carillon, monsieur. The proposal to make across the woods was not mine. It came from the French sergeant in command of our boat."

"So—so. I ought to have guessed it. You were a whole boat's party then, at starting?" John felt the crisis near; but the Commandant's mind was discursive, and he paused to wave a proprietory hand towards the walls and towers of his fortress. "A snug little shelter for the backwoods—eh, M. à Clive? I am, you must know, a student of the art of fortification; *c'est ma rengaine,* as my daughter will tell you, and I shall have much to ask concerning this famous outwork of M. de Montcalm's, which touches my curiosity. So far as Damase could tell me, Fort Carillon itself was never even in danger——" But here Mademoiselle Diane again touched his sleeve. "Yes, yes, to be sure, we will not weary our friend just now. We will cure him first; and while he is mending, you shall look out a new uniform from the stores and set your needle to work to render it as like as you can contrive to the Béarnais. Nay, sir, to her enthusiasm that will be but a trifle. Remember that you come to us crowned with laurels; and with news for

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which we welcome you as though you brought a message from the General himself." A sudden thought fetched the Commandant to a standstill. "You are sure that the sergeant, your comrade, carried no message?"

John paused with Menehwehna's arm supporting him.

"If he carried a message, monsieur, he told me of none."

Where were his faculties? Why were they hanging back and refusing to come to grips with the crisis? Why did this twilit riverside persist in seeming unreal to him, and the actors, himself included, as figures moving in a shadow-play?

Once, in a dream, he had seen himself standing at the wings of a stage—an actor, dressed for his part. The theatre was crowded; some one had begun to ring a bell for the curtain to go up; and he, the hero of the piece, knew not one word of his part, could not even remember the name of the play or what it was about. The dream had been extraordinarily vivid, and he had awakened in a sweat. Some such tremor held him now.

"But," the Commandant urged, "he must have had some reason for striking through the forest. What was his name?"

"Barboux."

John, as he answered, could not see Menehwehna's face; but Menehwehna's supporting arm did not flinch.

"Was he, too, of the regiment of Béarn?"

"He was of the Béarnais, monsieur."

"Tell us now. When the Iroquois overtook you, could he have passed on a message, had he carried one?"

While John hesitated, Menehwehna answered him. "It was I only who saw the sergeant," said Menehwehna quietly. "He gave me no message."

"You were close to him?"

"Very close."

"It is curious," mused the Commandant, and turned to John again. "Your falling in with the Iroquois, monsieur, gives me some anxiety; since it happens that a party from here and from Fort Frontenac was crossing the Wilderness at

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about the same time with messages for the General on Lake Champlain. You saw nothing of them?"

Again Menehwehna took up the answer. "We met no one but these Iroquois," he said smoothly.

And as Menehwehna spoke the words John felt that every one in the group about him had been listening for it with a sudden anxious tension, He gazed around, bewildered for the moment by the lie. The girl stood with clasped hands. "Thank God!" he heard the Commandant say, lifting his hat.

What new mystery was here? Menehwehna stood with a face immobile and inscrutable; and John's soul rose up against him in rage and loathing. The man had dishonoured him, counting on his gratitude to endorse the lie. Well, he was quit of gratitude now. "To-morrow, my fine fellow," said he to himself, clenching his teeth, "the whole tale shall be told; between this and the telling you may save your skin, if you can"; and so he turned to the Commandant.

"Monsieur," he said with a meaning glance at Menehwehna, "I beg you to accept no part of—of our story until I have told it through to you."

The Commandant was plainly puzzled. "Willingly, monsieur; but I beg you to consider the sufferings of our curiosity and be kind in putting a term to them."

"To-morrow——" began John, and looking up, came to a pause. Dominique Guyon had followed them up from the boat and was thrusting himself unceremoniously upon the Commandant's attention.

"Since this monsieur mentions to-morrow," interrupted Dominique abruptly, "and before I am dismissed to supper, may I claim the Seigneur's leave to depart early to-morrow morning?"

The interruption was so unmannerly that John stared from one to another of the group. The Commandant's face had grown very red indeed. Dominique himself seemed sullenly aware of his rudeness. But John's eyes came to rest on

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Mademoiselle Diane's; on her eyes for an instant, and then on her lashes, as she bent her gaze on the ground—as it seemed to him, purposely, and to avoid Dominique's.

"Dominique," said the Commandant haughtily, "you forget yourself; you intrude upon my conversation with this gentleman." His voice shook and yet it struck John that his anger covered some anxiety.

"Monsieur must forgive me," answered Dominique, still with an awkward sullenness. "But it is merely my dismissal that I beg. I wish to return early to-morrow to Boisveyrac; the harvest there is gathered, to be sure, but no once can be trusted to finish the stacks. With so many dancing attendance on the military, the seigniory sufferers; and, by your leave, I am responsible for it."

He glared upon John, who gazed back honestly puzzled. The Commandant seemed on the verge of an explosion, but checked himself.

"My good Dominique Guyon," he explained, "uses the freedom of an old tenant. But here we are at the gate. I bid you welcome, Monsieur à Clive, to my small fortress! Tut, tut, Dominique! We will discuss business in the morning."

Alone with Menehwehna in the bare hospital ward to which old Jérémie as *maréchal des logis* escorted them, John turned on the Ojibway and let loose his indignation.

"And look you," he wound up, "this shall be the end. At daybreak to-morrow the gate of the fort will be opened; take the canoe and make what speed you can. I will give you until ten o'clock, but at that hour I promise you to tell my tale to the Commandant, and to tell him all."

"If my brother is resolved," said Menehwehna composedly, "let him waste no words. What is settled is settled, and to be angry will do his head no good."

He composed himself to sleep on the floor at the foot of John's bed, pulling his rug up to his ears. There were six

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empty beds in the ward, and one had been prepared for him, but Menehwehna despised beds.

John awoke to sunlight. It poured in through three windows high in the whitewashed wall opposite, and his first thought was to turn over and look for Menehwehna.

Menehwehna had disappeared.

John lay back on the pillow and stared up at the ceiling. Menehwehna had gone; he was free of him, and this day was to deliver his soul. In an hour or so he would be sitting under lock and key, but with a conscience bathed and refreshed, a companion to be looked in the face, a clear-eyed counsellor. The morning sunlight filled the room with a clean cheerfulness, and he seemed to drink it in through his pores. Forgetting his wound, he jumped out of bed with a laugh.

As he did so his eye travelled along the empty beds in the ward, and along a row of pegs above them, and stiffened suddenly.

There were twelve pegs, and all were bare save one—the one in the wall space separating his bed from the bed which had been prepared for Menehwehna, and from this peg hung Sergeant Barboux's white tunic.

It had not been hanging there last night when he dropped asleep: to that he could take his oath. He had supposed it to be left behind in the *armoire* at Boisveyrac. For a full minute he sat on the bed's edge gazing at it in sheer dismay, its evil menace closing like a grip upon his heart.

But by-and-by the grip relaxed as dismay gave room to rage, and with rage came courage.

He laughed again fiercely. Up to this moment he had always shrunk from touch of the thing; but now he pulled it from its peg, held it at arm's length for a moment, and flung it contemptuously on the floor.

"You, at least, I am not going to fear any longer!"

As he cast it from him something crackled under his fingers. For a second or two he stood over the tunic eyeing it, between old disgust and new surmise. Then, dropping on one knee, he

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fumbled it over, found the inner breast-pocket and pulled from it a paper.

It was of many sheets, folded in a blue wrapper, sealed with a large red seal, and addressed in cipher.

Turning it over in his hand, he caught sight, in the lower left-hand corner, of a dark spot which his thumb had covered. He stared at it; then at his thumb, to the ball of which some red dust adhered; then at the seal. The wax bore the impress of a flying Mercury, with cap, caduceus and winged sandals. The ciphered address he could not interpret; it was brief, written in two lines, in a bold clear hand.

This, then, was the missive which Barboux had carried.

Had Menehwehna discovered it and placed it here for him to discover? Yes, undoubtedly. And this was a French dispatch; and at any cost he must intercept it! His soldier's sacrament required no less. He must conceal it—seek *his* opportunity to escape with it—go on lying meanwhile in hope of an opportunity.

Where now was the prospect of his soul's deliverance?

He crept back to bed and was thrusting the letter under his pillow when a slight sound drew his eyes towards the door.

In the doorway stood Menehwehna with a breakfast-tray. The Indian's eyes travelled calmly across the room as he entered and set the tray down on the bed next to John's. Without speaking he picked up the tumbled tunic from the floor and set it back on its peg.

XIV

"But touching this polygon of M. de Montcalm's——"

Within the curtain-wall facing the waterside the ground had been terraced up to form a high platform or *terre-plein*, whence six guns, mounted in embrasures, commanded the river. Hither John had crept, with the support of a stick, to enjoy the sunshine and the view, and here the Commandant

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had found him and held him in talk, walking him to and fro, with pauses now and again beside a gun for a few minutes' rest.

"But touching this polygon of M. de Montcalm's, he would doubtless follow Courmontaigne rather than Vauban. The angles, you say, were boldly advanced?"

"So they appeared to me, monsieur; but you understand that I took no part——"

"By advancing the angles boldly"—here the Commandant pressed his finger-tips together by way of illustration—"we allow so much more play to enfilading fire. I speak only of defence against direct assault; for of opposing such a structure to artillery the General could have had no thought."

"Half-a-dozen six-pounders, well directed, could have knocked it about their ears in as many minutes."

"That does not detract from his credit. Every general fights with two heads—his own and his adversary's; and, for the rest, we have to do what we can do with our material." The Commandant halted and gazed down whimsically upon the courtyard, in the middle of which his twenty-five militiamen were being drilled by M. Etienne and Sergeant Bédard. "My whole garrison, sir! Eh? you seem incredulous. My whole garrison, I give you my word! Five-and-twenty militiamen to defend a post of this importance; and up at Fort Frontenac, the very key of the West, my old friend Payan de Noyan has but a hundred in command! I do not understand it, sir. Stores we have in abundance, and ammunition and valuable presents to propitiate the Indians who no longer exist in this neighbourhood. Yes, and—would you believe it?—no longer than three months ago the Governor sent up a boat-load of women. It appeared that his Majesty had forwarded them all the way from France, for wives for his faithful soldiers. I packed them off, sir, and returned them to M. de Vaudreuil. 'With all submission to his Majesty's fatherly wisdom,' I wrote, 'the requirements of New France at this moment are best determined by local considerations';

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and I asked for fifty regulars to man our defences. M. de Vaudreuil replied by sending me up one man, and *he* had but one arm. I made Noyon a present of him; his notions of fortification were rudimentary, not to say puerile."

The Commandant paused and dug the surface of the *terre-plein* indignantly with his heel. "As for fortification, do I not know already what additional defences we need? Fort Amitié, monsieur, was constructed by the great Frontenac himself, and with wonderful sagacity, if we consider the times. Take, for example, the towers. You are acquainted, of course, with the modern rule of giving the bastions a salient angle of fifteen degrees in excess of half the angle of the figure in all figures from the square up to the dodecagon? Well, Fort Amitié being a square—or rather a right-angled quadrilateral—the half of its angle will be forty-five degrees; add fifteen, and we get sixty; which is as nearly as possible the salience of our flanking towers; only they happen to be round. So far, so good; but Frontenac had naturally no opportunity of studying Vauban's masterpieces, and perhaps as the older man he never digested Vauban's theories. He did not see that a quadrilateral measuring fifty toises by thirty must need some protection midway in its longer curtains, and more especially on the river-side. A ravelin is out of the question, for we have no counterscarp to stand it on—no ditch at all in fact; our glacis slopes straight from the curtain to the river. I have thought of a tenaille—of a flat bastion. We could do so much if only M. de Vaudreuil would send us men!—but, as it is, on what are we relying? Simply, M. à Clive, on our enemies' ignorance of our weakness."

John turned his face away and stared out over the river. The walls of the fort seemed to stifle him; but in truth his own breast was the prison.

"Well now," the Commandant pursued, "your arrival has set me thinking. We cannot strengthen ourselves against artillery; but they say that these English generals learn nothing. They may come against us with musketry, and what served Fort Carillon may also serve Fort Amitié. A breastwork—

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call it a lunette—half-way down the slope yonder, so placed as to command the landing-place at close musket-range—it might be useful, eh? There will be trouble with Polyphile Cartier—'Sans Quartier,' as they call him. He is proud of his cabbages, and we might have to evict them; yes, certainly our lunette would impinge upon his cabbages. But the safety of the Fort would, of course, override all such considerations."

He caught John by the arm and hurried him along for a better view of Sans Quartier's cabbage-patch. And just then Mademoiselle Diane came walking swiftly towards them from the end of the *terre-plein* by the flagstaff tower. An instant later the head and shoulders of Dominique Guyon appeared above the ascent.

Clearly he was following her; and as she drew near John read, or thought he read, a deep trouble in the child's eyes. But from her eyes his glance fell upon a bundle that she carried, and his own cheek paled. For the bundle was a white tunic, and it took a second glance to assure him that the tunic was a new one and not Sergeant Barboux'!

"Eh? What did I tell you? She has been rifling the stores already!" Here the Commandant caught sight of Dominique and hailed him. "Hola, Dominique!"

Dominique halted for a moment and then came slowly forward; while the girl, having greeted John with a grown woman's dignity, stood close by her father's elbow.

"Dominique, how many men can you spare me from Boisveyrac, now that the harvest is over?"

"For what purpose do you wish men, monsieur?"

"Eh? That is my affair, I hope."

The young man's face darkened, but he controlled himself to say humbly, "Monsieur rebukes me with justice. I should not have spoken so; but it was in alarm for monsieur's interests."

"You mean that you are unwilling to spare me a single man? Come, come, my friend—the harvest is gathered; and, apart from that, my interests are the king's. Positively you must spare me half-a-dozen for his Majesty's *corvée*."

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"The harvest is gathered, to be sure; but no one at Boisveyrac can be trusted to finish the stacks. They are a good-for-nothing lot; and now Damase, the best thatcher among them, has, I hear, been sent up to Fort Frontenac along with Polyte Latulippe."

"By my orders."

Dominique bent his eyes on the ground.

"Monsieur's orders shall be obeyed. May I have his permission to return at once to Boisveyrac?—at least, as soon as we have discussed certain matters of business?"

"Business? But since it is not convenient just now——" It seemed to John that the old gentleman had suddenly grown uneasy.

"I speak only of certain small repairs; the matter of Legassé's holding, for example," said Dominique tranquilly. "The whole will not detain Monsieur above ten minutes."

"Ah, to be sure!" The Commandant's voice betrayed relief. "Come to my orderly-room, then. You will excuse me, M. à Clive?"

He turned to go and Dominique stepped aside to allow the girl to follow her father. But she made no sign. He shot a look at her and sullenly descended the terrace at his seigneur's heels.

Mademoiselle Diane's brow grew clear again as the sound of his footsteps died away, and presently she faced John with a smile so gay and frank that, although quite involuntarily he had been watching her, the change startled him. There was something in this girl at once innocently candid and curiously elusive; to begin with he could not decide whether to think of her as child or woman. Last night her eyes had rested on him with a child's open wonder, and a minute ago in Dominique's presence she had seemed to shrink close to her father with a child's timidity. Now, gaily as she smiled, her bearing had grown dignified and self-possessed.

"You are not to leave me, please, M. à Clive—seeing that I came expressly to find you."

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John lifted his hat with mock gravity. "You do me great honour, Mademoiselle. And Dominique," he added, "was he also coming in search of me?"

She frowned, and turning towards a cannon in the embrasure behind her, spread the white tunic carefully upon it. "Dominique Guyon is tiresome," she said. "At times, as you have heard, he speaks with too much freedom to my father; but it is the freedom of old service. The Guyons have farmed Boisveyrac for our family since first the seigniory was built." She seemed about to say more, but checked herself, and stood smoothing an arm of the tunic upon the gun. "Ah, here is Félicité!" she exclaimed, as a stout middle-aged woman came bustling along the terrace towards them. "You have kept me waiting, Félicité. And, good heavens! what is that you carry? Did I not tell you that I would get Jérémie to find me a tunic from the stores? See, I have one already."

"But this is not from the stores, mademoiselle!" panted Félicité, as she came to a halt. "It appears that Monsieur brought his tunic with him—Jérémie told me he had seen it hanging by his bed in the sick ward—and here it is, see you!" She displayed it triumphantly, spreading its skirts to the sunshine. "A trifle soiled! but it will save us all the trouble in the world with the measurements—eh, mademoiselle?"

Diane's eyes were on John's face. For a moment or two she did not answer, but at length said slowly:

"Nevertheless you shall measure monsieur. Have you the tapes? Good: give me one, with the blue chalk, and I will check off your measurements."

She seated herself on the gun-carriage and drew the two tunics on to her lap. John shivered as she touched the dead sergeant's.

Félicité grinned as she advanced with the tape. "Do not be shy of me, monsieur," she encouraged him affably. "You are a hero, and I myself am the mother of eight, which is in its way heroic. There should be a good understanding between

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us. Raise your arms a little, pray, while I take first of all the measure of your chest."

Her two arms—and they were plump, not to say brawny—went about him. "Thirty-eight," she announced, after examining the tape. "It's long since I have embraced one so slight."

"Thirty-eight," repeated Mademoiselle Diane, puckering up her lips and beginning to measure off the *pouces* across the breast and back of Sergeant Barboux' tunic. "Thirty-eight, did you say?"

"Thirty-eight, mademoiselle. We must remember that these brave defenders of ours sometimes pad themselves a little; it will be nothing amiss if you allow for forty. Eh, monsieur?" Félicité laughed up in John's face. "But you find some difficulty, mademoiselle. Can I help you?"

"I thank you—it is all right," Diane answered hurriedly; and picking up the other tunic, began to measure and chalk it with an elaborate appearance of business.

"Waist, twenty-nine," Félicité continued. "One might even say twenty-eight, only monsieur is drawing in his breath."

"Where are the scissors, Félicité?" demanded her mistress, who had carefully smuggled them beneath her skirt as she sat.

"The scissors? Of a certainty now I brought them—but the sight of that heathen Ojibway, when he gave me the tunic, was enough to make any decent woman faint! I shook like an aspen, if you will credit me, all the way across the drill-ground, and perhaps the scissors . . . no, indeed, I cannot find them . . . but if mademoiselle will excuse me while I run back for another pair. . . ." She bustled off towards the Commandant's quarters.

Mademoiselle Diane reached down a hand to the tunic which had fallen at her feet, and drew it on to her lap again, as if to examine it. But her eyes were searching John's face.

"Why do you shiver?" she asked.

"I beg of you not to touch it, mademoiselle. It—it hurts to see you touching it."

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"Did you kill him?"

"Of whom is mademoiselle speaking?"

"Pray do not pretend to be stupid, monsieur. I am speaking of that other man—the owner of this tunic—the sergeant who took you into the forest. Dill you kill him?"

"He died in fair fight, mademoiselle."

"It was a duel, then?" He did not answer, and she continued, "I can trust your face, monsieur. I am sure it was only in fair fight. But why should you think me afraid to touch *this?* Oh, why, M. à Clive, will men always take it so cruelly for granted that we are afraid of the thought of blood—nay, even that we owe it to ourselves to be afraid? If we are what you all insist we should be, what right have we to be born in these times? Think of New France fighting now for dear life—ah, why should I ask *you* to think, who have bled for her? Yet you would have me shudder at the touch of a stained piece of cloth; and while you hold these foolish prejudices, can you wonder that New France has no Jeanne d'Arc? When I was at the Ursulines at Quebec, they used to pray to her and ask for her intercession; but what they taught was needlework."

"The world has altered since her time, mademoiselle," said John, falsely and lamely.

"Has it? It burnt her; even in those days it did its best according to its lights," she answered bitterly. "Only in these days there are no heroines to burn. No heroines . . . no fires . . . and even in our needlework we must be demure, and not touch a garment that has been touched with blood! Monsieur, was this man a coward?" She lifted the tunic.

"He was a vain fellow and a bully, mademoiselle, but by no means a coward."

"He fought for France?"

"Yes; and, I believe, with credit."

"Then, Monsieur, because he was a bully, I commend the

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man who killed him fairly. And because he was brave and fought for France, I am proud to handle his tunic."

As men go, John à Cleeve was not a fool; and yet, as he gazed at her kindled face, the one thought that rose above his own shamed confusion was a thought that her earnestness marvellously made her beautiful.

(*To be continued.*)

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Policy Accounts with the Policyholders

Showing the **Working of the Society's "Compound Bonus" System,*** and its practical effect per £1000 assured *under participating policies of all durations*, from the oldest to the most recently issued, as at 31st December 1901, when the last Division of Profits was declared.

Bonuses declared.	£1000 Assured and Bonus Additions thereto under Policies issued in the following years										
	1828	1838	1845	1852	1859	1866	1873	1880	1887	1894	1901
Original Sum Assured .	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000
Bonus declared 1831 .	90	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1838 .	152	20	...	...	..	...	..	..	...	...	...
Do. 1845 .	174	143	20	...	..	..	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1852 .	174	143	125	18	...	.	...	...	.	..	...
Do. 1859 .	181	148	130	116	16	...	...	...	..	...	...
Do. 1866 .	188	152	128	108	90	13	...	..	..	...	..
Do. 1873 .	240	196	172	153	136	124	18	.	...	...	...
Do. 1880 .	262	215	188	166	148	135	121	17	...	...	...
Do. 1887 .	293	240	210	186	165	152	135	121	17	...	...
Do. 1894 .	328	268	235	208	185	169	152	135	121	17	...
Do. 1901 .	367	300	263	232	207	189	169	152	135	121	17
Total Sum payable .	**£3449**	**£2825**	**£2471**	**£2187**	**£1947**	**£1782**	**£1595**	**£1425**	**£1273**	**£1138**	**£1017**

* *Under the "Compound Bonus" System Bonuses accumulate on Original Sums Assured, and on Bonuses in force as well, just as, in compound interest, interest accumulates on interest as well as principal; the effect of which is that the Bonuses become greatly larger with the increasing age of the policy than they could under the ordinary system, thus: the Compound Bonus of £3:14s. per cent, declared at 31st December 1901, computed on Original Sums alone, gradually increased from that rate on the youngest policy to £5:4·9d. per cent on the oldest, as shown in full detail in the Society's prospectus. In like manner*

A Compound Intermediate Bonus accrues with payment of each annual premium due between 31st December 1901 and 1906, at the rate of £1:12s. per cent on the above total sums, which will yield from £1·12s. to £5:10:8d. per cent per annum on the Original Sums Assured.

Nothing can more clearly substantiate the Society's claim to be a "Great Bonus Yielding Office" than the above Policy Accounts, while their fulness and simplicity render misunderstanding impossible.

LONDON, 28 CORNHILL, E.C., AND 8 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

OETZMANN & CO.,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

60 & 61, Grafton Street, DUBLIN. 75, Union Street, RYDE.

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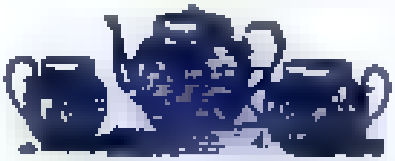

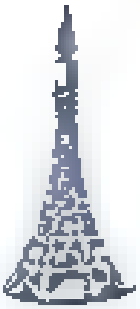

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Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

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ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary*

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FUNDS (DEC. 31 1902) - £78,089,283.

Present Experience—1903

Better than Consols.

The following Result, recently settled, shows the Investment Value of the Policies issued by

Established 1843.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.Y OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A McCURDY, President.

POLICY No. 565,531

10 year Endowment — 10 year Distribution.

Age at Issue, 40 — Single Premium, £443 11 : 0

Amount - £500

SETTLEMENT:				
Bonus	-	£103	12	6
Policy	-	£500	0	0
		£603	12	6

Cash gain to Policy-holder £160 1 0, or OVER 3 COMPOUND INTEREST ON OUTLAY, AND RETURN OF CAPITAL INTACT with Insurance for £500 during 10 years free of cost

Copy of Annual Report and particulars of Policies to meet every requirement may be obtained of the

Head Office for the United Kingdom,

16, 17 and 18, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

D. O. BALDWIN, General Manager.

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